

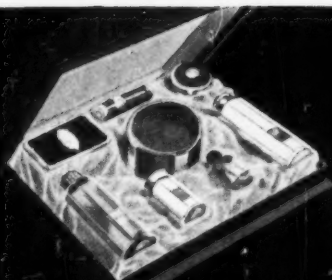
PHOTOPLAY

January 25 CENTS

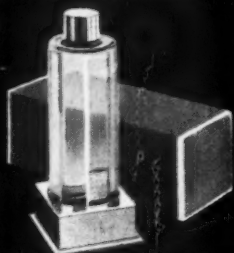


ROBERT TAYLOR'S True Love Story

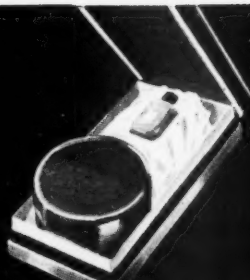
MADAME SYLVIA'S Diet For Glamor



An intimate gift to last all year—eight personal luxuries that breathe Gemey. \$10



To cheer her Christmas day—an intimate treasure—Toilet Water Gemey! \$1.50



Two gifts—Gemey Perfume, world-beloved—Gemey Powder, filmy-fine. \$2.25



Tip to a Man-in-a-quandary—Gemey Perfume, Face Powder, Compact. \$3.50



AT GAY

Christmas Parties

THE WORLD AROUND

THE FRAGRANCE Gemey

Paris or Penang, Capetown or Cairo... in 75 lands where women count the days to Christmas... they're jotting down on their wishing lists... "fragrance Gemey." For fragrance Gemey is so gay and young and joyous it has won its way wherever there is music and moonlight, wherever hearts and dreams are young. And what could be a lovelier gift than this exquisite essence, expressed in perfume and powders, in compacts and cologne, presented by Richard Hudnut at the perfume counter round your corner (priced from \$1 to \$15). You pay a lovely compliment to the name that tops your Christmas list when you ensemble her gift in this single thread of perfume... an international favorite, fragrance Gemey.

In crystal clear flacons... \$2.50, \$4.50 and \$15. Special stocking-gift size... \$1

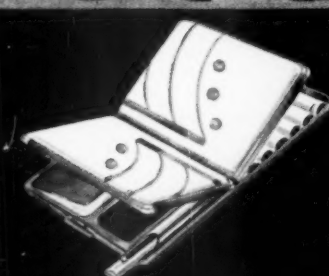


Paris... London... New York
Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City
Berlin... Barcelona

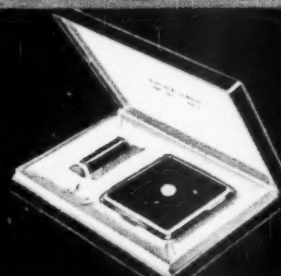
Budapest... Capetown... Sydney
Shanghai... Rio de Janeiro... Havana
Bucharest... Vienna



Glamour for glamorous girls: Double Compact, \$2. Triple Vanity with lipstick, \$2.75



For girls who go places—Cigarette Vanity with face powder, rouge, lipstick... \$5.50



Prove your good taste with this Double Vanity and Lipstick in leather-topped box. \$5



A gala giftbox—five "can't-do-withouts," in the world-favored fragrance Gemey. \$5

"I gargle
LISTERINE twice a day
and have had fewer
sore throats"

Says Florence Sundstrom



"It's slick for
giving quick relief
for sore throat"

Says Ronald Pierce



"I haven't had a cold
in the three years
I've been
using **LISTERINE**"

Says Albert Herman



"I don't have
sore throats like
I used to"

Says Emma Wahlrab



Listerine gargle kills millions of germs associated with colds and sore throats

IF you are a regular user of Listerine Antiseptic because you like the wonderful freshening effect, you've probably made this happy discovery: that you have fewer colds and sore throats—and milder ones—than you used to.

Such results are not at all surprising. Remember, that when Listerine Antiseptic is used as a gargle, it kills on throat and mouth surfaces, literally millions of the bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Even 4 hours after its use, tests have shown

germ reductions in mouth rinsings ranging up to 64%.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day—at least during the winter months. See if your health is not better. At the same time note how much cleaner and fresher your mouth is—how much sweeter your breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
The Trustworthy
Antiseptic



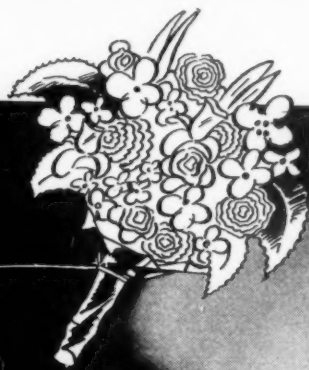
Now a finer Cough Drop
by **LISTERINE**



Wisely Medicated

REUNION-IN LOVE- BY REQUEST!

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a trans-continental caravan of jollity!



Joan
CRAWFORD · GABLE
Clark
IN LOVE on the RUN

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by
Joseph L. Mankiewicz





PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, by James Montgomery Flagg

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BOOS and Bouquets

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

First Prize \$15.00

The Winner!

1936 has seen a tremendous change in motion pictures—namely, the development of character rather than mere plot, or spiritual as well as physical adventure. When Hollywood can produce a picture of the scope and magnificence of "Anthony Adverse," the film industry has legitimate cause to rank its finest products with the best art, literature and music of all time. *Anthony*, at any rate, Fredric March's *Anthony*, is not just a hero with a little love affair—he is a man with a soul.

The picture (and fortunately it was selective, reducing the bulk of a large book to fine patterned essentials) made us unhappy, but we felt the better for our tears. Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, grave little Billy Mauch—what a delightful series of beautiful beings were there for our eyes to feast upon. And as for Mr. March, who is a great actor, his *Anthony* is a sincere, tragic, young figure. We shall remember him on the dark boat with the little child whispering questioningly "Anthony Adverse?" Here is a picture to comfort all the orphans of the world.

MISS ANNETTE TRUDEAU,
Brockton, Mass.

Second Prize \$10.00

News from India

I am a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY and think it is simply swell, or as we say in Hindustani, *khub hai*. It has occurred to me that maybe you and your readers would be interested to read what an Indian film fan thinks of recent American pictures. There are tens of thousands of us in this ancient land who never miss a single American film, so our opinion must also be heard.

"The Life of Louis Pasteur" is the greatest picture sent from America in 1936. There is only one word for Paul Muni's acting—perfect.

Bombay went simply mad about this picture. It has shown us almost for the first time that the screen is something greater than a mere form of cheap entertainment.

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was swell. Gary Cooper's forceful, quiet acting appeals to us. We love him, tuba and all.

We liked Cooper in "Desire," too, which was a sophisticated and fast-moving picture. Marlene was good, but for heaven's sake let her stop painting her eyebrows on her forehead. She looks simply awful in close-ups, when one can see the filled-in putty and grease paint.

Talking about the much boasted "Great Ziegfeld," now that the tumult and shouting is over, don't you think it was too long, and that the elaborate settings and Follies numbers left no scope for real acting? Anyway, Luise Rainer was delightful and "jzjzolly."

K. AHMAD ABBAS,
Bombay, India

Isn't she cute? It's Polly Rowles, a Pittsburgh society girl who has just been signed by Universal. Her first appearance will be in their new film, "Love Letters of a Star"



Third Prize \$5.00

Freddie Is Fine As Is

The frantic efforts to prove that Freddie Bartholomew is not a sissy are becoming slightly nauseating. After all, what matter? Because that child artist, and I mean artist, displays a gentleness and refinement so foreign to the average American child is no reason why one should not be able to read a single article in which his complete manliness is not stressed.

Who else but Freddie Bartholomew could have given such tenderness to "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He has given old world charm to all of his characterizations which have been a source of delight to many people. I have heard more than one person express the desire to possess a child of his calibre. After all, not every child is born with a "King Kong" complex. People love Freddie just the way he is. He should not be bothered with the importance of being a "tough guy." Should he adopt an American way of speaking, the American public would immediately lose interest in him. Let us hear no more of the "remaking" of

Freddie Bartholomew.

JOEL KOHLER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 Prize

The Whole Firmament

According to your system of rating, a star beside a picture's title indicates that it is one of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



**DORIS
NOLAN**
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!

LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN

The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY

Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT

GREGORY RATOFF

HENRY ARMETTA

Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN

Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN

Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS

They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN

Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH

Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART

Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER

Remember the gorilla man of
"My Man Godfrey"?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS

By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the
greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY

By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson,
Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and
Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR

Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before
Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS

By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and
wardrobe creator!

DANCES

By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New
York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP—M-G-M.—This hilarious story is filled with comical situations. Stuart Erwin is a human adding machine who is thrust into a bridge tournament by a bankrupt carnival group. A laugh a minute. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME LOVE—Paramount.—A homey and amusing comedy with an unexpectedly dramatic climax, concerning a salesgirl's (Irene Hervey) love for her ambitious doorman boy friend (Charles Starrett) who is studying to be a baby doctor. (Dec.)

★ **A SON COMES HOME**—Paramount.—A charming, down-to-earth picture of justice triumphant over mother love. Mary Boland, switching from comedy, deserves superlatives for a sincere, convincing performance. Julie Haydon, Donald Woods and Wallace Ford are excellent too. A grand picture for everyone. (Oct.)

BACK TO NATURE—20th Century-Fox.—Another amusing episode in the Jones Family with laughs and chuckles as the family go on a vacation in a trailer, with hard luck dogging their trail all the way. The cast is the same as the two previous ones. (Oct.)

BULLDOG EDITION—Republic.—A confusing melodrama of rival newspapers fighting a circulation war. Ray Walker is an enterprising manager; Evalyn Knapp the sob sister and Regis Toomey, the editor. Just average. (Nov.)

★ **CAIN AND MABEL**—Warners.—Clark Gable teamed with Marion Davies in a swell story, lavishly produced. All about an ex-hash slinger chorine and a prize fighter who are press-agented into romance. Tuneful music and a grand cast. You'll like this. (Oct.)

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Warners.—A complicated and unsatisfactory version of Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery about a rich old man with heir trouble. Ricardo Cortez exceptionally good; June Travis, Craig Reynolds and the rest of the cast do well too. (Dec.)

★ **CHINA CLIPPER**—Warners.—Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart turn in strong performances in a story of the thrills and drama behind the launching of the famed plane. Beverly Roberts scores as Pat's wife. Stirring photography. (Oct.)

★ **CRAIG'S WIFE**—Columbia.—The Pulitzer prize play depicting the ruin wrought by a nagging wife, superbly translated and acted by Rosalind Russell and John Boles. Jane Darwell and Billie Burke are excellent support. Gripping entertainment. (Nov.)

DANIEL BOONE—RKO-Radio.—A vigorous exciting slice of the history of the early pioneers in Kentucky and their struggles with the Indians. John Carradine realistically villainous; George O'Brien outstanding as Boone, and Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel, fine. (Dec.)

★ **DODSWORTH**—Goldwyn-United Artist.—Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor superb in Sinclair Lewis' story of a middle-aged wife fighting to retain her youth. Direction, photography and production are sheer perfection. A "must see." (Nov.)

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—RKO-Radio.—The second in the cycle of stories presenting the evils of the parole system.

PICTURES REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

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Bruce Cabot does a Jekyll and Hyde—is a model son by day and a criminal by night. Lewis Stone is good. You'll like it. (Nov.)

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Warners.—Vividly dramatizing the men who risk their lives in the depths of the earth to rescue entombed miners. Barton MacLane proves himself both a hero and a good actor. Jean Muir is his daughter. Entertainment with a punch. (Nov.)

★ **EAST MEETS WEST**—B.G.—George Arliss, brilliant as the potentate who outwits the diplomats of two countries, prevents revolution among his people and rescues his son from a sordid love affair. Clever dialogue and a splendid cast. (Dec.)

EMPTY SADDLES—Universal.—A superior type Western with Buck Jones buying a cattle ranch, turning it into a resort for dudes. The old feud between cattle and sheep men furnishes the plot. Picturesque scenery. (Dec.)

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER—GB.—Trumped up situations and ridiculous dialogue tax one's credulity in this story of Constance Bennett's attempts to help an escaped English officer out of Germany. Oscar Homolka splendid as usual. Disappointing. (Nov.)

15 MAIDEN LANE—20th Century-Fox.—Abounding in robberies and murders this is draped around the information of how stolen jewels are recut for selling. Cesar Romero is a cool crook; Claire Trevor a detective. Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthew and Robert McWade help keep it moving. (Dec.)

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Republic.—Marion Talley, Michael Bartlett and the Hall Johnson Choir in a gorgeous song festival. The story concerns a family of show people whose daughter longs for a normal life. Lots of hit tunes mixed with operatic airs. Worthwhile. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL'S DORMITORY**—20th Century-Fox.—A beautiful picture which introduces the sensational new comer, Simone Simon, in a strong appealing story of a school girl's love for her teacher, Herbert Marshall. Ruth Chatterton is superlative. Fine cast and able direction. (Oct.)

GRAND JURY—RKO-Radio.—Not very interesting small town drama with Fred Stone as the neurotic old citizen determined to clean up the town. Romance blooms between Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr., with the latter taking all the honors. (Oct.)

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE—M-G-M.—Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in an unreal and unhappy story, concerning a playboy scientist torn between his duty to fever-stricken natives and his love for a neurotic woman. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

"Accused" is Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s second venture as both producer and actor. With him is Dolores del Rio. Doesn't he look just like his father?

THE PICTURE

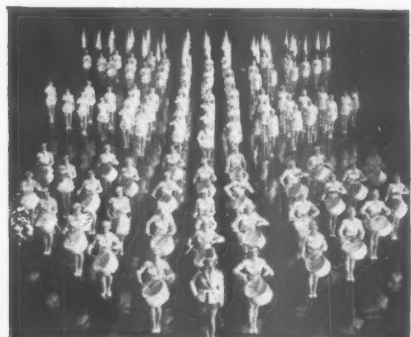
OF THE MONTH



Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"—to those dashing heartbreakers and champion fun-makers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!



Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

**Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S
ON AGAIN!**



RING out the old...SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburt

Warner Bros.



"Will you order Kelly the electrician off the set
so his wife can throw herself into this scene?"

FAN EXPERIENCES WITH THE STARS



Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before January 11th, 1937, we will pay you \$10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send it to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Mrs. Sadie Shavelson's
Meeting with

NORMA SHEARER

In addition to this interesting experience, the following submitted such stimulating letters this month that the editors take this occasion to accord them honorable mention: Edna Mae La Point, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mary Shomette, Washington, D. C.; Frances F. Tepper, Hollywood, Calif.

LIVING in Hollywood as I do, naturally I have seen most of the movie stars in person, and have met several of them through business, but the memory that has remained with me, through the years, is the experience I had about twelve years ago.

At that time my daughter was an infant of a few months. On one of her first outings we drove to Griffith Park, where I laid her down on a blanket on the grass. This was near the bridle path, and soon a party of riders came by. One of the riders, a young girl, detached herself from her companions and rode back to where we were sitting, dismounted, and walked over to the baby. She spoke to her, exclaiming over her, asked various questions, and behaved generally in the usual way of all sweet, unspoiled young girls. And all the time I kept looking at her and trying to place her, for she looked so familiar I was sure I should know her. (You know the feeling on meeting some of the stars whom we do not immediately identify with the movies. Having seen them often on the screen they become so familiar that upon meeting them unexpectedly there is the feeling that they are people we should know, until we place them.)

Then "came the dawn"—it was Norma Shearer, and as I have watched her pictures through the years, I can't help but feel that it is this deep sincerity, sweetness and simplicity that has had no small measure in retaining her in one of the first places in the hearts of the movie-going public.

This experience has enabled me, whenever I read of her lovely family life, to picture her with her own little ones, and it has never surprised me that she became the wonderful wife and mother that she did.

May I add that if kind thoughts can help at a time like this, my heart and thoughts go out to Norma Shearer with the sincere wish that time will help lessen the burden of her great bereavement.

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS in REUNION

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA in BANJO ON MY KNEE

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG in WHITE HUNTER

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE in STOWAWAY

with ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher,
J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU,
JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON
AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge,
Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie
Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

PROBABLY it is as good for editors as it is for actors to get away for awhile from Hollywood. As I write this I am speeding toward New York aboard the Union Pacific's Streamliner, quite the most amazing train in the world. When I left, Los Angeles (the climate show-off) was all blue sky and high temperatures. This morning I am riding through a snow storm. It's very exhilarating, such change, making me more ambitious.

I HOPE for better luck on my New York vacation than Clark Gable had. He went for three weeks and stayed three days. The reason he had to leave was because he couldn't keep the chambermaids out of his hotel room. Even if the crowds in the streets did knock over a taxicab in which he was riding, due to the crush they created in trying to grab a glimpse of him, he did eventually escape. But he couldn't get away from the chambermaids in his hotel. They bootlegged the keys to his room to one another so that America's favorite he-man could neither sleep nor take a bath.

I doubt that my fate will be the same. My rooms will undoubtedly stay as always, about as bustling as General Grant's Tomb.

I AM returning to New York with exactly twelve issues of PHOTOPLAY's editorship behind me. Do you remember that a year ago I gave you a pledge of a more vivid and exciting magazine? Do you notice in this issue the finer paper, the better printing, the expensive use of

color? You, with your generous support, have made such costly expenditures possible and I do thank you.

CONCEAL it as I will, but PHOTOPLAY has a purpose. It wants to give you the true Hollywood, and to me the true Hollywood of today is not one of sensationism and cheapness but a glamorous community where art is thriving. I expect the self-styled intellectuals will hoot at me for this but I think that little town is becoming just as important in its way, and very similar to, Florence of the Fifteenth Century or London at the beginning of the Eighteenth. Like those cities, it is gay; it is debonaire; it worships beauty; and it aspires constantly toward art.

THAT the best actors in the world are there is self-evident, but the actors are only a small part of it. There are the best producers, the finest directors, the cleverest designers, the most vivid writers, every and all trades from carpentry to sewing, all represented by experts. Hollywood is packed with people whom you have never heard of—but who each in his individual way, is raising the standard of pictures generally. Such a man is Boris Morros, head of Paramount's music department. Few people outside of the most inner Hollywood circles will even recognize his name and yet he probably knows as much about music as any man living today. He it was who was subtle enough to provide for Stokowski playing Bach and Benny

Goodman playing Bugle Call Rag one against the other in the same film. A man with his sincere musical appreciation attracts to Hollywood the greatest of living composers and conductors, does it rationally without any frothings about higher principles.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT went back to work before her fractured skull had completely healed. When she discovered that the drunken driver who crashed into the back of her car was unemployed, she dropped all charges against him. But she struggled to get back to work several days before she should have gone—and it wasn't all heroism on her part. The first scene she had to play on her return was one of suffering and agony, and she figured her genuine illness might add a bit of realism.

In those hilarious scenes in the trout stream in "Libeled Lady" Bill Powell clowned around for hours in water so icy that his legs were numb from the shock of it. But he believed this very factor made his jumping about more hilarious, so he stuck it out.

While this artistic integrity is part of Hollywood, that's only one section of it. There is the goof-nuts side, too. Have you heard about that painting of Dick Barthelmess that the above mentioned Mr. Powell has, and how he and Ronnie Colman daub it up every time Dick is going to call, so that Dick looks worse and worse? Or do you know about that Christmas gift gag between W. S. Van Dyke and John Miljan, which made John deliver a horse, just ready for the glue factory, to Van last Christmas? Or the mad jokes that Carole Lombard pulls on Clark Gable?

THERE'S the side of Hollywood that means the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and Marion Davies' clinic for crippled children and Joan Crawford's endowment that pays a great specialist to take care of all patients she sends him as she discovers them in the extra ranks or among the prop boys or wherever she beholds sickness.

OH, you could be in and of Hollywood twenty-four hours a day, as I am, and neither exhaust it nor know the half of it.

THE swift excitement of previews, seeing a great one like "Come and Get It" registering the birth of a new star, Frances Farmer, or knowing disappointment over an effort that didn't quite come off. . . . Noting that live look in the eyes of those who are on the way up, like Bob Taylor, or realizing the poignant

gallantry of a once great star who said recently at a party "I'm at Columbia—now," pausing between the words to get a laugh, but knowing what hearing that laugh must have cost him.

And that very human side of Hollywood where a dancing star is in love with a nice actor who doesn't know she adores him because he's in love with another exquisite who much prefers a tall dark lad . . . or the charming star who said he loved good food and bad women . . . or a thoroughbred like Norma Shearer, facing her sorrow so bravely and whom I hope, and believe, will soon come back to the screen despite her announcement that she may retire.

THIS is the Hollywood PHOTOPLAY will continue to bring you. And this year, and hereafter, I pledge you—if you see it in PHOTOPLAY, it's true.



Frances Farmer, the beautiful unknown, whose brilliant performance in "Come and Get It" marks her as one of the most talented girls in Hollywood, and raises her close to stardom

Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph
 CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"



Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .



"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

I AM going to tell you a secret. It is a very big one, a very strange and inexplicable one—at least, that is what the newspapers and magazines call it, and they ought to know.

That is what Robert Taylor calls it too—and he knows. So does a dark-eyed, slender Irish girl. So do I.

It is about the scar in the most secret place of Robert Taylor's heart, and the wound beneath it that has not healed yet, so the newspapers say. It is about the wound in the heart of a dark-eyed Irish girl, and that wound has not healed yet—I know.

It is the love story of a young boy and a young girl who gave each other up. The boy rose out of his misfortune to become a famous motion picture star. The girl lost herself in the arid desert of another country, faithful to her conviction that her life was more necessary to another man.

I am not betraying a confidence in telling you this. There are many who know the story, but the time was not apt to

reveal it. The other day in a theater I heard two women talking about Robert Taylor.

"He's bigoted!" said one.

"Yes," agreed the other, "he's awfully self-centered and conceited!"

I thought then that the time had come to tell the true romance of Robert Taylor. To show him as we knew him in his college days as a sincere, likable young man. To solve the enigma that has been thrust upon him like the glamour and isolation that has been thrust upon Greta Garbo.

Perhaps it is good publicity to do these things. But have you seen Garbo in person? I did the other day. She was walking across the studio lot alone. Everybody was avoiding her, stepping out of her way. I saw her eyes. They were the sad eyes of a lonely woman.

That is something of what is happening to Robert Taylor.

Robert Taylor's TRUE LOVE STORY

*A magnificent future beckons
him on, but he is not happy.
Out of his past a lovely face
comes to haunt his dreams*

By H. BRITTON
LOGAN, JR.

Small, dainty, her body filled with the eagerness of youth, she was a delightful dancer. Does she remember the days when Bob was her favorite dance partner?



A FEW years ago—1932 to be exact—I was walking one evening through the corridors of Frary Hall, the great building that houses the men's dining room on the Pomona College campus. The new students were having a get-together dinner. The clink of dishes and hearty gusts of talk and laughter drifted through the doors. A waiter staggered through an exit into the corridor, a tray of dishes on his shoulder.

"Hi!" he greeted me. "Have you seen the new collar ad?"

I had not, but he did not have time to explain.

The next day that phrase was shouted over the campus.

"Have you seen the new collar ad?"

Eventually I did. The phrase was apt, though it carried a sting like most barbaric college witticisms do. The collar ad was not Robert Taylor then, but a young boy of twenty-one, fresh from two years of college in the middle west, a little bewildered and considerably lost by his sudden notoriety.

He was S. Arlington Brough, which is pronounced "Brew," a name much too long to be said in one breath by college men. They quickly shortened it to "Home" Brough. After the "collar ad" had established himself as a regular fellow, he became mere "Doc" Brough because of his avowed intention to become a doctor.

You could nearly always find Doc by locating the brilliant yellow coupe he drove. Rarely was he more than two hundred feet from it. It was almost a part of him and he drove it with all the verve that he puts into his latest high-powered automobile. He walked with a verve, too, one hand in his trouser pocket, his coat tucked natively back. His stride was swift and eager, taking him up steps two at a time and down them in jumps of three or four. On the level ground he went places fast.

The college girls—even men—would stop to watch him go by. He always looked as if he were fresh from the barber shop and

the barber had forgotten to remove his stage make-up, but had shaved him by some miracle in spite of the grease paint and rouge.

The girls would look at Doc once, and then a second time in order to figure out why their breaths were taken away. Having looked again, they never bothered to find out why. It was a sheer pleasure not to have any breath.

Doc was not insensible to his attraction. More than once he had cursed fate for giving him such a face. He was blessed when he was born with good common horse sense—the corn-fed sense you get in the middle west—and he never took advantage of his face to get by. He liked clean fun and a clean conscience.

THERE was the episode of the "Tavern." Neither on the campus at Pomona, nor in the city of Claremont, was there a place where the students could congregate to gossip and eat. A long time before Doc arrived at college, the Sage Hen filled that need, but the Sage Hen flew away on an expired lease, leaving a gap behind it.

Doc recognized the need for a gregarious institution. So did two other students, and between the three they cooked up the idea of the "Tavern." An old peewee golf course was going to be converted into an outdoor cafe. Tables would be set up in the broad areas where the green holes were, with beach umbrellas and comfortable chairs. There would be plenty of fountain drinks, sandwiches, and a frightful amount of gabbling.

Doc was slated to be the headwaiter. He would attract all the girls. The two other students would be manager and cook. A striking, exotic brunette from Scripps girls' school, adjoining Pomona, would be the head-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1936

Each year Hollywood and the motion picture world watch for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again you are invited to help select the winner!



PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

Outstanding Pictures of 1936

Ah, Wilderness	M'Liss
Anthony Adverse	Modern Times
A Tale of Two Cities	Moon's Our Home, The
Big Broadcast of 1937, The	Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
Captain Blood	My Man Godfrey
Captain January	Nine Days a Queen
Charge of the Light Brigade, The	Petrified Forest, The
Come and Get It	Poor Little Rich Girl
Country Doctor, The	Poppy
Craig's Wife	Ramona
Devil Is a Sissy, The	Reunion
Dodsworth	Rhythm on the Range
Fury	Road to Glory, The
Gay Desperado, The	Romeo and Juliet
General Died at Dawn, The	Rose Marie
Girls' Dormitory	San Francisco
Ghost Goes West, The	Showboat
Gorgeous Hussy, The	Sins of Man
Great Ziegfeld, The	Story of Louis Pasteur, The
Green Pastures, The	Small Town Girl
Let's Sing Again	Swing Time
Libeled Lady	Theodora Goes Wild
Little Lord Fauntleroy	These Three
Magnificent Obsession	To Mary—With Love
Mary of Scotland	Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The
Milky Way, The	Under Two Flags
	White Angel, The

FOR the sixteenth time the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor, recognized as the highest reward in the world of motion pictures, is to be awarded. Voting in this award is now open.

As heretofore, the conferring of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal rests entirely with the readers of this magazine. Ever since 1920 PHOTOPLAY has awarded a gold medal to the screen production selected by its readers as the best motion picture of the year. A glance over the past fifteen awards indicates why PHOTOPLAY has such complete faith in the accuracy and soundness of its readers' judgment. The readers of this magazine have been unerring in choosing the best motion picture production of each twelve months.

Once again, PHOTOPLAY wishes to point out that the gold medal is awarded as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. Each year the medal has gone to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal is YOUR award of merit. Be sure to give us your judgment on the best picture of 1936. For your assistance in making a selection, a list of the outstanding photoplays of 1936 is presented on this page. You are not limited to films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released during 1936.

Another suggestion: vote as early as possible. Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to The Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

Vote now! Here is your opportunity to encourage better pictures.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1936.

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

1937



Marsha Hunt

Who has a very good chance of having a Happy New Year. Although she had no previous stage experience when Paramount signed her last year, she is one of their most promising youngsters. Taught to sing by her mother, a well-known music coach, she trills for the first time in "College Holiday"



Virginia Bruce

Generally considered Hollywood's most beautiful girl, Virginia is certainly the most popular—with Jimmie Stewart currently in the lead in devotion. She plans to take a European vacation when she finishes "Women of Glamour" at Columbia. She is also in "Born to Dance," Eleanor Powell's new film

—he
has
does
husb
son.



Ruby Keeler

—has just finished "Ready, Willing and Able," in which she has several big dance scenes. Completely unspoiled, Ruby doesn't really care about a career. All her thoughts are for husband Al Jolson, who is ill right now, and their little adopted son. Next comes golf—her score is in the middle eighties!



Merle Oberon

After completing "Beloved Enemy" for Sam Goldwyn, Merle sailed for London where she will appear once more under Korda's banner in "I, Claudius." Her team mate will be Charles Laughton, with whom she first impressed American audiences when she played Anne Boleyn in "Henry VIII"

The DICK POWELLS'

Hectic Honeymoon

THE soft breeze caressed the ship like a lover, for, although it was late September, southern California takes no account of seasons. It is always summer there. Somewhere in the distance the ship's orchestra played dreamy waltzes.

Inside one of the saloons a gay gathering was feverishly laughing, chatting, celebrating the wedding of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Wine and liquor flowed like water. Seldom has a more sumptuous repast been spread out on tables. Although neither of the principals was drinking, they were flushed with happiness. On one table was piled a number of small boxes of wedding cake, the tops monogrammed "J. & D. P."

I roamed gaily about, my piece of wedding cake clutched tightly in my moistly predatory hand. Suddenly someone grabbed me by the sleeve and almost yanked me through an open window. "The cake!" a feminine voice hissed. "I've got to have a piece of that wedding cake."

"It's the only piece I have," I objected, "and there's barely enough to go 'round. Some people came who weren't asked."

"I'll give you five dollars for it," the girl insisted.

I looked at her. She was old enough to know better. I shook my head firmly, negatively. "I have to take it home and dream on it," I explained gently.

"Ten dollars!" she said obstinately. "I've got to have it. She's the only star I care about. Oh, *please!*" I detected tears in her eyes.

Dripping with the milk of human kindness—and champagne—I shoved the box in her hand and fled, almost knocking Joan over.

"Isn't life wonderful?" she philosophized jubilantly.

I nodded gloomily.

Near the door a fat, dark, dumpy woman was trying to force her way in. One of the guards stationed there caught her just in time. "I'm back again!" the woman announced blithely.

The guard looked grim but said nothing.

"Can we raid the tables pretty soon?" the woman asked.

They went to New York for fun and kisses and all they got—well read

By S. R. MOOK



The love birds, Joan and Dick, returning to Hollywood weary but happy and very much wiser

"All ashore that's going ashore!" a voice sounded. I hurriedly kissed Joan good-bye and shook hands with Dick. "Happy?" I smiled. "It's all too wonderful," Dick grinned.

I nodded once more and went home. Instead of dreaming blissful dreams on a wedding cake, I had a nightmare on nothing—a nightmare in which girls snatched wedding cakes out of my hands and older women went about determinedly raiding tables while Joan and Dick floated airily about, chanting, "Isn't life wonderful?"

NEXT day things had quieted down. The honeymooners had collected themselves and were proudly disporting bits of their new trousseaux. Their fellow passengers were polite, friendly, but, sensing that they wanted to be by themselves, let them alone for the most part.

The second night out they stood on the forward deck, their arms unashamedly about each other. Flying fishes leaped about the ship, their fins refracting the silver moonlight. The moonbeams seemed to make a ladder of dreams across the water. The soft velvet sky above them—the stars so close it seemed they could almost reach up and touch them.

"Isn't life beautiful?" Joan sighed.

Dick nodded, too happy to speak.

Day followed day like that. Dick played deck tennis and Joan found time to read "Gone With the Wind." "I read the last hundred pages as we were going through the canal," she told me afterwards. "Just as I finished the last page I looked up and we were through the last lock. I've got to make the trip over again so I can see what the locks are like."

One morning about seven-thirty they docked at Havana. Thousands of people stood on the dock cheering them. A band played "Happiness Ahead" and "I'll String Along With You." Some friends met them and took them about the town. People cheered them wherever they appeared but no one bothered them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

SIMONE SIMON

—pronounced

*Angel or imp—future star or flash in the pan
—the fascinating foreigner remains the most
exciting personality in Hollywood today*

By JACK SMALLEY

OUT on the 20th Century-Fox lot, at the moment, they are pondering on whether they have a million dollar investment or a million dollar headache. The problem child in question is Mlle. Simone Simon, whose name 20th Century has spent a lot of money making famous, and which they sincerely hope will shortly be pronounced "Success."

Simone Simon was born under the sign of Taurus the Bull, on April 23rd, the year the World War broke out. To save wear and tear on your fingers, she'll be twenty-three come April. And in its own way a film war practically broke out when Simone stepped on the Fox lot. She was, to begin with, that organization's major attempt to create a Star. They went at it in a great big way.

Taurus, no doubt, resents some of those press-agent yarns sent out about her. In spite of having spent her childhood in such romantic places as Madagascar, Budapest, Berlin and Paris, Simone's brief career has actually been about as colorful as a Topeka time-table, and so she has wisely swathed it in the mystery of her vast silence on the subject. In sheer desperation the press agents pepped it up and began writing tales of a "tender savage" who roamed the Madagascar woods with two pet leopards.

Feeling somewhat lonely and orphanish, Simone first arrived at the 20th Century-Fox studios on her

After her American debut in "Girls' Dormitory," with Herbert Marshall, she was in a position to take her revenge



birthday. She was delighted to discover that the day had been given over to feasting and festivity.

"It's a birthday celebration," somebody explained. Simone was very flattered. "For Shirley Temple," continued her informant.

Simone was struck by this coincidence. Being born on the same day as the most popular star in pictures gave her a pleasant sense of kinship, for Simone is a confirmed believer in Destiny.

Simone Simon decided, then and there, she wanted to meet Shirley. She was taken to a stage where the little girl was rehearsing.

Simone was impressed. This child had all the natural charm and the conscious talent of a grown-up actress. Oddly enough, she saw a resemblance between them. Above all, Shirley was spontaneous—everything she did seemed done on the spur of the moment, without effort.

Well, if Simone's star was in the ascendancy, she had better make the most of it.

The studio decided to put her in "Under Two Flags," playing the gaminish rôle of *Cigarette*. She was ideal for the job. Simone could look as innocent as a baby when a Legionnaire got fresh, and as experienced as a courtesan if he didn't pay his cafe bill. She was *Cigarette* all over again.

It would seem that the weaving of the Fates had indeed tricked out a lucky design. The studio was lacking in big name stars, the

PROBLEM CHILD

gates were wide open, and here was a made-to-order part.

But the opportunity was muffed. Whether the studio got cold feet or Simone's astonishing outbursts of temperament were to blame, nobody quite knows. Claudette Colbert was wooed with a huge offer and she played the rôle.

And those who were trying to build Simone into a star shivered at this bad omen. The girl with the French name was indeed difficult. Simone Simon; difficult to pronounce and difficult to handle.

Simone Simon—pronounced *Temperament!*

BUT the girl herself has a different account of it all.

"I am not temperamental," she says stoutly. "I merely change my mind. I am always like that, and I cannot help myself."

Misunderstandings seemed to crop up like deadly mushrooms. For one thing, Simone did not trust herself to speak English, and she went around the lot with a studio escort who acted as interpreter. It was a wise move, but our mischievous little Simone couldn't restrain herself from having some fun out of the situation. At a press gathering she pretended a vast ignorance of what was being said to her and answered in halting, mangled English, giving all the wrong answers. She gave the press a fine ribbing, but it backfired when those sympathizing gentlemen discovered she spoke English without any trouble. They immediately began to suspect everything about her.

Her reputation as a problem child grew apace as stories about her temperament on the set leaked out.

Hollywood chuckled over one of these yarns. Simone, it was reported, had summoned the producer to settle a dispute with the director.

"He called me a liar!" she charged hotly.

"Is that all I called you? Well, now I'm going to say what I really think," he declared, and lived up to his word.

That little episode is amusing, if true, but it didn't settle the question of temperament. Come to think of it, who was being the most temperamental in that scene?

So we have to probe a bit deeper for the truth about Simone.

She was an only child, and a lonely one. Moving from place to place, she had no chance to find herself. She can remember going to eleven different schools. Lacking permanent friendships, she had to entertain herself in a world of her own imagination.

"My mother did not know what to do with me," she said. "I was so shy I would not talk to people; I would hide in corners by myself. I was like an animal in the woods, wanting



to run from everyone, yet wanting to come close, too, and see if they meant harm."

There you have an explanation which clears up the picture of Simone considerably. No wonder her actions may seem odd at times! At twenty-two she hasn't outgrown that lonely, unnatural childhood.

"Sometimes when I see a lot of people standing around the cameras, staring at me, I become frightened," she said. "It is like the child who wanted to run from people, not like me. I try to will myself to go ahead with the scene, but I get scared inside. So if I do the wrong thing then, people say I am temperamental."

SIMONE, in her teens, simply willed herself out of her shell. Some give the credit to Tourjansky, who had fled from Moscow where he was one of the principal figures in the Art Theater. He was directing pictures in Paris when he saw her and arranged a film test. Simone, at all events, made up her mind to quit her make-believe world for one of realities. Tourjansky appeared out of a clear sky, singling her from among a group taking coffee on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix.

Her rôles in French films became more and more important. Teamed with Jean Aumont, she made a sensation in Vicki Baum's "Martin's Summer." When 20th Century-Fox signed her she was a sensational success on the Continent.

But in Hollywood she was a nobody. She couldn't understand this sudden transition,

and quite naturally she rebelled.

After "Girl's Dormitory" she was in a position to take her revenge, if revenge was what she wanted. Actually she just had a little fun out of the situation.

Before this film was released she sat home night after night, forgotten and ignored. After Hollywood read the raves about this new French actress, who had been given billing over such outstanding stars as Herbert [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

The most startling CONFESSION any star ever made

HOLLYWOOD, as a general rule, doesn't "tell tales out of school." This story, therefore, is an exception, for in it a man bares his soul and talks, with uncompromising, sometimes painful, honesty, about a weakness which nearly wrecked, not only his professional career, but his entire life.

The man is Lee Tracy, one of the finest actors who ever stepped before a camera. The weakness is—or rather was—intemperance.

One day, a few months ago, I was a guest on Lee Tracy's schooner-rigged yacht, the *Adoree*. We were fishing for albacore and tuna off the coast of Anacapa Island, and one of our party, a fellow guest, was drinking far too much for his own good. But he drank covertly, dodging in and out of his stateroom, trying to make sure that Lee Tracy did not see the bottle.

"Got to hide it from Tracy," he explained with maudlin cunning. "He can't leave it alone and he can't take it."

Lee, at the time, was at the wheel, but he could look down the companionway into the yacht's main cabin. And, as the inebriate's efforts grew more and more clumsy, I saw Tracy smile—understandingly and, I thought, bitterly.

"He needn't go to all that trouble," he said. "I'm on the wagon—for good. I've been kidding myself for years but I can't kid myself any longer. Liquor's got me whipped and I know it. I've quit—and every time I see a drink, I stop and tell myself, 'Tracy, you're not afraid of anything else on earth—but you've got to be afraid of whiskey. It's got you licked! You've got to run!'"

And then, as he held the pitching schooner into the white-capped waves, he told me this story:

"I was just a kid—only eighteen—when I started drinking. I think I started as much out of stubbornness as for any other reason. I've always been stubborn; whenever people tell me 'you must not,' I always bristle and tell myself, 'none of that *must not* business; I'll find out for myself!'"

"IN Saint Louis, where I was born, there was a saloon in every block and people were always at pains to point out their swinging doors as the entrances to 'the devil's workshop.' Their intention, of course, was excellent, but they invariably aroused in me that innate streak of stubbornness. I wanted to see what lay behind those doors; if the devil was there I wanted to meet him. I investigated, all right, and, instead of the devil, I met bartenders who were jovial, likable people.

"I liked the good fellowship, the con-



Lee admits that his rôle in "Blessed Event" in 1932, with Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly, gave him the biggest chance of his lifetime to make good—but he threw it away

viviality that went with drinking. And, to be completely frank, I instinctively liked the taste of whiskey. I still do. Too well!

"By the time I went on the stage in New York, I was drinking pretty steadily. Every night, after the show, I'd go somewhere with a friend or two and usually I'd end up tight. One drink, to me, always called for another. I never knew when to stop.

"Believe me, I was serious about my work in the theater—more serious than I've ever been about anything else in my life. I worked hard. I wanted to be a good actor, and I studied every little detail of a characterization until I was perfectly satisfied that I could not do the part any better. I honestly think that if my drinking had interfered with my work then, I would have gone on the wagon and stayed aboard for all time. But that's just it—drinking didn't interfere. No matter how many highballs I had after a show, I could always sleep until late afternoon of the following day and turn up for the next show clear-headed and ready to play my part. And, in the theater, no one ever cared what we did outside of working hours. There, on Broadway, we were lost in the crowd—we weren't the objects of interest and gossip that actors and actresses are here in Hollywood.

"I CAME to Hollywood, for the first time, in 1930, under contract to Fox. I was getting \$1500 a week, and every time I thought of that salary I pinched myself to see whether I was dreaming or awake. I wasn't particularly interested in pictures, for I'd thoroughly convinced myself that I had no possible future on the screen. It hadn't taken me long to reach that conclusion. All I had needed was one good look at myself in the mirror. Who on earth would ever pay money to see a close-up of a muglike mine?

"But that \$1500 a week, on a forty-week contract, was real enough—and \$1500 multiplied by forty is \$60,000! I wanted that money, for it would give me independence. With a bank roll like that I could go back to the stage and choose my parts. Meanwhile, what business was it of mine if some studio executive had blundered?

"And I guess the studio executive in question agreed that he had blundered all right, for I spent one entire year in Hollywood, drawing my salary check every Wednesday, and, in all that time, played just two minor parts! After signing every available stage actor, the powers-that-were in the studios had apparently decided it was all a mistake. Even Paul Muni was in the same spot. He came here on a Fox contract and played only one part in a year.

"That year was a bad one for me. It would have been a bad year if I had been earning ten times my salary. You see, I worked my heart out on the stage; here, I had nothing to do



Lee Tracy's Own Story of His Drinking—and Reform

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

and twenty-four hours a day to do it in. For several years life had meant just two things to me—the theater and drinking. I'd never learned how to play. I didn't know how to amuse myself unless I had a glass in my hand. Well, they wouldn't let me work, so I made a full-time job of the drinking. I stayed—not just tight, but *drunk*—for the entire year, sobering up just long enough every Wednesday to collect my pay check. And when I took it to the bank, my hand shook so that I could hardly endorse it.

"Disgusting? Suicidal? Pitiful? Certainly, the course I was taking could be qualified by those and a lot of other unpleasant adjectives. I realize that now, but I would have either scoffed at or resented criticism then. You see, I kept telling myself that I would quit when I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

WHEN Director William Wyler talks to Simone Simon on the telephone while guests are present, she speaks only French. When no listeners are about, she resorts to English.

It looks like a romance—but then Simone goes with so many people!

ONCE they bought purple Rolls Royces, and then castles, and they even put up stables and super-kennels when Hollywood made them suddenly bulging rich. But newcomer Jane Wyman, of Chicago, has gone them all one better.

She's building on her estate, not a mere swimming pool—because all you can do is swim in a pool—but a complete artificial lake!

You see, she likes surf board riding. And also she already owns a motor boat.

FROM United Artists comes the short story of a prop boy and his girl friend.

She came to the studio to see him one day.

She was very pretty, carrying about her a certain young glamour.

A producer came by as she stood there. Result, a screen test next morning at eleven.

An hour later she had a long term contract.

A friend said to the boy that afternoon, "You got a date with Mary Frances Gifford tonight, as usual?"

"No." The prop boy frowned. "And what's more I'm not ever going to have again. I know when I'm licked."

IT seems particularly sad to Hollywood that so shortly after making the outstanding hit of his picture career in "The Man I Marry," Chic Sale should have caught a bad cold which developed into lobar pneumonia, and which a few days later caused his death.

The man, who started in small time vaudeville and rose to stardom and could equally well play youth or old age, was actually fifty-one years old. He left behind him

his wife and his two children, Charles Jr. and Mary, all of whom were at his bedside when he died.

PITY the stand-ins for Hollywood comics! Weep especially for Ham Kinsey, stand-in for dead-pan Stan Laurel.

Recently Mr. Laurel was about to make a scene, and spying Ham called him over.

"Ham," he said, that placid face expressionless, "run up to the wardrobe department and get my laughing suspenders, will you? I need them for the scene."

Ham looked blank. "You know," continued Stan, "the ones with the leather straps and elastic over the shoulders. I always use them for laughing."

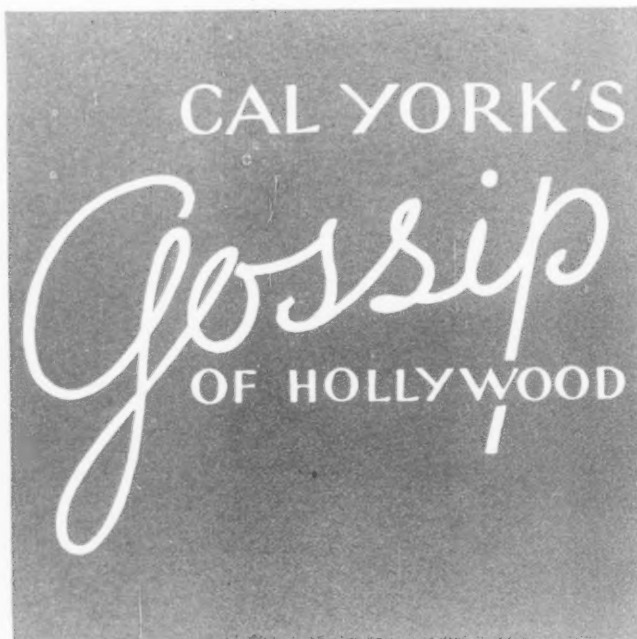
Ham, convinced all was on the level, started off. The wardrobe, catching the gag, explained they had been loaned to

RKO. Immediately Ham leaped in his car and made off for RKO, while the Roach studio phoned on ahead, explaining the gag.

And that was enough. From RKO they sent the harassed stand-in to Warners. Warners had him down to M-G-M. M-G-M had him back to Columbia. Columbia sent him to Paramount. Each studio immediately took it up claiming they had loaned them elsewhere.

At four that afternoon a tired, worried stand-in drove back to the Roach studio without the suspenders. "Oh well," Laurel said, "I had to make the scene without them but of course the thing lacked the life and vim the laughing suspenders always give my scenes. We'll probably have to retake it."

Ham went home with a headache.



Marie Wilson, Jane Wyman and June Travis take a little vacation from Warners and go to Lake Arrowhead for a romp in the first snow



LEAVE it to Charlie Ruggles. In the Paramount make-up room a friend looked over at Ruggles and said, "That surely is punk make-up on the back of your neck, Ruggles."

Charlie sniffed. "I hope never to have the back of my neck photographed," he said, and made off for the set.

TWO girls in Hollywood are considered the luckiest of all. Luckiest because they have captured the two most popular men in Hollywood. And here is what the beaux say about them

Clark Gable speaking of Carole Lombard:

It's her naturalness. There are no affectations about Carole. She's honest in what she thinks, says and does.

Robert Taylor speaking of Barbara Stanwyck:

It's Barbara's straightforwardness that I like. She

never yesses a fellow to death, refuses to flatter or indorse his ideas if they aren't hers. It's her honesty about herself and the world that I like best.

DIXIE DUNBAR is a little girl who believes in remaining loyal to the home town and its industries. Just because they make Coca Cola down her way, Dixie drinks it for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"I feel I wouldn't be keeping faith with everyone I know down south if I didn't," she smiled.

But Dixie doesn't wear cotton stockings just because cotton comes from there, we noticed.

GEORGIE JESSEL claims he's had a really magnanimous offer from Herr Hitler himself. Three weeks' personal appearances and all funeral expenses paid.

Georgie feels he can't do better than that.

AGUSHING cutie cornered the newly arrived Earl of Warwick who has come to Hollywood to make pictures for M-G-M.

"Oh, dear Earl," she went on, "is it true they are changing your name?"

He said they were.

"Oh, that's terrible, just terrible. And what are they changing you to?" she asked.

"Guinea pig," he answered politely.

The red mouth of the cutie dropped a mile. "Www what?" she cried.

"Yes, you see I'm to be experimented on. Things tried out on me. Tests, and what not. So I suggested the guinea pig thing. Deuced clever, don't you think?"

And with that he strolled off, leaving the girl friend wondering.

A LOT of Hollywood high school boys are going to get their first chance to grab an honest-to-goodness movie star, push him in the face and otherwise mistreat him, and get away with it. Jackie Cooper is the young student looking forward to



Karen Morley opens the winter desert bicycle season at Palm Springs. It's hard to believe that Karen is the mother of a three-year-old son

Sonja Henie, the skating champion, and Tyrone Power Jr., who are very much enamoured these days, lunch together at the Fox commissary



such a reception. You see, Jackie has enrolled in the Beverly Hills High school, and made the football team.

GUESTS at the exclusive Desert Inn Hotel in Palm Springs were greatly amused on a recent weekend to watch an

unusual tennis match. It was raining torrents, but the two funsters would not give up their match. Half-drowned they continued to bat the ball around in feverish competition. "Just a couple of crazy nuts," one guest remarked, from his sheltered porch position.

Imagine everyone's surprise when, at the end of the match, those suave screen charmers, Paul Lukas and Ralph Bellamy, came dripping up the steps exhausted but happy.

"WE Love Home and Fireside and We Won't Go Out." The theme song of the newly married Dick Powells, if you please. Since the two have returned from their New York honeymoon they refuse to budge from their love nest and all the coaxing and planning does no good. The Powells are at home in earnest. And remember this. They are just as happy if you don't call, either.

The truth of it is Dick and Joan decided that what breaks up too many marriages in Hollywood is party-going and party-giving and, if they can help it, no such thing is going to happen to them.

HOLLYWOOD is raising its well-plucked brows over the fact that Harmon Nelson, husband of Bette Davis, walked out on the fair actress during her recent court trial in England.

'Tis whispered Nelson hid himself away in New England while Bette fought her court battle alone. Her attempt to free herself from Warner Brothers earned only a failure and a headache for Bette.

BACK where Buddy Ebsen came from the folks used to think he was a pretty good

golfer—so last week he agreed to go out with Sid Silvers and Ray Walburn and beat them all holler.

His score, at the end, was 143!

So now every morning at six o'clock he shows up at a course on Pico Boulevard and practices madly for two hours. He'll bring his score down to 100, he says, or—or he'll eat Walburn's pet niblick.



At the Cafe Lamaze are Janet Gaynor and Count DeLimur, with whom she is seen constantly these days. Her next picture is in Technicolor. Won't her red hair be grand?

IN a town where people get up at six o'clock in the dawning and work under nervous pressure for ten hours, then slave like troopers most of the night in an effort to forget the day—and the town is Hollywood—a gag is an important thing. The small-boy trick, the sophomoric practical joke, is one of the few measures of insouciance these people have. They never treat the gag lightly.

Wherefore the other evening when Sid Grauman—one time Colossus who is rapidly turning into one of Hollywood's greatest tragedies—asked Bill Powell and Myrna Loy to imprint the outlines of their feet and hands in the forecourt of his Chinese theater, Bill and Myrna began thinking hard.

So when the two of them stepped from a limousine on the appointed night, from somewhere they had dug up two pairs of clown shoes, size twenty-three. Grauman took one look and burst into tears.

"Oh Bill," he blubbered, "this is the most sacred thing in my life. You can't do this to me!"

"Sorry," explained the two stars together. "These are the only shoes we've got."

They gave in finally, and brought their own shoes from the waiting car.

YOUNG Man About Hollywood Jimmy Stewart has the newest gag for entertaining the girl friend when you're too broke for a swank night club.

He's rigged up a television set in his apartment, with apparatus all over everything—He sits in one room, and the girl sits in another, and they carry on a conversation through the machine.

The sound equipment has been delayed in shipment, though—so that up until now they've had to talk with their hands or by writing on pads.



Leaving their footprints in the cement of time in front of the Chinese Theater was just a laugh to Bill and Myrna, but read what happened to Sid Grauman when this pair wore these Chaplinesque brogans to make their mark



HER mother walked with her to the bus.

"It seems a long, hard ride from Seattle to Hollywood, Frances," her mother said. "It frightens me, you going this way."

"Now mother, you cheer up," the girl laughed. "Some day I'll come back in style. You'll see."

She was right. Two years later Frances Farmer, the rage after "Come and Get It" was previewed, was sent back to Seattle in a privately chartered plane. Flags waved, bands played, folk cheered. And there was her mother waiting, and was she proud!

A REGULAR watch-giving epidemic has hit the Fox-Twentieth Century lot with everyone striving to give everyone else bigger and better watches.

It began with Connie Bennett handing out lapel watches to the crew of "Ladies In Love." Barbara Stanwyck topped that little gesture by giving the "Banjo On My Knee" group platinum tickers that simply stupefied the cast and co-workers.

The chorines, not to be outdone, mind you, chipped in and presented dance director, George Haskell, with a really beautiful time piece. But the climax so far has been reached in Arline Judge's gift to the wardrobe head. That super-special wrist watch actually set back the little actress four hundred dollars.

And they even whisper the end is not yet in sight. Someone has suggested the entire lot chip in for something nifty in the way of a super super watch for one Mr. Zanuck.

Where, oh where, will it end?

THE old gag about contest winners never being able to crash the movies because they're usually beautiful but Gosh how dumb, has cracked up at last. Anyway, little Charlene Wyatt is the living example.

About a year and a half ago she rolled in her perambulator into the "Better Babies Contest" conducted by the *Los Angeles Herald-Express* and rolled out again clutching the first prize in her little fists.

So Mama and Papa put her into a professional school and began hammering at studio gates. Paramount decided to give the child a chance, and the part of *Lady* in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" was

And now, with a long-term contract stowed away with the Better Babies prize, she is scheduled for miniature stardom.

ALICE FAYE has the perfect system for getting your man, if only for an evening.

She pulled open the door of the



At Merle Oberon's farewell cocktail party at the Vendome, before she left for England, are Heather Thatcher, Gregory Ratoff, the lovely hostess, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his wife, the former Lady Ashley. The Fairbanks sailed with Merle on the Queen Mary

Each time she brought her dog and left him in the car.

On the fourth day she couldn't find the animal anywhere, and after a hasty search drove on over to the Derby for lunch.

And there was the pup at the door, waiting. "He'd never shown any intelligence before," puzzles Rosalind, mystified.

Joan Bennett and sister Connie in the newest of bonnets at Merle's party. Gil Roland and Connie seem to go on and on

OUT at Metro they're having trouble on the next Marx Brothers story—you see, no ordinary yarn could possibly fit those three crazy guys so each one has to be especially written.

Studio scenarists tried and tried and flopped—then the boys in the publicity department got together with a bottle and tried and failed—so finally Chico Marx himself got disgusted and said "I guess I'll have to do it myself—"

He turned out a script in about two weeks and brushed his hands triumphantly. "There!" he said.

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"Banjo On My Knee" set the other afternoon, went up to Tony Martin, gestured him into a corner, and planted a big kiss on his cheek.

After a little of this—she went away again.

With a date to go dancing that night.

ROZ RUSSELL lives only a few blocks away from the Beverly Hills Brown Derby—and last week, while the cook was ill, she lunched there three noon-times in succession.

THE circus was in town and Spencer Tracy, remembering his childhood, decided to go.

Before the big show he was wandering down the street of freaks and saw displayed the picture of an Abyssinian Wild Woman.

He had never seen an Abyssinian Wild Woman so he bought a ticket and went in.

She was in a sort of cage, ranting and howling and carrying on, and Spencer was enjoying himself immensely when—this I swear—she stopped her antics suddenly and said in Yankee English.

"Why, of course, you're Spencer Tracy, ain't you? Would you give me your autograph?"

Arlene Judge gave the Ritz Brothers one and all a birthday cake at the Clover Club in Hollywood. The gag was—it was nobody's birthday!





WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN to the STARS

IN Hollywood the stars are no exception to those strange events that happen in the lives of nearly all of us, those weird, half-unreal, inexplicable happenings that make you believe more than a little in mental telepathy.

The stars who tell these amazing stories cannot explain the why or the wherefore of them. But each does testify that such coincidences, or psychic warnings, did happen to them, and that, in turn, each of their lives was thereby affected.

Consider the story which Ida Lupino tells.

One day last summer Ida Lupino visited a fortune teller at Santa Monica. He was an East Indian, about seventy years old, aristocratic looking, with a large wart under his right eye. He was absently stroking a yellow kitten when Ida was shown into the room where he waited, but his preoccupation disappeared immediately he saw her.

"Hello, little lady!" he said, quickening. "How have you been all this time?"

A shadow passed over his eyes. "I'm sorry," he explained, "I mistook you for someone I knew a long time ago. I forgot she no longer would be young. Your hand, may I see it, please?"

Ida's hand lay in his, small and white.

"Your mother," he went on, "isn't she an actress? And her name, isn't it Connie, Connie—Emerald?"

"That's right," Ida told him. She knew who this Indian was now. She had heard her mother tell about him ever since she could remember. Thirty years ago he and her mother had met on a corner of Piccadilly Circus . . .

. . . All day Connie Emerald had called upon theatrical agents. Down to her last shilling, she was loathe to go home with no encouraging news. Waiting for the traffic to stop she felt a light touch upon her shoulder and turning she saw an Indian, about forty years of age, aristocratic looking, with a large wart under his right eye, who was dressed in the occidental manner, except for a turban.

"Don't touch me," she said, frightened.

The Indian smiled. "Don't be afraid, little lady," he said, "I only want to help you. You won't find what you seek here. To find it you must go down a little street which leads off a main thoroughfare. You must walk up wooden stairs which are dusty and which will creak even under your little weight. On a landing you will see a blue gas flame spitting in a jet. And there, under the roof, in a shabby office, there will be two men. They will help you."

Even when the traffic halted Connie Emerald continued to stand there. She knew just such a place as the Indian described. It was the office of a Lyle Street theatrical manager she hadn't visited in a long time. Her eyes were wide and incredulous.

The Indian handed her his card. "Have your mother bring you to see me," he said. "It will be my pleasure to tell you many things. Never before, for anyone, have I been able to see so clearly."

CONNIE EMERALD went directly to the office of those Lyle Street managers. It was all as he had described it, even to the blue gas flame spitting in the jet.

"Hello, Mr. Clayton," she said, opening the office door.

"Hello!" Clayton answered. And his partner said, "We've been talking about you, Connie, wondering where we could find you. How'd you like to go on a tour to Australia?"

That night there was great excitement in the Emerald household. Not only were they delighted at the contract for an Australian tour which Connie had in her pocket, they also were jittery over her story of the Indian. The next day, early, she and her mother set out to see him.

He told Connie many things, true to his word. He told her she was at last on the right road, that she had put her worst poverty behind her. She would, he predicted, marry a man with a famous name who would be famous in his own right;



Psychic warnings, mental telepathy, or sheer coincidence—however you explain them, you will enjoy these amazing tales

BY
ADELE FLETCHER

that she would have three children and the eldest would die. As you probably know, all of this came true. She married Stanley Lupino. Their children are Ida and Rita, for Richard, their first child, died.

All of this Ida remembered.

"Tell me," the Indian said to her, "all the things I told your mother in England when she was young like you; have they come true?"

Ida withdrew her hand from his slowly. She had a strong sense of unreality. "Yes," she told him, "all the things you told her have come true."

He smiled, pleased as a child. "For her I could see, so very clearly," he said simply.

At the time this happened Ida's mother was away. But the hour she returned Ida told her she had met her famous Indian and together they drove to Santa Monica to see him. They were too late. He had gone. His booth was empty and his shingle, "Your Fortune Told," flapped in the wind.

IN 1917, on July 7th, Basil Rathbone was in a French hospital suffering from trench fever. In a way, brave though a man might be, it was a relief to lie ill. It meant release from fighting so heavy that it made the ground tremble. It meant that five minutes after the man beside you had smoked one of your cigarettes he wouldn't sprawl at your feet, a horrible grin splitting his face. And lying between the cool sheets you could trace the leisurely course of the summer sun in the golden shadows on the wall.

The midday meal, such as it was, over, Basil Rathbone closed his eyes. In his sleep he hoped he might lose the unaccountable depression which had closed around him. Sleep wouldn't come. But tears did. They flowed steadily down his face and he had no power to stop them.

He says, speaking of this time: "An uncontrollable impulse forced me to ask for paper and pencil and to write my brother

who was some twenty miles away in a front line trench. While I was writing I looked at my watch to check the time I judged it to be by the shadows on the wall, and I remember it was twelve forty-five."

At twelve forty-five exactly on July 7th, 1917, the brother to whom Basil was writing was killed by shell fire. And when he died he was writing Basil a letter which later was delivered to him.

It is interesting to consider the deviously parallel paths Claudette Colbert and her husband, Doctor Joel Pressman, traveled to meet each other. And considering them it is natural to speculate on the matter of fate and whether our lives are preordained.

When the New York Paramount studios closed Claudette was scheduled to work in California. She packed up and left for Hollywood.

At the identical time Jack Pressman, a young physician and scientist, having graduated from the Harvard Medical School and served for a time at Bellevue, had a strong instinct he should start in the West. And in spite of the fact that his family and his professional associations were eastern, he packed his bags and started out for San Francisco.

For a year Claudette worked in the Hollywood studios.

For a year Jack Pressman worked in San Francisco.

Then Claudette came back to New York on a visit, and half-determined to remain, to return to the stage.

Simultaneously Jack Pressman came east on a visit, half-determined to accept one of the affiliations which had been offered him.

Claudette finally decided in favor of California and pictures.

And again simultaneously Jack Pressman also prepared to return to California, to Los Angeles this time.

Claudette went to work in the studios and Jack Pressman went to work at the hospital, in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



THE current phenomenon of Hollywood is William Horatio Powell.

Bill is neither new, nor particularly handsome, nor particularly young. Just about three years ago, when his contract with Warners was finishing, no one would have been too surprised, not even Bill, if his career was about through. He had defied all the rules, had been at the top of the movie business for more than ten years, and if he had begun to slip debonairly (and Bill would have been debonair about even that) it would have been quite according to the movie pattern.

Instead, what? Instead, Bill Powell today is more important than ever. Right now he has before the public three of the greatest hit pictures ever made, "The Great Ziegfeld," "My Man Godfrey" and "Libeled Lady," and in each of them he is superlative.

But if you think any of that is an accident, you don't know our man Willie.

Let us stop and consider the interesting case of Mr. Powell.

In 1921, Bill had almost ten years of stage experience back of him. He hadn't set the world on fire, but he was a veteran actor who had done everything from Shakespeare to singing—yes, singing—in musical comedy. Usually he was a villain, and we'll grant you that Bill was only acting in such a rôle.

When he finally got into movies, he was pretty well typed.

His first film, prophetically, was a detective story. He played a minor rôle in John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes." Next he was a meanie in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and an even more important villain in "The Bright Shawl."

He even carried the part off-stage, being particularly snooty to Dick Barthelmess, to whom he had taken a fancied dislike. He snooted him until the company took a boat for Havana to go on location, and then Bill discovered that Dick was the grandest guy in two hemispheres.

After another stage play, Bill went to Italy to make "Romola" with Dorothy and Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman. And there began another friendship. Ron-



Above, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta again will play their favorite characters in M-G-M's "After the Thin Man"

"The Canary Murder Case" gave Bill his first detective rôle. It had far-reaching consequences on his future career

*Thin or fat—hero or heavy
—whatever his rôle, Bill
Powell is first and fore-
most his own amusing self*

By GEORGE PETTIT



nie, Dick and Bill have been pals ever since, for a decade and a half, an inseparable trio in fair weather or foul.

ABOUT this time Bill began to take stock of things. He had worked long and successfully in his profession.

Not being your true matinee idol variety, he mostly had played every type of heavy, be it dissolute outcast or society thief, stool pigeon or crooked lawyer.

And now, perhaps, he could enjoy his gains, ill-gotten though they might be from such countless villainies, and do something for which his soul hungered.

That was to retire to the Riviera.

And there you have a clue, plain as the nose on a producer's face, to Bill's fate.

The Riviera! Orchids in a tinsel box . . . a rendezvous at midnight . . . muted orchestra and rare liqueurs, crystal chandeliers and *chemin-de-fer* . . . the Riviera!

Here was a setting into which Mr. Powell fitted with the unwrinkled elegance of a woman's hand in a white kid glove.

So Mr. Powell retired to the Riviera.

This little-known episode in the life of Bill Powell lasted for three months.

By the end of that time he was so homesick for a job, so weary for the voice of old friends, and so bored with idleness that he could have wept—and did (with the aid of a little something that wasn't soda-pop).

Bill came back to Hollywood and signed up with Paramount. Just another actor, remember, even though a good one.

But now events begin to shape his future. Hollywood was gripped by the talkie revolution.

At about the same time a bookish fellow named Wright was turning out best selling

Bill and Myrna in "The Thin Man." For mystery, humor and sheer entertainment it has never been surpassed. With them is Asta, the only wirehair star in pictures

detective novels under the *nom de plume* of S. S. Van Dine. Between the rumble of hammers on the new sound stages, somebody in Hollywood learned that S. S. Van Dine was not the name of a steamship, but the author of detective stories that would make excellent talkies

VAN DINE was summoned to town and told to bring his *Philo Vance* with him.

Paramount offered "The Canary Murder Case" to Bill.

But Bill took a vast dislike to that infallible super-detective, *Philo Vance*, and said so in no uncertain terms.

"He was a conceited, insufferable prig, in my estimation," said Bill.

But he did like Van Dine, *Philo's* creator. The two met to talk things over. As they sipped their cooling drinks in Bill's patio, the Fates must have chuckled. It should have been an occasion for champagne and speeches of dedication, but neither Powell, Van Dine, nor the Studio could have known the far-reaching consequences of this little talk over the character of *Philo Vance*.

"*Philo* is too synthetic," Bill put it bluntly. "He's fine between book covers, but he won't do on the screen. They'd want to throw pies at him. He's just too utterly utter, don't you know."

Van Dine listened with interest, and then with growing approval. Bill was convincing. He pointed out that no man can be perfect and win the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

That
THIN
MAN'S
here again!



Our reporter learns what a terrific thing a dust storm is on the set of "A Man and a Woman," at Paramount

BY JAMES REID

We Cover the Studios

An early bird's-eye view of the latest doings on the lots

WE have seen Garbo—The Woman No One Ever Sees. We have had a close-up of an opera star, not being temperamental. We know, now, what a dust storm is like. We have been disillusioned about chorus girls. We have had other unexpected experiences. We have been looking around the studios again.

Like every other month we have ever known, this is a good month for looking around. All kinds of things are happening, to all kinds of people, in all kinds of settings. And different kinds from last month—or next month.

Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood if movie making were a changeless art, an exact science, or a predictable business. Hollywood thrives on experimentation.

Consider Grace Moore, for example. She is the center of a new experiment at Columbia. She has two (count them) directors on her new picture, and both work simultaneously.

We wonder if Joseph von Sternberg might have suggested to Producer Harry Cohn, after "The King Steps Out," that the direction of Grace was a two-man job? Or if Grace told Producer Cohn, after her encounter with one von Sternberg, that she wouldn't mind working with a *couple* of other fellows?

Our curiosity aroused, we set out to investigate.

One of the two directors is Harry Lachman, an ace from 'way back, with countless hits to his credit. The other is Robert Riskin. He is the man who wrote the scripts for "It Happened One Night," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Lost Horizon" and—now—the new Moore picture. He has given plenty of players things to do and say, but this is his first attempt to tell players *how* to do and say them.

Temporarily, but only temporarily, the picture's title is "Interlude." That hardly gives an inkling of the story.

Grace plays an Australian prima donna, who comes to America on a tour, and wants to stay. When her visitor's permit expires, she goes to Mexico, to re-enter under the immigration quota. There she discovers that she may have months to wait, and there she meets a violent young American artist (Cary Grant) who has a phobia about prima donnas. Hating each other, they marry—Grace to get into the United States, Cary to get out of a Mexican *calabozo*.

The amusing story, typically Riskin, goes on from there. It gives Grace opportunities to sing everything from opera to "Minnie the Moocher" (done with "bumps"). Halfway between is a grand Jerome Kern tune called "Our Song."

The scene we are to watch is the meeting scene. But before we walk onto the sound stage, an advance scout reconnoiters for possible signs of temperament. When none are seen, we are granted safe conduct.

Inside, as we walk toward the set, we are confronted with small, neat, freshly-painted signs: "There has been some 'flu' going around. So please be careful to cover face when expectorating or coughing. Thank you." Thus are singing stars protected from marauding microbes.

The setting of the scene is Grant's large room in a Mexican hotel. A setting colorful with Mexicana. The camera is in a corner, aimed toward a door at the side of the room. Beside the camera is Lachman, suggesting how the scene should be photographed. Sitting in a chair in the setting itself is Riskin, quietly suggesting to Grace and Cary how they should play the scene. Thus do the two directors divide their responsibilities.

Grace is wearing white satin pajama trousers, with a tunic coat of dark-blue figured satin. Cary wears slacks and a rough sport shirt. These are their clothes for the scene.

As the action begins, Cary is in the room alone, playing records on a phonograph. With strained casualness, Grace strolls in through the open door, pretending to be attracted by the music. Ironically, he greets her with, "Oh, it's you, Queen." She wants to know why he calls her "Queen." For a special reason of his own, which she wouldn't understand, he says. He's willing to end all conversation there, but she smiles too, too coyly and asks him if he has any of the records of "Louise Fuller." (He doesn't know, but that is *her* name.)

He warns her to utter that name with reverence; she is the one singer about whom he still has any illusions—and even she is slipping. Grace remarks that the last time she saw Louise Fuller, Fuller looked like an old battle-axe. Cary says he wouldn't know about that; he has never seen her, never wanted



Grace Moore, talking to Cary Grant, is the center of a brand new experiment



They gave Jean Arthur a surprise on the set of "Help Wanted, Female." She plays George Brent's secretary

to see her. She should be *heard*. "Listen—" and he sets the phonograph needle on a record.

They stand listening, as if music were pouring from the phonograph. Actually, no sound issues forth. Somehow, the music will be dubbed onto the film later. Anything is possible in Hollywood!

Before the camera goes into action, they have two rehearsals. Between rehearsals, Moore and Riskin, both smiling, discuss possible improvements. No one twenty feet away can hear what they are saying.

So this is temperament—!

We move on, to the set of "Help Wanted—Female," to watch Jean Arthur and George Brent. We see enough to convince us that Jean and George will do all right as co-stars in this comedy of a romantic girl and an unromantic man.

He is the publisher of a health magazine, who holds to the theory that the seat of emotions is the liver, not the heart—and that, therefore, everybody should eat more carrots. He would be a problem for any woman. Jean, as his secretary, has her troubles, trying experiments to make him human.

We watch them rehearse their first encounter as employer and employee. George sits behind a big modernistic desk, facing the door. Through the door hurries Jean, bearing a bud vase, and murmuring an apologetic "Good morning." He barks out that she's late. Yes, she is; a minute and a half late. She puts the vase down on his desk. "What's *that*?" he demands. A flower. Hastily, he snatches it, throws it away, with the reminder that flowers give *some* people hay fever. As he does so, he notices that she is wearing rouge. Whereupon he tells her that she doesn't have the idea of this organization; this is a cult of idealists, dedicated to correct living. She nods, stunned. He starts to dictate . . .

Director Al Green—you'll recognize him by the inevitable

hat and the equally inevitable cigar—gently, persuasively makes George more brusque and Jean more timid. This is important, to point up their later character changes. Finally the rehearsal satisfies him. But the cameraman isn't satisfied with his lighting yet. Green almost blows up. If the lights can't be arranged by the time rehearsals are finished, what's going to happen to the spontaneity of the acting?

On this set, Jean is given a surprise birthday party—and on the same day Director Green is also given a party to celebrate his twenty-first year as a director. Jean kisses him on the cheek, leaving red lip prints there. Green says he intends to keep them there the rest of the day . . . Lionel Stander, also in the picture, gutturally wails, "The last time I had a birthday, all I got were three poison-pen letters and a dun from the Retail Merchants' Credit Association."

NEXT door, Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce are supposed to be making "Women of Glamor"—the love story of an artist and a model. Virginia is not working today. Melvyn is playing a scene with a tall and talented newcomer from the New York stage, Leona Maricle.

The set is very small—just large enough to suggest the corner of a society girl's living room. On a divan, with her profile to the camera, sits Miss Maricle. Beyond her, on the edge of a chair, sits Douglas. They are engaged, and in this scene the engagement is broken.

Renunciation scenes always are difficult. They have tendencies to be too theatrical. But Miss Maricle suggests repressed emotion, and unspoken heartache, with such finesse that the stage remains hushed as she finishes. In a few brief moments and in an unsympathetic rôle, she has created a mood, fashioned a spell. It is a promise of longer moments to come. Columbia should experiment with Miss Maricle.

At RKO-Radio, we expected to find Ginger Rogers performing the greatest experiment of *her* young acting life—a dramatic rôle, in costume, in "Mother Carey's Chickens." But surprising news awaits us.

While Ginger was doing this picture, Fred Astaire was to do a dancing picture with some new feminine partner (also as an experiment). The partner-to-be had not yet been announced when Fred started creation of the dances for "Stepping Toes." Ginger was in the middle of costume fittings for her picture; sets were being built; a cast was practically assembled. When,



The biggest thrill of the month is Sonja Henie, skating champion who is making her first picture. Top, Bobby Breen, singing star in "Rainbow on the River," at RKO

suddenly, on the eve of production, all preparations for "Mother Carey's Chickens" were halted—to remain unhatched for three months. Ginger put her dancing shoes back on.

She will play her dramatic rôle after the first of the year. But meanwhile Fred won't dance without Ginger. A silent, but eloquent tribute to her importance in the Astaire-Rogers pictures.

We cannot watch the rehearsals. Fred says, reasonably, "How would you writers like anyone to see the first drafts of your stories? Well, these rehearsals are 'first drafts.'"

Neither can we watch Katharine Hepburn, except in the studio commissary, where she lunches in slacks at the directors' table. There she is not withdrawn, elusive; she talks animatedly and banteringly; she is more a tomboy than a glamor queen. But the set of "Quality Street" is closed, as all Hepburn sets are closed. And closed in with her is Franchot Tone, playing opposite. Wonder if Joan Crawford minds?

The only other picture shooting this afternoon is "Criminal Lawyer," with Lee Tracy in the title rôle and Margot Grahame in the feminine lead.

This scene takes place in Tracy's office. As the action begins, Tracy alone comes in, says a few words to Margot (his secretary). Then in come Betty Lawford, Erik Rhodes and Frank Thomas, Jr. Betty kisses Lee; they exchange a few lines; and then Tracy, suggesting "a snifter," leads the other two men to a small portable bar at the near end (that is, camera end) of the room. As he pours out drinks, the telephone rings; Margot answers.

They rehearse this action an hour; perhaps more than an hour. First, the cue light (a light on the outside of the door, operated by a button in Director Christy Cabanne's hand) refuses to work. That is remedied. Then Betty rushes in, kisses Lee, and a five-way conversation starts. One of the five, and each time a different one, takes his cue at the wrong moment. That is remedied. Then the talk of the three men across the room isn't brisk enough; then it's too brisk. At long last, that is corrected. Then the telephone bell has to be repaired. The scene is finally shot.

The sound man asks the script girl (who has a stop-watch in her hand): "How long was it?" She answers: "Two minutes." It takes patience to act in the movies, to spend an hour on a two-minute scene.

AT RKO-Pathé, Producer Sol Lesser is spending a half million dollars on the second picture of Eddie Cantor's eight-year-old protégé, Bobby Breen. The picture is "Rainbow

on the River," a sentimental story about a waif who sings his way into a home and a fortune.

This afternoon he is not singing. He is amusing other children at a party, with four dancing white mice in a small wire cage. He is whistling a tune for them to dance by, when another boy snatches at the cage and the mice fall, supposedly, to the floor. Actually, they fall into a black cloth, held by two men lying on the floor just below camera range. They are almost prone because the camera is built so close to the floor for the small-statured Bobby.

There are about thirty children on the stage, which means that about thirty mothers are present, all hovering on the rim of the set, hoping their offspring will be able to push up forward. Bobby's "mother" on the set is his seventeen-year-old sister, Sally, who spent all of her own savings to get him his first break.

THE biggest visual thrill of the month is the Madison Square Garden set for "One in a Million" at 20th Century-Fox, with twelve thousand square feet of the stage floor converted into an ice-skating rink. And on that ice, a Viking Venus whirling toward stardom.

She is a round-faced, pretty little thing, this twenty-three-year-old Sonja Henie, who has been Olympic skating champion three times. And, oddly enough, her first picture—a musical—is about an Olympic skating champion.

This skating rink is a story in itself. There has never been anything like it in Hollywood. Three days were required to freeze the water for the rink, by means of refrigerating pipes along the floor. Then, the cameraman discovered that the pipes showed through the ice. The whole tedious task had to be undone, and redone. This time skimmed milk was used for the first liquid layer. That was allowed to freeze. Then water was poured on it and frozen. That gave the desired opaque appearance.

Don Ameche plays opposite the newcomer, with the Ritz Brothers for comedy relief. But she will steal her own picture. Nothing can compete with her effortless skating and dancing. And if she can act half as well as she skates—well, 20th Century-Fox has another new feminine star to find rôles for. (Attention, Miss Simon!)

We cannot see Shirley Temple making "Stowaway," or hear her jibbering Chinese, for the simple reason that, for the first time in her career as No. 1 star of the screen, she has been taken home ill—with a cold. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



What promises to be an enormously effective new team is that of Kay Francis and Errol Flynn, together for the first time in "Another Dawn." The background is a British military post in Iraq. Completing the picture both stars hope to take a vacation from Warners—Errol to the South Seas, Kay to Europe



The occasion for the party was Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's recent Western speaking tour. It was a delightful turnout, and the first time the movie colony had met him. At the left are Una Merkel, Anne Shirley. Mr. Macfadden, Dixie Dunbar, Madge Evans. Below, Beverly Roberts, Editor Miss Ruth Waterbury, the hostess, Olivia de Havilland and Dixie Dunbar

PHOTOPLAY Gives Its Publisher a Party



PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood office is a little white house, set in green lawns, so the affair was very informal. The guest of honor with Paula Stone and Jane Withers. Far right, Tyrone Power, Jr. and monocled Heather Thatcher



Right, Dixie Dunbar, Helen Macfadden, the Publisher's daughter, who travelled with him, June Lang, Marian Marsh. Below, Ruth Waterbury greets Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman



Above, among the galaxy of stars who came to meet Mr. Macfadden were Martha Raye, Tom Brown, Paula Stone, Cesar Romero, Glenda Farrell and Inez Courtney. At left, Richard Dix is most interested in hearing Mr. Macfadden's views on the state of the nation. The party was held late one afternoon. Left, sampling the refreshments are Jacqueline Wells, Marian Marsh, Inez Courtney and Glenda Farrell. It's evident they had a genuine good time

Right, Mrs. Charles Starrett, Preston Foster, Helen Macfadden and Charles Starrett. Below, Miss Waterbury having a grand time at her own party with the newly engaged Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Errol Flynn is with them. Below, right, Mr. Macfadden discovered that the stars are just as attractive in real life as they are on the screen. He's conversing with Madge Evans and Martha Raye



The producers and publicity heads of the studios were represented too. Right, Walter Wanger entertains Preston Foster, Binnie Barnes, and Richard Dix



All comparative newcomers to the screen, these lovely creatures (left) have a little confab in the corner about their experiences. Here are Olivia de Havilland, June Lang, Anne Shirley, Beverly Roberts, Martha Raye



Shipper Gable

When Gable—never the tea type—isn't working or beauiing Carole Lombard, with whom he still seems very much in love, he borrows Allan Jones' schooner, *Alrene*, and goes off by himself. Much interested in his new picture, "Parnell," he is wondering whether to grow a beard for the part



So many studios want Irene Dunne, she has hardly had time to finish her new house. Since she emerges as a deft comedienne in "Theodora Goes Wild," her best picture, it probably means quite a new type of career for her. Her new assignment is a musical, "High, Wide and Handsome"



Gene Raymond has changed recently. From a shy, rather introspective young man, he has turned into a gregarious youth, bursting with happiness. The reason—Jeanette MacDonald. They hope to be married June 17th, which is the second anniversary of their first date. Love IS Grand!



Ultra Violet Raye

*Her private life explains her screen personality. A story as fresh—
as dynamic and as honest—as the sensational comedienne herself*

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

PARAMOUNT was previewing its latest Bing Crosby picture "Rhythm on the Range." In it they knew they had one new star in Bob Burns. They sorta hoped, too, that there might be a second—an unknown from the Chicago nightclubs and vaudeville, Martha Raye.

Martha dressed up that night as she had never dressed up before. She set her hair, put a brave polish on her nails, wore her good luck bracelets, and her heart, as she says "carried on like mad." She had three tickets for the preview. One for her mother, one for herself, and one for her black jewel, Lulu, who said she'd sit up top where she belonged, in Nigger Heaven.

Arriving in the lobby she flashed her warmest smile, waited to be greeted. Surely someone would know her, surely someone would wish her luck. But not a soul recognized her, no one shook her hand. The smile hung limply on her big good-natured mouth. "I thought maybe even just someone from the studio might say something . . . oh, Mom . . ." the girl clutched the other woman's arm. "Mom, I'm afraid."

"Never mind," said her mother, "wait till you come out."

The panic that broke loose in the midst of her first big song was the heavenly thunder that every actress dreams about. They began to applaud even before she had reached the chorus. Downstairs Martha hid her eyes and cried. Upstairs, in Nigger Heaven, a wild black woman began whispering loudly to those who clamored and laughed all around her: "That's my lady! I's with her! And is I proud, brothers! That's my lady! Ain't she great? Boy, it's good you is for her. That's my lady!" Instead of hushing her the audience only laughed all the more.

The song ended on an up roar of applause that drowned the next minute of dialogue

Even above the sound of her own hysterical crying Martha heard the verdict all around her. "A hit . . . steals the show . . . marvelous . . . funniest girl I've seen in ages . . . how she puts over a number . . . Paramount's got a big bet in her . . . a real discovery."

Filing out afterward, Martha's eyes were still red, but gleaming with fire-bright joy. In the lobby the fans began yelling at her, picking up the trademark which she had put over so irrevocably in the picture. "Yeah, ma'am! Yeah, ma'am! Oh, Martha Raye. Miss Raye, may we have your autograph. Oh, Miss Raye, you were great. Here, just write it on here. Yeah, ma'am. Will you write that down too? Hey, wait a minute, I'm next. Oh, thank you! Congratulations, Miss Raye! Yeah, ma'am, yeah, ma'am! Gee, you're a scream . . . are you funny!" And so on and on.

Falling all over herself, her nose badly in need of blowing, getting ink on her fingers, breaking pencils in her mad rush, Martha reached for every proffered autograph book greedily. "Oh boy," she kept saying under her breath. "Oh, boy." And when there were no more books to be signed she made a hearty grimace and said, "Oh, aren't there any more? Oh, please let me sign some more! Oh, it was wonderful, wonderful!"

"I'd have asked you for one," said Lulu apologetically, who was standing near, "only I thought I could just as easily get it from you at home."

"You fool!" Martha screamed, grabbed her and began dancing around the lobby.

In an ingénue, it would have been too silly. In Martha Raye, comedienne, it was just a big heart overflowing.

"YOU know," she said to me "thinking back over it, it was awfully babyish to bawl like I did. But it's the
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Panic broke loose when Martha put on her lunatic songs in "Rhythm on the Range" with Bob Burns (above). She's up to more of her tricks in "The Big Broadcast of 1937" (right)



Rules for Dating MILLION DOLLAR DARLINGS

A Casual Conversation in One Act

CHARACTERS:

JIMMY STEWART

Your Correspondent:

HOWARD SHARPE

TIME: Any

The scene is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's very swank new commissary: It is not lunch time and the huge hall is quite empty except for about twenty uniformed waitresses lined up at attention for inspection, and for Jimmy Stewart and your correspondent seated at a window table. There is a pot of tea with all the trimmings at Jimmy's elbow, a cup of coffee and two packages of cigarettes before your correspondent. When the curtain rises Jimmy is dumping sugar, pouring cream and squeezing lemon indiscriminately into his cup.

Jimmy Stewart (in his plaintive, drawling voice): Well, now, I don't know what to say about that. "Rules for Dating Million Dollar Darlings," hmmm? Why d'y think I should be an authority on a subject like that?

Your Correspondent: If you want an account of my reasons—you're the getting aroundest single man in town, aren't you? You date the most beautiful babes in the village, don't you? Photographers need a speedster and a motorcycle escort to keep up with you during an evening, don't they? You—

Jimmy: Rules, Hmm? *(He looks harassed.)* But the only ones I can work up are from my own experience.

Y. C. (triumphantly): The light! The light!

Jimmy: Well, what kind of bachelor?

Y. C.: Your kind. Young man, four years out of Princeton, a year off Broadway, suddenly the possessor of a plump contract—more money than he's ever

seen before—and popped down to stay in Hollywood without any friends or anything.

Jimmy: It wasn't that lugubrious. I knew two or three people; Hank Fonda, John Swope—

Y. C. (reluctantly): All right, then, say two or three friends. But this bachelor is young and he is very healthy and he would like very much to get around in this town. He would like to meet some wimmen and get to know some people and have a goo— *(There is a loud sputtering exclamation from Jimmy.)* What's the matter?

Jimmy: I've just tasted this tea. There's everything but the kitchen stove in it.

Y. C.: I thought when you did it— *(The head waitress ceases inspection to*

listen; clicks a command; one uniform slides out of place, vanishes, and reappears suddenly with a fresh pot of tea.)

Y. C. resumes—a good time. So what does he do first?

Jimmy: Oh! *(His face grows suddenly thoughtful. There is a bulge in his left cheek where his tongue is firmly stuck. He lights a cigarette.)* Well—first you have to think about the housing problem. You take a hotel room and start looking for an apartment. The first try is in a very snooty district and you are shown two rooms stuffed with real Colonial furniture direct from Grand Rapids, with the rent only two hundred and fifty a month and no switchboard. So you hunt for a week or two and are just about to take a place at one hundred and twenty-five when these two or three friends—say their names are Fonda and Swope and Smith—call you up and say they have a Brilliant Idea.

Y. C.: Let's stick to generalities. Not every bachelor gets a Brilliant Idea.

Jimmy (patiently): It's your friends as gets it. What they want to do is all chip in and get a house together, because they have never had a whole house all their own and because with four people sharing the expenses, not only they but you will save a whopping pile of money. So the first Rule is to agree.

Y. C. (with suspicion): Just any house?

Jimmy: No, a special house. A house with wings on it so's you can all have separate suites and also a house quite far out in the country toward Santa Monica—preferably next door to nice people like—say—Jeanette MacDonald, whom you can holler to over the fence and who won't mind if you play your radio loudly.

Y. C.: Granted. Servants?



Jimmy: A cook and a housekeeper and a sort of community valet and butler.

Y. C.: Thought you said something about saving money.

Jimmy: Well, it cuts the rent to fifty bucks apiece. And all the food and service and everything only brings the final total to about two hundred and fifty. It'd cost more eating in restaurants and all that stuff. Besides, you forget the bachelor's making more money than he's ever looked at before—that's your stipulation. And besides, there are all the other advantages of a house.

Y. C. (reflectively): Logic tells me that there might also be some disadvantages. As for instances when all four of the fellas want to bring their separate dates home to entertain them there—on the same evening.

Jimmy: Now I admit that. There, as you say, was—is—a problem. But

then you can figure out certain nights for certain people and the others can just stay away or go quietly to bed. As they like. Or they can take their girls up to look at the swell view there is from the hills all around Hollywood. Boy, is that a swell view.

Y. C. (hurriedly): The bachelor is established with his friends, and the housing thing is settled—but remember this guy doesn't know any girls yet to, uh, show the view to. There oughta be a rule or rules about that.

Jimmy: I'm getting to that. You huddle, you see, you and your friends, and you discuss the situation. Wimmen, you discuss. You dig up all the old rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers and spread 'em out and look 'em over. Of course some go on the impossible list right away—the married ones, for a palpable reason, and the bespoke ones,

and those that are, or might be, any producer's girl, and also Greta Garbo. Divorcees are okay, but the beautiful single ones are the stuff.

Y. C. (slightly astonished): Carry on.

Jimmy: Then, when you've picked out the ones you like, you analyze your chances of meeting them. You figure out how to get an introduction—and then you do. Sometimes it's not so easy, but with us—well, we had Kent Smith. That guy—he either knew everybody already or fixed it up for himself within a day or two. Marvelous technique he's got, believe me. So we were lucky. Kent was appointed committee-of-one to get the girls we wanted over to the house, and that was all there was to it. You should give a dinner party, first.

Y. C. (whistling through his fingers at the waitresses): More coffee!

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The datingest young man in Hollywood says: "When a woman screams and puts her arms around your neck in a roller coaster, you are safe. It is when she puts her arms around you and begins to murmur that the Hollywood bachelor has to watch out!"

ON THE AIR



means there must be a scientific exactitude to the radio show that no other form of entertainment has yet approached. It may sound like a casual piece of theater as it comes to you over the air, but it isn't. There's nothing lackadaisical about it. It is the modern Twentieth Century speed and pace, tuned and timed (if it's good) so perfectly that it simulates casualness.

Because of this and because the technical part of radio is so interesting, backstage at a broadcast is a most fascinating place for anybody. When you stop to think that radio is really in an embryo state of development, that its possibilities are limitless, your imagination races on and you become even more excited. But enough of this, of your reporter's feelings about what she has been viewing. What of last month's shows and what of our Hollywood personalities?

In New York, Joan Blondell, on a honeymoon trip with her new husband, Dick Powell, did a superb dramatic broadcast which won her much praise. It was an important occasion in Joan's radio career, for not only was she one of the most highly spotlighted figures of the moment with all eyes upon her waiting to see what she could do, but the broadcast was a significant one.

If I may digress a moment, I will point out that two motion picture stars married to one another face an awful lot of problems that ordinary mortals do not know exist. Two temperamental individuals married to one another, two stars with two demanding careers in the same family, have quite a load to carry in a dignified and unselfish manner. Upon whether they do or not depends the success of their marriage. (I have always had my suspicions that the crack-up of the Ina Claire-Jack Gilbert marriage started with Ina's flip reply to a reporter, when asked how it felt to be married to a great star, "Why don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?")

Left, Bob Taylor and Olivia de Havilland at the Lux Theater. Bob tells a good story on himself in the accompanying article. Below, Eddie Cantor and the famed Abbe children, Dick, Patience and John

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

IN the theater, it is "Half Hour!" In the movies, it is "This is the take!" But in radio the warning call to players to be ready to start the show is "Thirty Seconds!"

To this reporter of activities along the Hollywood radio front nothing is more indicative, than this, of the difference in pace between the stage, the movies and the radio. Just think of the terrific speed bottled up behind these two succinct words of warning, "Thirty Seconds!"

No call boys go ambling along, rapping on the theater dressing room door, calling to the star within, "Half Hour, Miss Barrymore!" No assistant directors nonchalantly survey the setup, take one last look to see that Miss Crawford's make-up is straight and that Bob Taylor's uniform is brushed, then call "Are you ready? All right, this is the take . . . Roll 'em over." No creaking of cords and rumble of pulleys as the theater curtain is rolled up. No last minute sweeping and polishing by movie prop boys or powdering and combing by maid or valet. No, none of this—a single bell, the words "Thirty Seconds," while players' hearts mount to their throats and the thirty seconds tick off as if they were hours.

Incidentally, a minute on the air is valued at approximately \$500.00. So even a split second of delay, one muffed line, or a half-minute pause in the show is extremely expensive. Which



Well, it seems that when Mr. Powell and Miss Blondell arrived in New York, Mr. Powell was called by the advertising agency which hires him for "Hollywood Hotel" and told that he was scheduled for an appearance on their Kate Smith hour; that Miss Smith had been so informed and was delighted.

"Fine," said Dick. "That'll be great. I'd love to appear with her. When do I go on?"

It developed that Mr. Powell was scheduled to broadcast at exactly the same minute and hour that the much touted show of Joan's was to go out over the ether waves. Dick was aghast. He couldn't do a thing like this to his wife—it just couldn't be done.

"But you are important, too, Mr. Powell," they told him. "In fact, you are very important. Your broadcast may be more significant than hers." (Or perhaps in not so many words, but that was the gist of it.)

Dick was in a spot. He didn't like to offend the firm which hired him. After all, he was an actor working for his living, but he just couldn't go on in opposition to his bride. So he hemmed and hawed and sputtered and delayed and finally called up Kate Smith direct.

Kate listened, understood and called the whole thing off herself. And thus a major crisis in the Powell-Blondell menage was avoided.

I really think there are mighty few of Dick's calibre in Hollywood who would and could have handled such a ticklish situation so capably. Most of our men are actors to the teeth, with an eye on their own spotlight first, last and always.

More and more radio is proving a great surcease to he-men lovers of the screen. On the screen they may have to make vigorous love to a Garbo, a Crawford, or a Shearer, or somebody else every time a camera clicks.

Rupert Hughes, Joan Bennett and Charles Boyer presented "Cyrano" over the air. When Gable played in "Valley Forge" his best girl sent him Washington's picture and that little hatchet on the table. Fun?



IN HOLLY- WOOD



but they are beginning to discover that they can have radio scripts which omit females. You haven't noticed? Well, that's why Clark Gable picked "Valley Forge," in which he portrayed George Washington, the Father of his Country. It gave him the opportunity to do something other than toss kisses at a beauteous lady, or take her into a big clinch, which, believe it or not, bores Mr. Gable exceedingly. George Washington was a he-man—in fact, the he-man of all times in these United States—and there had to be no "la-la" love making. For the same reason Jimmy Cagney, who will never live down his reputation for smacking dames with grapefruit, chose the war play, "Journey's End," for his Camel broadcast.

But speaking of George Washington Gable, when he arrived at the theater the afternoon of his show, he found his dressing room had been decorated in a most elegant fashion with cherry trees and blossoms. There was also a large sign which read: "The Screen's Great Lover Becomes the Father of his Country!" What did Clark say? I dunno, I didn't hear him, but I imagine some good masculine exclamations emerged from his lips. Who played such a joke on him? Why, his girl friend, Carole Lombard, of course.

Jimmy Cagney is the one film star, to whom I have talked, who frankly admits he is not crazy about radio.

"I like it all right," he told me, "but I don't get any lift from it. It is not like the stage; it has no zoom, no feel for me. I like pictures better. Yes, they asked me to sign for a series of radio broadcasts when it looked

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If you watch closely, you will see a square locket of gold hung on a slender chain around the throat of glorious-voiced Lily Pons in her new picture.

From your seat in the theater you will not be able to distinguish its details. But I examined it closely the other day when Lily and I were talking in her dressing room at RKO studios, and so can tell you it is a thing of delicate beauty, fashioned by Cartier. On its burnished pages, which fold like leaves between the covers of a golden book, are engraved her lucky number, thirteen, a few bars of music, a portrait of herself, a scene from her first motion picture made a year ago, and on the final page, two words, "Poum" and "Dede."

There are two stories behind that trinket.

The first concerns the locket itself. It was not part of her costume as dictated by the script, she told me lightly, but just a memento of her picture "I Dream Too Much" which she was wearing for luck.

The truth is, she was wearing it for love. Her eyes, when they rested on it, told me that.

For "Poum" is a nickname for herself (from her French habit of continually saying "poum!" much as you and I say "oh poo!") and "Dede" is her own pet name for the famous Russian-born maestro, Andre Kostelanetz, to whom she is betrothed and who gave her the locket.

Which brings us to the second story, the love story of these two. This is the first time it has been told.

Some real life romances are like a flaming tiger lily. Or so they seem to me. Others have the stately beauty of American Beauty roses. Still others the careless grace of an armful of New England lady-slippers gathered from a lush meadow. Occasionally—very occasionally in this busy, strident world of

today—one occurs which has all the sweetness and reticence of an old-fashioned, paper-frilled bouquet of mignonette. To me, the love story of Lily and Andre has that Old World charm. Rare it is, too, in these days and in this country, where almost clinical reports of two famous hearts in love are the common thing, more's the pity.

THIS romance is a simple melody of love, unaccented by brilliant passages, fanfare of trumpets, or beating of kettle-drums. A mutual love of music brought them together. The strange thing is that it did not happen sooner, that their paths—hers in singing and his in conducting—did not cross until a little less than two years ago. Both were famous, both moved in the same small circle in the music world. Yet they had not so much as seen each other even at a distance.

Then they met. When and where? I asked Lily, expecting an answer both casual and indefinite.

"It was exactly at nine o'clock on the ninth of January in my apartment in New York City," Lily surprised me. "It was a cold night and I had a terrific time trying to say his name."

In case the formidable appearance of the name Kostelanetz stumps you too, it is pronounced Cost—ell—on—etz, with the accent on the "on." Incidentally, in recording this story as I

The gracious little diva and Andre Kostelanetz, famed orchestra conductor, were brought together by a mutual love of music

*Have you heard a new and thrilling
tenderness in the golden
voice of the Metropolitan's tiniest
soprano? There's a reason . . .*

By KAY PROCTOR



LILY PONS' Song of Love

had it from Lily, I am not going to attempt to reproduce that delightful accent with which she speaks English; in the first place I probably would make a botch of it, for it is an elusive, difficult thing; and in the second place, you've heard it yourself on the screen and radio and know just how it sounds. But back to that memorable meeting.

ANDRE remembers more than the hour, the date, and the place. He recalls that she wore a tailored dress of dark blue wool that made her look more like a little school girl in uniform than a great Metropolitan Opera Star, that it was snowing,

and that his heart suddenly started going thump, thump.

He clicked his heels in approved foreign fashion and bowed gravely. She smiled politely and gave him her hand in greeting. Had he but known it, the Pons' heart was doing a little unexpected thumping on its own account. They spent a prosaic evening discussing business.

For it was business that had brought him to her apartment that January night, the business of discussing the new radio program for Chesterfield on which she was to star and he to be her conductor.

Andre's happiness was increased that night by the knowledge



that Lily had expressed delight that he was to conduct for her. Even though she had appeared on the radio prior to that time, she still suffered painfully from "mike fright" and had been persuaded again to sing on the air because Kostelanetz was to be the maestro of the program. Not only did she have a tremendous faith in him as a musician, but she respected his technical knowledge of radio and knew that if anyone could help her overcome her dread of "the little machine," as she called it, it was he. Besides, something in her had responded to the dynamic force of his personality and his conducting as they came over the air waves.

And so they talked business for three hours.

WHEN her door closed behind him that night, Lily said quietly to her secretary, "I like him. This work will be good. But Mon Dieu! Such a name! Kosteranal. Kostername—whatever it is! I shall never be able to say it!"

"It is Kostelanetz," the secretary said

Slowly, obediently, Lily repeated it over and over. Yet the next time she saw him, she had to revert to the subterfuge of simply "Maestro." She still could not pronounce it and dared not offend him by letting him know. It was a full three weeks, in fact before she learned it!



Had his physical appearance been as she had mentally pictured it? I asked. She had not thought much, one way or the other, if his eyes would be blue or brown (they are blue), or if his hair would be light or dark (it is light brown and a bit sparse), or his figure tall or slight (it is medium in build, perhaps just a bit chubby). But—

"His gentleness, his understanding, his reserve, his controlled power, they were all just as I had known they would be," she said. "That was the important thing."

They met again at her apartment for rehearsal of the program on the three successive Tuesday afternoons. But it was

Lily made her first picture, "I Dream Too Much," (left) only on conditions which included Kostelanetz. Below, in her new picture for RKO, with Gene Raymond



all very serious and formal, with not a hint of the personal intruding. This aria must go such and such a way, this number must have this and that. But all the time there was that in his eyes when he looked at her which said very plainly he would very much like something more, if only he had the courage to suggest it.

Lily, being a well brought up French girl, most certainly could not take the initiative in such a situation, no matter how shy the man. But there are ways and ways in love, as any woman knows. She decided to give a party. That certainly would put him at his ease, open the way for the invitation he was too timid to offer.

It was a gay little party at her apartment after one of the broadcasts. Just Andre, herself, and six close friends, gathered around an informal supper table. But nothing happened.

Rehearsals and broadcasts followed each other through several weeks. Then Lily, ill from overwork, went to the country for a short rest. And Andre drove an hour and a half through a pouring rainstorm to call on her!

As they chatted, the dinner hour drew near. Lily asked him to remain for the meal, just a family affair with Mama Pons, Lily and her secretary at the table.

"I would be delighted," Andre answered with marked promptness. Then his face fell. "Mademoiselle, I am so sorry. I cannot. I must return at once to New York."

He had just remembered a Kostelanetz family dinner had been scheduled for that night, and one does not ignore Russian family dinners, not even for love. Back he went.

"It is enough!" Lily fumed. "I shall try no more. Now it is up to him."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Shooting Stars

WITH
HYMAN FINK



Hyman gets snapped snapping Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. The news of the Cary Grant-Mary Brian romance is—they're together again. Check it! Valiant is the word for Bob Taylor in that dressing gown, his pride and joy. With him is Dave Gould, M-G-M dance director



Hyman surprises that inseparable about-to-be-married couple, Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland. Left, Madeleine Carroll created a sensation at the Cafe Lamaze both with her bandeau and her beau, Tyrone Power, Jr.





Through diet, Sylvia has helped many noted stars to new figures, new faces, new health. By following her advice, you, too, will find the way to beauty

Madame Sylvia's DIET FOR GLAMOR

AS ye eat, so shall ye reflect! You think I'm kidding? Just ask some poor soul who is constantly in the distress that has been generated by haphazard and unwise eating. Nothing suffocates allure more quickly than the miseries and discomforts of internal warfare.

What you eat has more to do with allure than you realize as you sit there with a bonbon in your dainty fingers. Drop it, and listen to me.

Hollywood is noted for allure. It's the one commodity they sell, first, last and always. Some of you may envy the movie stars their allure. But while you're envying, remember those Hollywood belles that have it realize the value of eating properly to retain it. The smart ones are on guard every moment, dieting, using extreme care in the selection of their foods, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Three outstanding examples of allure in movieland are: Dietrich, the langorous type, whose allure is heavy scented and exotic. Jean Arthur, more youthful, vivacious and spontaneous. And last but not least, Mary Astor. Take your choice if you would select one for an ideal.

You'd like to acquire that quality of loveliness so often referred to as "charming femininity," wouldn't you? Well, you can, darlings. But you must obey me! You should know by now I'm a demon when it comes to fat, unattractive bodies and unhealthy complexions. I've given thousands of women, and men too, for that matter, new figures, new health and new lives. I've made glamorous creatures out of movie stars who at the beginning had no more to work with than you. I'll do the same for you. But I demand that you snap out of it, stop being lazy and get rid of all that excess flesh. Yes, you'll have to exercise, too—and how. Otherwise there'll be no such thing as "charming

Sylvia (above) says to set yourself a standard and work up to it. Wouldn't you like to look like the outstanding examples of allure she refers to—Jean Arthur, Dietrich, or Mary Astor? They have realized the value of eating properly



femininity," but rather waddling bovinity (if there is such a word).

THERE is nothing alluring or intriguing about fat. Fat is ugly and unhealthy. Women loathe it. Even the thin ones who could stand a few pounds, hope the additional weight will be in the form of firm, strong, fibrous flesh (and in the right places, I might add), not flabby fat.

Have you ever met people who try to help the doctor out by taking a much larger dose of medicine than he prescribed, thinking the more they took the quicker they would get well?

The obvious result is that they felt worse. Well, it's the same story with eating, especially where reducing is concerned. You want to get thin and say, "I'll go the diet one better, I'll do without food entirely. That will get rid of these extra pounds more quickly." Well, babies, you'll lose your health more quickly, too. You'll end up jittery and suffering from malnutrition.

But that's not necessary. My diets provide you with sufficient chemicals and minerals to keep the body functioning normally. And that's how your body must operate if you want to lose weight healthfully. And while I'm at it, I want you all to understand that when I give you a diet, I'm doing it for *your* health, not for mine. When I say, "a glass of orange juice in the morning," that's just what I mean! And you're not to omit it. Is that clear? I'm sorry to fly off the handle like that, but I've just finished a consultation with a woman who came to me for some personal advice. She told me she followed the diet in one of my articles, but even though I gave an ample breakfast, she just skipped it because she "just had to get rid of those bumps and bulges in a week." This woman hadn't followed my diet at all. She thought she was being helpful and literally starved herself. Her neck was stringy, she was still bumpy and bulgy and her disposition was anything but alluring. The poor darling has a doubly hard job now, to correct her faults. Her resistance is shot and she's as weak as a cat.

THE world is full of such sick sylphs. Women who make pitiful wrecks of themselves by abusing their digestive systems. They indulge in any and all kinds of fantastic diets, injurious patent medicines and other violent and dangerous methods of reducing. These women never call upon their own common sense about eating, until the undertaker has opened the lid! Are you one of them? I sincerely hope not.

Being well-fed and properly nourished is not synonymous with the addition of pounds of fat. Neither does removing

By MADAME
SYLVIA

dieting. It's more than a curse. It's a tragedy. Too many women think they must be drastic about it. One way or another. Always looking for the fastest way to reduce. Never taking into consideration the fact that the present condition of their bodies is the result of months or years of neglect and abuse. Oh, no, they want to be little Houdinis and transform their bodies overnight and without any effort. Either they starve and starve and starve or continue to over-eat and then swallow a pill or potion and sit and sit and sit, waiting for the brew to change their chassis from pumpkins into coaches. Either way I can tell you leads only to misery and unhappiness.

You women are pretty darn particular, and you should be, when you choose a piece of material for making a dress. You know that the finer the quality the better it will hold up and the more wear you will get out of it. Even though it may seem a little more expensive at the moment than the flimsy poorer grade on the next counter, you know it will be a saving in the long run.

But how many women use as much judgment in the selection of the food that they eat or prepare for their families? The only gauge they seem to use is, "yum, yum, I love it, it tastes so good." I don't mean by this comparison that the most expensive foods are the best. It is the simple food, simply prepared, that rings the bell for good health and allure. But for Pete's sake, consider with as much intelligence what you put on

the inside of your body, as you do in selecting what you put on the outside. You can easily buy a new dress. But believe me, when you ruin the inside by abuse and disrespect you can't get another by calling your local department store and saying, "This is Mrs. Jones. Will you please send me a new liver and gall bladder, size forty-two!"

NO gloriously healthy person can ever lack allure. But who can have allure with a muddy skin, dull eyes, a sluggish body and listless mind, offensive breath or lustreless hair. All these distasteful handicaps to allure can be traced in most cases to faulty eating and faulty elimination. Retaining partly digested food in the intestines creates poisons that are bound to upset the entire system, as these toxins or poisons are constantly being absorbed by the blood stream. Not only is what

you eat vitally important, but of equal importance is how well you digest what you eat, and how quickly you are able to pass it through the system, casting off the waste and retaining the valuable elements that nourish and regulate the body.

Many so-called beauty experts are often blinded by a false aesthetic sense and refrain from discussing the subject of constipation. Just as many others don't know, which is worse and an insult to the name "beauty expert." Yet these people are supposed to give their readers help and advice on their problems and struggles to be healthy, alluring human beings. Well, I see no reason why it should be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



excess flesh from the body mean that you must cease to be well-fed and properly nourished. On the contrary, in order to reduce properly, proportionately and above all healthfully, it is absolutely necessary that you furnish the body with nourishing and energy giving foods. *You must have strength to reduce. Strength to be alluring. Strength to be gay and happy.* And you can only find strength through good health.

You may have heard some female remark at some time or other, "the curse of the modern woman is dieting." Well, let's be a little more specific. Take it from me, sweethearts, the curse of the modern woman is her lack of common sense in



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★ WINTERSET—RKO-Radio

THIS is sheer beauty, complete artistry painted against the authentic horror of impending disaster. Maxwell Anderson's play is translated to the screen in terms anyone can understand, a brutal 1936 fantasy so compelling that it will loom in your mind for days.

Burgess Meredith, Broadway actor, portrays *Mio*, son of a radical executed for a crime he did not commit. One man could prove the innocence of *Mio's* father. When the case is revived, he is visited in turn by the judge who directed the sentence, by the real killer and by the son. Meanwhile *Mio* and the hunted witness' sister have fallen in love. Thereafter is enacted a tragic, searing, ruthless battle between truth and fear. The entire production is superbly cast, especially in the case of Meredith, Margo and Edward Cianelli.



★ PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—Columbia

THIS is a whimsical yarn, and the best Bing Crosby picture to date. Replete with charming melody, it swaggers happily to a tune of romance and laughter.

Crosby is a ne'er-do-well just out of jail after serving an undeserved sentence. Looking up the family of a prison pal, he finds it consists of Edith Fellows and her grandfather, Donald Meek. He soon discovers that Edith is the particular problem of Madge Evans, a social worker, and his troubles really begin when he turns an old house into a cafe to make money enough to keep Edith out of an orphanage, where Madge is determined she should go.

Bing, as the lighthearted troubadour has a rôle ideally suited to his talents. You'll love the four hit songs, "One, Two, Button Your Shoe," "Let's Call a Heart a Heart," "So Do I," and "Pennies From Heaven." Edith Fellows is superb.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ COME AND GET IT—
Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

CROWDED with every requisite for excellent entertainment, this is an indelible landmark in motion picture progress. A cast of new players, supporting Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea, offer such individually superlative performances as to insure for themselves great futures; but purely as a production it is technically fine, beautifully directed, superbly synthesized.

Picturing with graphic detail the significant tempo of 1884 to 1907, the story concerns a clear-minded ambitious lumberman who falls in love with a dance-hall girl. Caught in the need for power, he marries his boss' daughter, whom he doesn't love but who can aid him in his career; many years later, successful and bitter, he meets the honky-tonk belle's lovely daughter and toward her directs the bleak passion of his middle-age.

Edward Arnold is outstandingly good as the ruthless business man who sacrifices personal happiness for achievement; and Frances Farmer, cast in the dual rôle of the vulgar cabaret singer and her ambitious daughter, is sensationally brilliant.

Against a background of gripping beauty Edna Ferber's best-seller becomes a living reality, with Walter Brennan excitingly authentic as a Swede friend of Arnold's, Joel McCrea good as Arnold's son, and newly discovered Andrea Leeds delightfully refreshing in her small rôle.

You'll cheer at the log-rolling sequences, at the really great performances of the cast, and at the vivid effectiveness of the picture as a whole.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

CAMILLE	GARDEN OF ALLAH
COME AND GET IT	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
CHAMPAGNE WALTZ	TARZAN ESCAPES
REUNION	A WOMAN REBELS
BORN TO DANCE	GO WEST YOUNG MAN
SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN	WINTERSET

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Greta Garbo in "Camille"
 Robert Taylor in "Camille"
 Katharine Hepburn in "A Woman Rebels"
 Frances Farmer in "Come and Get It"
 Edward Arnold in "Come and Get It"
 Gladys Swarthout in "Champagne Waltz"
 Fred MacMurray in "Champagne Waltz"
 Jean Hersholt in "Reunion"
 The Dionne Quintuplets in "Reunion"
 Bing Crosby in "Pennies from Heaven"
 Burgess Meredith in "Winterset"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 114)



★ CHAMPAGNE WALTZ—Paramount

TRUE to its title, this tinkles like champagne against thin glass. It's a charming and original love story set to the melodic pace of waltz time, with gorgeous Gladys Swarthout at last given the production she deserves, and Fred MacMurray at his engaging best.

The story is fabricated ingeniously from slight coincidence and plenty of mistaken identity. In it Miss Swarthout and her grandfather, Fritz Leiber, are direct descendants of Johann Strauss, and own a little waltz-parlour in modern-day Vienna; they are successful until Fred MacMurray brings his jazz band, his wailing saxophone and his manager, Jack Oakie from America. Then Gladys' patrons exchange the waltz for the Harlem stomp. Furious, she goes to the American consul's office to protest; and MacMurray, who is there, pretends to be that dignitary. They fall in love, and the preposterous lies he invents to save his face carry the story bubbling onward with Gladys and her grandfather finding success in America, and Cupid whizzing frantically about trying to clear up misunderstandings.

Miss Swarthout brings great glamour and beauty to her rôle; her singing of both classic and hit songs will delight you. MacMurray is versatile and completely charming; Veloz and Yolanda do a spectacular dance number, and the whole cast including such prominent players as Vivienne Osborne and Frank Forest, is splendid. The result is sheer romance.



Photograph copyright 1936 by 20th Century-Fox

★ REUNION—20th Century-Fox

MY, how those five Dionne movie stars are growing. With their wide dark eyes flashing and sturdy little bodies romping in lively fun, the Quints give rollicking performances in their second starring picture. They hold a mad tea party, cavort on musical instruments, and Lubble wildly over their toys.

Their famous Doctor, again played superbly by Jean Hersholt, is a beloved country doctor who is persuaded by loyal townfolk to give a reunion bringing together the thousands of babies he has brought into the world. Everybody has fun and many have their adult problems ironed out by the understanding doctor. Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen, Slim Summerville, Helen Vinson, J. Edward Bromberg, and Alan Dinehart all are interesting in supporting rôles. Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent furnish the young romantic interest.



★ CAMILLE—M-G-M

DIRECTOR George Cukor, with his genius for recreating the past (as witness "Romeo and Juliet," "Little Women," and "David Copperfield," to mention but a few of his successes) brings the same subtle touch to "Camille," imbuing the classic love drama with a new vitality and presenting a Garbo more vivid and alluring than she has been for several years.

You must remember the story of the exquisite Parisienne courtesan who falls in love with a young man, whom she assumes to be some one else, and finally denies her love at his father's request for the sake of the boy's own happiness.

Nothing new has been added to the story, but the production is one of glamour and nostalgia. Garbo will gloriously break your heart and Robert Taylor is the most ideal Armand. The whole cast is excellent.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



★
**A WOMAN
REBELS**
—RKO-Radio

BEAUTIFULLY produced, but cluttered with slow incidents, this offers woman as feminist in a dull and dragging story. Katharine Hepburn is superlative, as an English girl of the Eighties who fights convention, has a baby who coincidentally is known as her niece, and forbids herself happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. The story is trite, but see it.



★
**GO WEST,
YOUNG MAN**
—Paramount

GONE are the days when Mae West was young and free with her contempt for movie censors. Deliberately, Mae tones down her robust technique in favor of a better story and strong support, including Randolph Scott, Warren William, Alice Brady, Isabel Jewell and Elizabeth Patterson. You'll enjoy Mae as a movie star stranded in a country boardinghouse.



★
**SMARTEST
GIRL IN
TOWN**
—RKO-Radio

HERE is a sparkling little comedy, with Cinderella very, very dressed up in the person of Ann Sothorn, and Prince Charming nicely played by freshly scrubbed Gene Raymond. He's a rich playboy pretending poverty; she's a photographer's model in search of riches. The chase will delight you and so will Helen Broderick's dry humor.



**UNDER YOUR
SPELL—20th
Century-Fox**

THE superb singing of Lawrence Tibbett will thoroughly delight you in this poorly constructed film story of a famous opera and radio singer who breaks with his conniving manager, Gregory Ratoff. Tibbett is excellent and Wendy Barrie pleasing; Ratoff and Arthur Treacher furnish good comedy, but the whole is sadly disappointing.



**FLYING
HOSTESS**
—Universal

WHETHER you are a flying enthusiast, or not, you'll enjoy this exciting little airplane picture dedicated to the heroism and feminine charm of air hostesses. Judith Barrett is a graduate nurse who finally becomes "an angel of the airways," and saves her ship. William Gargan, William Hall, Andy Devine and Astrid Allwyn support.



**WANTED!
JANE TURNER**
—RKO-Radio

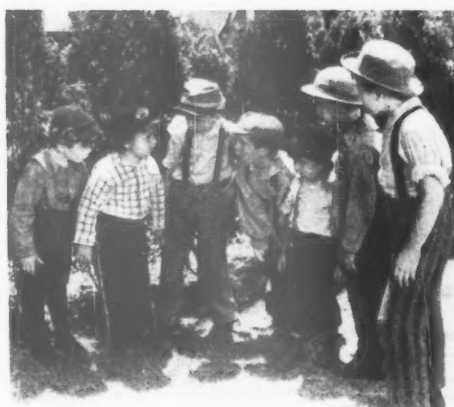
OUT of months of obscurity Lee Tracy returns without his usual polish in an excitingly fast melodrama of the postal service. Complete with every trick of the cinema trade, the story concerns Tracy's galloping chase after killer-bandits. It offers you murder, shots in the dark, and some amusing comedy. Gloria Stuart is appealing, the rest of the cast good.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

★
**TARZAN
ESCAPES—
M-G-M**



ANOTHER thrilling episode in the adventures of *Tarzan* and *Jane*, depicting their happy home life in the African jungle. Cousins Benita Hume and William Henry attempt to lure *Jane* home, are captured by savage tribes and saved by *Tarzan* and his stampeding elephants. Johnny Weissmuller as *Tarzan* and Maureen O'Sullivan as *Jane* are splendid.



**GENERAL
SPANKY—
Hal Roach-
M-G-M**

THE genuine comedy in this first feature-length "Our Gang" picture makes it one of the best laugh specials of the month. "Spanky" McFarland, "Alfalfa" Switzer and "Buckwheat" Thomas divide acting honors as members of a "kid" army during the Civil War. Phillips Holmes and Rosina Lawrence are a romantic touch.

**FUGITIVE
IN THE SKY—
Warners-First
National**



NEVER a dull moment in this hokum story of murder in a transcontinental plane taken over by Public Enemy Number One and grounded by a dust storm. Howard Phillips is fine as the gangster. Warren Hull, as the enterprising reporter, and John Litel, as the arm of the law, also turn in good performances. Jean Muir has charm in a lifeless part.



**LOVE
LETTERS
OF A STAR—
Universal**

A MILD mystery tale of a wealthy girl who commits suicide when blackmailers fail to return letters written to Ralph Forbes, third-rate actor. The blackmailer is killed and the girl's family escapes with Detective C. Henry Gordon in pursuit. Henry Hunter, Polly Rowles, Walter Coy, Samuel Hinds and Alma Kruger rise above mediocre material.

**WILD BRIAN
KENT—
Principal-20th
Century-Fox**



RALPH BELLAMY as *Wild Brian Kent* becomes thoroughly tamed through rescuing their farm for Mae Clarke and Helen Lowell against the evil machinations of the villain, Stanley Andrews, who is trying to get the farm for himself by poisoning cattle, and sundry crooked things. The acting is fair, but the plot old. Children will love it.



**COUNTRY
GENTLEMAN
—Republic**

A CLEVER little comedy, depending for the most part on the grand team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock in an oil well only to have a gusher come in and save their necks. The dialogue and gags are exceptionally fine, and the supporting cast is good.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



*del rio's
coiffure*

New tricks for the new year

By CAROLYN VAN WYCK



*colbert's
lips*



*young's
eyes*



*crawford's
eyebrows*

YOU may have been a homely child; your mother may have said when she didn't know that you were sitting on the stairs, "She's not as pretty as her sister, but she's awfully sweet." Or you may have had a wretched time during adolescence and listened with a frightening envy to the gay chatter of other girls while you were miserably powdering your nose in the dressing room—as you had been for the last hour. Perhaps you have wondered why a prospective employer picked the girl with beauty instead of brains. You may even now be hugging some such problem to your heart—but we doubt it.

There just isn't such a thing as an unattractive woman any more—hasn't been for years. We call her careless. Any woman, for the price of her theater ticket, can go to the free school of beauty which Hollywood offers—and an overwhelming number of them do.

The proof is right in front of us. When Joan Crawford adopted a new lip-line, women all over the world imitated her—and they changed back again when Miss Crawford explained that this exotic make-up merely accentuated the character she played on the screen and was not a part of her real-life personality. When Jean Harlow went from platinum to brownette, hundreds of blondes started letting their hair come in its natural shade. And I was interested to note that, at a recent fashion forecast for hair styles right here in New York, the smart shade was brownette.

A noted Hollywood beauty authority, well-known to all of you, believes that at least one or two beauty secrets are offered to alert observers in every single picture and that the average woman, by watching the glamorous stars on the screen, can profit both by their triumphs and their mistakes. He quoted several cases which he thinks are outstanding in which certain stars provide excellent examples of the proper use of cosmetics.

"Claudette Colbert, for example, has mastered the technique of applying lipstick properly. She uses it to accentuate her lower lip, making her mouth appear full, sensitive, alluring.

"The glamorous Latin star, Dolores Del Rio, can give fine pointers on hairdressing. Her coiffure is molded to her head and is designed to fit the contours of her face exactly.

"For eyebrows, any woman might profit by the example of Joan Crawford. Hers are natural and full and are not ravaged by eyebrow tweezers, though they are always well-groomed.

"Correct application of eyelash make-up and eye shadow is perfectly shown by Loretta Young. The haunting beauty of her eyes is brought out to full advantage by the deft and subtle manner in which she applies her cosmetics."

If there is something about yourself that displeases you, do something about it. When Joan Blondell was in New York on her honeymoon (looking very radiant and even prettier than she is on the screen) she told me that she had a curl in her upper lip which she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



PHOTOPLAY
fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

SUMPTUOUS SIMPLICITY

An asymmetric gown of metallic cloth in princess silhouette has a raised waistline. The skirt sweeps into a train. Myrna Loy wears gold and brilliant ornaments with it. Upbrushed hair frames her piquant beauty

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

designed for action

In "Love on the Run," Joan Crawford wears a wedding gown of mousseline de soie. Ribbon tucks are spaced on waist, sleeves and the very wide skirt. From neck to hem are cluster buttons of orange blossoms and baby gardenias

Photographs by HURRELL





A black masterpiece has been designed by Adrian in fine woolen. Hand embroidered gold thread palm leaves spread from a diamond and star sapphire clip. Galyak gloves, with huge gauntlets edged with silver fox, match a hip-length cape Joan wears in the picture. Her bag is of velvet and silver fox. A simple black velvet hat and suède pumps complete the costume



Joan has bought this costume, as well as the black one, for her own wardrobe. She loves the suit of mustard woolen with its black velvet collar and wooden buttons. Over it she wears a coat trimmed with lynx. Her hat is of the same material, with a feather accent. These costumes of Joan's are typically Adrian



Fit for a Queen

In her next picture Grace Moore will wear this magnificent cape designed for her by Bernard Newman. It is of black velvet, with white fox used vertically. Under it is a sophisticated gown of black velvet cut with a square décolletage, across the front of which curl tiny Prince of Wales ostrich tips





Plus-fours are the outstanding novelty of the sport season clothes. Wendy Barrie wears them in gray uncrushable material. A black angel-skin blouse matches her heavy suède shoes and the green bordered handkerchief in Persian design picks up the green of her socks



Coats are long or short. Here Wendy wears one of heavy white cotton over a blue and white Lastex bathing suit. Her head scarf complements the suit in color

Upper right: Wendy and Caesar Romero fly up to the opening of the Desert Inn. Wendy has a date for tennis so she covers her suit of blue piqué with a long coat of heavy white silk. Blue cotton bandana

Right: Judith Barrett likes the new dress-maker suits and has one in gray satin. Her giant hat is made of cellophane and her transparent sunshade is bright red

Opening of Palm Springs



A costume combining sheer gray wool for the dress with a burgundy coat, the latter lined with self-colored taffeta. Burgundy platter buttons are on the dress and coat, and the hat is of gray felt with a crown of birds in burgundy color. Gloves and bag match

Extreme right: Wendy has a betting hunch as she steps out in a dress of beige, green and brown striped wool, the revers lined with the same green wool as is used for the long coat. The great collar is of blue fox and the hat of gray felt with a green feather

Lower: Pressed pleats give crispness to Wendy's pink tweed skirt, with which she wears a swagger coat. Her blouse is of aubergine crêpe to match her scarf, suede shoes and gloves, and her bag. Her becoming hat is of stitched tweed



A close-up of Wendy in the suit shown at extreme left. Wendy's clothes on this page are from Howard Greer



Opening of
Santa Anita
Race Track



Photograph by Apeda

Ideal for the holidays is an evening wrap of Italian broccatello. It comes in gold, egg-shell and blue. Shoulder width, fitted waist, high adjustable neck—all are leading fashion points. To be had in practically any shade you fancy, this lustrous satin evening dress is made with a tunic formed by a fold of the material. Flowers are very important this season, so a huge bouquet is added for beauty

Found in the Shops

This useful dinner or cocktail dress comes in suède crêpe—in blue, green, red, white and black. It has a separate sleeveless short jacket opening in the back. Rhinestone bands add this year's touch of glitter

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 102



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT



Charming on the dance floor would be this youthful net frock in blue, black or white. Satin bands its entire length and the sheath-like slip is of satin. A large bouquet of flowers is worn at the neck



Karen smiles with content in her metal cloth apéritif frock. She had a color choice of wine, blue, green or black, with silver. Note the self-buttons, raised bust line, neckline and princess silhouette



Karen Morley, appearing in Goldwyn's "Beloved Enemy," makes your holiday clothes shopping easy for you in these pages. A taffeta gown in white, black, royal blue or red, studded with rhinestones

PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Photos by Apeda





Above: Two views of a tortoise shell purse, a gift from Rosa Ponselle. Grace's initials are in gold as are the clasps. Below: (left) The gold medal presented to Grace by King Christian of Denmark. (right) The gold medal presented her by King Gustaf of Sweden. Below, center: While in Oslo, Norway, Miss Moore had tea with the King and Queen. King Haakon gave her this pin of diamonds set in platinum



Above: Ostertagg of Paris designed this bracelet, ring and clips of blue-white diamonds set in rich yellow gold. Left: The Cullinan blue diamond was split into three parts. The marquis was set into King Edward's crown, the round stone into his scepter, and the baguette into Grace Moore's superb necklace. Below: an orchid of diamonds and emeralds, with separate leaves, flashes at the neck of Grace's black woolen frock



Grace Moore's Accessories





A Toast to Shirley Temple

Your head a dream ship piled with gold,
Such treasure as no pirate knew—
Wind-crumpled gold in living rings
Of light; a favor granted few.

Your laughing eyes imprison gnomes
Of mischief, and the starlight, too;
And in their innocence the world
Of God that all have longed to view.

Your ruddy lips, they shame the rose,
Expressing all you wish them to;
They are fond doors that open wide
When song and gladness ripple through.

Your chubby hands and chubby wrists,
Your feet, that ramble as they do,
The whole sweet bundle that you are
We love, my dear, because it's YOU!

By P. J. CLEVELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

By ALLEN TAYLOR

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S

WHEREFORE it was 1932—and Claudette Colbert was newly a Hollywood resident; and she was groping, seriously but increasingly in vain, after happiness with her husband, Norman Foster; and her first picture, "Man From Yesterday," was as dismal a flop as has ever thudded into any box office.

She had just come from two thoroughly unhappy years in New York, years spent making pictures in which she played the wife who loses out and then feels sorry for herself. Norman, his contract inexorably labelled "Hollywood," had been able to see her only twice in twenty-four months—which is no formula, applicable under any circumstances, for a successful marriage.

Bag and baggage and protesting wails and all, she had moved Mother and Tante and Smoky, her frivolously sheared black poodle, from the modernistic apartment on Central Park West to strangely beautiful Southern California. Madame Chauchoin was violently silent about the entire business. Tante grumbled about living in a winter resort. Smoky merely leered. Claudette, inherently shy of life and its exigencies, felt panic beating inside her.

I don't know exactly what an ordinary person would have done under the circumstances. Lovely Miss Colbert locked herself in her room one evening and held an exacting conference with herself. Methodically she broke down the causes and origins of her unhappiness, logically she enumerated the various things she might do to allay each situation. Her family, first, must be settled in a house they liked, and made to love the Hollywood of which Claudette was already so fond.

Her mother, she knew, subscribed to a phobia about people walking about overhead. In New York, the apartments they had lived in had always been on top floors. So Claudette haggled with agents until she secured a tremendous house on the sheer point of an outpost crag. There were terraces and a swimming pool far down in a cleft and winding paths through a clinging, tumbled garden. Visitors were wont to say, first, "Whew—what a climb!" and second, "But my hat—what a view!"

Several hundred square miles of California, and half

the Pacific, were spread out below; "And on a clear day," Claudette would explain triumphantly, "you can see Catalina. . . ."

Always a little delicate so far as health was concerned, she was bearing almost constantly the sharp, vicious pain of an infected sinus, with the accompanying throb of tattered nerves. So she hunted up a specialist in that field, one Dr. Joel Pressman, and went to him for treatments.

SOMETHING had to be done about her career, too. Cecil B. DeMille was hunting for a *Poppea* for his prospective "The Sign of the Cross." It was an unsympathetic rôle, unnaturally exotic, and there were few who could afford to take the chance.

When DeMille came to Claudette she thought, "There's nothing to lose and it's a part that could be built into a terrific thing."

She put her chin up. "You can bring on *Nero*," she told DeMille, "and the milk baths, too—"

You who saw that picture must remember that the Colbert *Poppea* was less a stilted figure from history than a warm human being, possessive and proud and understanding and emotional. You believed in her, and additionally you believed that such a woman once actually lived and loved and took baths in milk. Audiences discovered Claudette, delightedly sent other people to discover her, sat down and wrote letters to her studio, clamored for more.

But her best-laid plans weren't altogether successful. Mother and Tante got weary of the view ("So seldom is the clear day you talk about," they complained explosively) and extremely weary of the climb. The sinus began to let out an occasional



Claudette's striking portrayal of Poppea, Nero's wife, in "The Sign of the Cross" was the beginning of a new life for her. Freddie March was the hero. Above, with Clark Gable in the now famous, "It Happened One Night"

CLIMB to STARDOM

indignant peep once more, so that the treatments with Dr. Pressman had to be resumed. She was working too hard, since her studio demanded that she make "The Phantom President" simultaneously with "The Sign of the Cross." Wherefore at eleven o'clock each day she was consort to a Roman Emperor and at two she was enacting rigidly modern satire with George M. Cohan.

At least her career was looking up. "I'll make a success in pictures or *else*," she had told herself fiercely the day she arrived in Hollywood. And this was it. This was the beginning of that success. This was real fame and what was beginning to look like real money.

THEN, in 1933, in the midst of the mad confusions of a new President and a New Deal and NRA's and AAA's and the reaction of the American people who thought they were turning at last the corner Prosperity was just around—somehow in that hectic year Claudette's personal pattern straightened into a clear, workable thing of values. Maybe she had grown up at last; maybe she found herself, as the phrase has it; maybe she got the breaks.

But whereas her entire life until that time had been one of struggle, of desperate climbing, of headstrong impulse and regrets and disappointment and vain attempt, suddenly it settled quietly into smooth routine, a quietly working machine that evolved and produced unhesitatingly and without effort.

Convinced finally that Madame Chauchoin and Tante were really discontented with the hilltop house, Claudette leased the charming home next door to ZaSu Pitts' property—a walled

Concluding the heart-warming story of this star's rise from obscurity to fame

seclusion which Garbo had fitted for her own peculiar exactitudes and which, with a few changes, suited the French family perfectly. They moved in, sat complacently behind windows that framed no extensive view, and ceased to grumble.

At the same time she and Norman began to realize, and the realization became an unspoken agreement between them, that their modern marriage was a failure; that all their consistent attempts to salvage it were merely food for heartbreak. Sensibly they decided to let it ride its own course for a while, and to Claudette the decision was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 81]

Advance reports indicate that "Maid of Salem," with Fred MacMurray, is one of the best pictures Claudette ever made



The dazzling girl was responsible for the success of quite a few male stars. Above, in "The Gilded Lily" with Ray Milland. Right, "Private Worlds" with Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea. It was Boyer's first American picture



A Sucker



for a SOB

GEORGE RAFT is a sucker. He admits it himself. The hard-boiled bumper-off of the movies, the cold-blooded rubber-out who skyrocketed to stardom by nonchalantly turning the heat on fourteen different mugs in a single picture—"Scarface"—actually is the biggest softie in Hollywood. On the screen he piles up the corpses like cordwood, but in his private life he himself falls for a sob-story harder than a baldhead falls for a blonde. That patent-leather tough look of his doesn't mean a thing.

Listen:

Right now George has living with him, in his swank Rossmore apartment, a kid who came out here from New York. The kid has an invention, and he got to George. The invention is a new electric vibrator that looks like Cal Coolidge's mechanical rocking-horse—you sit on a saddle like riding a bicycle and the vibrator does things to you. The young inventor thinks it'll be a sure cure for all human ills, and perhaps it will. You never can tell about inventions.

But the point is that George is backing *this* invention simply to do something for the kid. So far the vibrator has cost him exactly \$7,500 in cash—experiments are expensive, you know—

not to mention the kid's living expenses. The kid, you see, had nowhere else to go and no other place to work on his invention, so naturally George invited him to move into his own apartment. George, being a movie star, happens to have plenty of room.

When the invention is perfected they're going to send the first one to the President. Nobody can stop 'em, either.

"Oh, well," explained George self-deprecatingly, "that kid got me some ice when I had diphtheria in New York and there was an ice strike on—and besides, the invention may work."

GEORGE won't tell you about these things. Like all these hard-panned and soft-hearted guys who go around doing anything they can for anybody, George is about as loquacious as the proverbial oyster concerning his own boy-scout deeds. Even his press agent won't tell you—not because *he* is bashful, but because George doesn't tell him.

But The Killer will tell you . . .

The Killer also lives with George. He has lived with him for several years now, before George got his initial "break," in fact. The Killer is from New York, too, and he earned his nickname



Beneath the hard-boiled exterior of George Raft is a heart as big as all outdoors . . . and there are plenty in Hollywood who will testify to the truth of that frank statement

BY REGINALD TAVINER

There have been many rumors that George will marry Virginia Pine. In the meantime, he is a year 'round Santa Claus to her little girl

Below, George and his bosom pal, Mack "Killer" Grey who lives with him. When this pair go to the fights, every panhandler in town lines up

STORY

legitimately because he is almost as tough as George. Whenever those two see a beggar on a street corner they break down and weep a duet.

Anyhow, The Killer knows all about George and everything George does because he's always with him. His real name is Mack Grey, and, again like George, he's so flint-souled that if he had to swat a fly he'd give it an anesthetic first so that it wouldn't hurt.

It was quite all right for George to do something—something else—for The Killer, of course. The pair go to the fights every Tuesday and Friday night (those are Charity Nights in Hollywood, as any panhandler will tell you when they line up for George), and on this particular night The Killer happened to see a fighter who looked good to him.

"I could do something with that guy if I had him to handle," he remarked casually to George.

"Like him?" asked George.

"Yeah, I sure do."

"Then he's yours," said George.

And he was, because George bought him for The Killer—that is, he bought up his contract [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]





Hats starred by Stars



Top left: Jane Wyatt finds this minaret of black felt, with its gold ornament and black tassel, perfect to complement a tailored suit. Its original is seen in "Lost Horizon"

Lower right: In "Lost Horizon" Jane Wyatt wears hats of Tibetan inspiration. The halo hat is in black felt with gold braid outlining the brim and scrolls over the ears

Lower left: Perfect for informal dining out and dancing is this little hat inspired by "The Plainsman" and worn by Helen Burgess. It is of black velvet velour, and trimmed with a soft blue ostrich plume

Upper right: Helen wears another "Plainsman" hat—this time an exact copy of the military cap worn by Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. It is of brown stitched woolen with a trim grosgrain band

You can purchase this smart millinery in any of the department stores or shops starred (*) on page 102

Fashion letter for January

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

OMAR KIAM was looking at the new silks for spring when I visited him in his studio. They cascaded from chairs and tables and desk in a cataract of glowing colors. Citron yellows, scarlet, purples set the air around them dancing with their live vibrations.

When I could drag him away from running them through his fingers, I pinned him down to talking about the clothes he has made for Merle Oberon in Samuel Goldwyn's "Beloved Enemy." The cape photographed is of heavy beige woolen material, and could be nutria lined or faced. The woolen dress under it is of tobacco brown, the hat and suède gloves match it and the quill on the hat is a blend of beige and brown. The high shoes are of brown suède, kid trimmed. An alligator bag of practical proportions completes the costume.

Omar sent for the sable cape in the other photograph to show me how it fastens in the back, a new idea I think. It has clever pinches in it to break the line. Miss Oberon wears it over a black broadcloth dress which is trimmed with velvet. Her black velvet hat he calls "Gyroscope." It is crownless and the blades certainly suggest its name. They flop over in the back, as they will. Black suède gloves, bag and pumps are worn with this. Note the great oblong buckle of velvet on the girdle.

He showed me a photograph of a costume conceived to stress the character Miss Oberon will play, that of an English girl, a lady, conservative but smart. A tweed jacket in what I call wasp colors, that is orange, pale yellow and brown (sounds dreadful, Omar said, but is really lovely), was worn over a brown woolen dress. What intrigued me most was a bag of the jacket tweed with jagged edges outlined in brown leather. A large leather initial was stitched onto it and the gloves matched.

Omar loves to use brown on the screen. It gives depth, he finds, and photographs more easily than black. I noticed new highlights on Merle's hair and Omar told me it was powdered in gold dust. He said when they were filming "These Three" they picked up light relief in her hair by putting peroxide on the tips, but now they achieved almost the same effect with the gold dust. You will remember we showed you in November that Norma Shearer was using the same means to brilliancy and I was interested because these two girls are close friends. Omar thinks black hair outlined with silver where the waves edge, would be beautiful. In New York I

saw a black-haired woman who had combed greenish-white powder into the hair which swept back, behind her ears. Exotic, you will say, but she was of that type and it suited her.

[T was a pleasure to welcome Robert Kalloch back to Columbia after his year spent in New York, where he designed for some of its smartest women. I asked him whether he found upon his return that there was a gap to bridge between the smart society woman's clothes and those of screen heroines.

"No," he answered. "The taste of screen stars has made such strides in the last few years that I can proceed along the same lines here as I did in New York. I have to stress certain points on the screen, of course. If I make broad shoulders in New York I make them a little broader for the screen. But screen clothes must now, before everything, look real. No more electric lights on them. No more eccentricity. I'll admit there was a time when they were sometimes so exaggerated as to be comic, but that day is past, and we have the rebound."

The type of clothes he loves best are plain in silhouette with marvelous gadgets, as he said. Accessories are a subtle way of telling your own personal story. You should start with the make-up appropriate to the occasion and build your appearance around that. For instance, the creamy white indoor make-up, with scarlet lips, is not appropriate to scampering out of doors; just as unpowdered suntans clash when combined with the black satin, afternoon type of costume. So Mr. Kalloch thinks you should start by planning your cosmetics and then build up your costume.

He likes to see prints used [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

To the left: In "Beloved Enemy" Merle Oberon wears a cape of beige tweed, faced with nutria. To the right: Black broadcloth and sable for formal occasions



A VERY GOOD QUEEN BESS



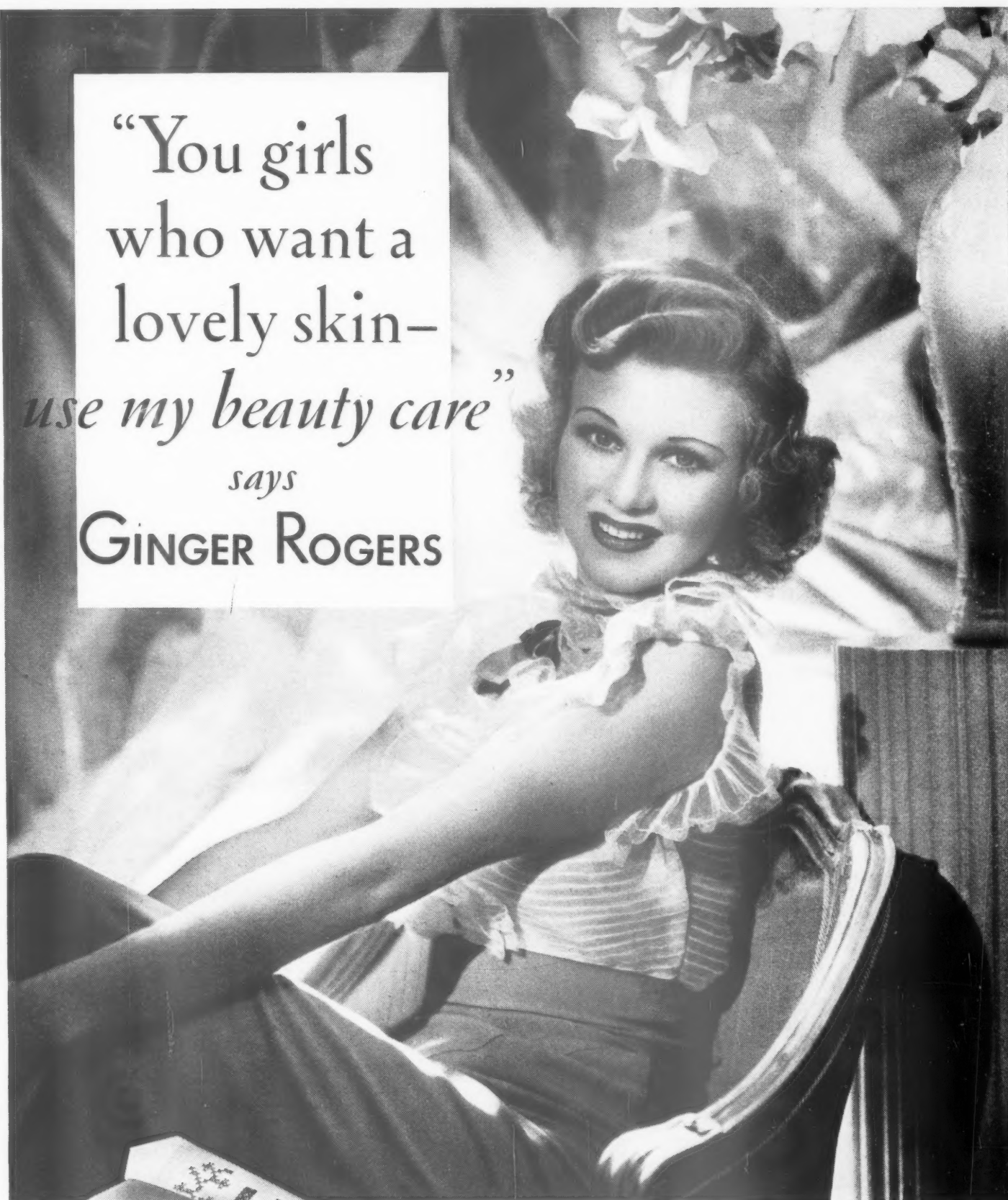
"Fire Over England," the London Films Production, brings to the screen an entirely new conception of Elizabeth. And one more truly representative of what she was—the beloved guardian of her people during one of Britain's most memorable epochs—her struggle with Spain which culminated in the rout of the Armada and England's rise to world dominion.

Flora Robson, one of the foremost actresses of her time, is the Good Queen Bess. At her feet is Laurence Olivier (also at left), who begs to be permitted to serve her, and avenge his father's death by the Spanish Inquisition. Above is Vivien Leigh as a lady-in-waiting with whom Laurence is in love.

In these exclusive stills you may see the scrupulous authenticity of each detail of the costuming and sets, for which the British Museum was consulted. Directed by our own William K. Howard, "Fire Over England" promises to be one of the most distinguished pictures of the season.

"You girls
who want a
lovely skin—
use my beauty care"

says
GINGER ROGERS



RKO-RADIO STAR



**"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores!
I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way"...**

● It's when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.

Ask the Answer MAN

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to
The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

HAVE you noticed that in practically all the outstanding classics which have been filmed, Edna May Oliver has been responsible for a delightful characterization of some beloved character? Aunt Betsy in "David Copperfield," angular Miss Pross in "A Tale of Two Cities," Juliet's nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"—in these rôles and many more, her inimitable drollery, her caustic wit, and her dramatic artistry have long remained in the minds of the audience, and received the fervent applause of critics.

Born Edna May Nutter, in Boston, on November 9, 1884, she says her first public appearance was in the shows she and her brother staged in the back yard—admission, six pins. She wrote the plays herself, and prophetically took her characters from Dickens' Child's History of England. Her voice was remarkable, and after singing in the Congregational Church in Boston, she began to study for opera. Just as she finished her apprenticeship, a series of domestic tragedies left her without funds, and she turned to dress-making. Some time later she joined a stock company.

Soon she went to New York where she played opposite Arnold Daly in "The Master." Appearances in "The Quaker Aunt" and "Oh, Boy" were followed by featured parts in several of Victor Herbert's operettas. Finally she played one of the "Cradle Snatchers" with Mary Boland, and in Ziegfeld's production of "Show Boat," as Parthy Ann Hawks bossed the boat for three years. She entered

pictures in 1924. Her talent for concentrating scorn, disgust and a few other emotions in a single sniff has made her an invaluable comedy character. The only other woman in her class was the late Marie Dressler.

Miss Oliver's favorite entertainment is music; she plays the piano beautifully. As good a cook as she is a comedienne, her other hobbies are gardening and swimming.

PEGGY DUGAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—Jack LaRue wasn't born in France, but in New York City in 1902. His real name is Jack Biondolillo. He is five feet eleven and one half inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and eyes. He has five sisters and is living with one of them, Emily, who is also in the movies. His hobbies are boxing and playing the mandolin. His most recent picture is "It Couldn't Have Happened."

ALICE SPRAGUE, LEE, MASS.—Your favorite, Alan Mowbray, was born in London, England,

on August 18, 1896. He served four years in the British Army and was decorated by the late King George for his bravery. After the armistice, he won recognition on the London stage and came to the United States about fourteen years ago. His first movie was "The Devil Was Sick" in 1930. Since then he has been in a great many pictures, the most recent being "Mary of Scotland" and "My Man Godfrey." He is currently appearing in "Ladies in Love."

INA DELIGHT KULBERG, IRONWOOD, MICH.—Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on Feb. 27th, 1905. He is six feet tall, weighs about 165 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He graduated from Cornell, where he was President of the dramatic club, assistant to the head of the Romance language department, and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. He's been married only once, and that was to Joan Crawford at Englewood Cliffs, N. J., on Oct. 11, 1935. They are very happy together. Franchot will play next in "Quality Street" with Katie Hepburn.

MABEL MEISSNER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Jones Family's most recent picture is "Back to Nature," and I think if you write to 20th Century Fox, they will send you a family picture. Sydney Blackmer isn't a recluse like Garbo, or anyone else, and you can see him featured as the villainous president of the National Canneries in "The President's Mystery" which is his latest picture. Jeanette MacDonald will make "The Firefly," but her leading man is scheduled to be Allan Jones, not Nelson Eddy or Robert Taylor. This picture won't be released until after "Maytime."



Left, Miss Oliver as David Copperfield's beloved Aunty Betsy—one of her most sympathetic rôles. Right, as Juliet's nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"



Claudette Colbert's Climb to Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

a definite relief. Nevertheless, the knowledge that they had failed, that their great love could have lost itself in the separate struggle for separate careers, hurt her deeply. The unhappiness it caused her might have been disastrous except that, fortunately, she was so extremely busy she had no time to think.

She made "Tonight is Ours," with Fredric March, as a follow-up to "The Sign of the Cross" and it was a distributors' bonanza. Then came "Three Cornered Moon," an hysterical comedy which Mary Boland took unto herself but which was no slouch so far as Claudette's popularity was concerned. Sometime during that year she made "I Cover the Waterfront," which turned out well, and "Four Frightened People," which turned out badly. But just before the end of 1933 she finished "It Happened One Night," and although that rollicking little masterpiece wasn't released for several months, both she and the studio saw the rushes.

THE vicious, not-to-be-ignored, sinus—which at the time she cursed bitterly but which in only a year she was destined to bless with all her heart—nagged relentlessly, and relentlessly Dr. Pressman treated it. 1934 whizzed past with Mother and Tante happy at last and Claudette finding, unaccountably and unbelievably, that living could be a steady pleasure.

She saw very little of Norman, and since the desperate sense of strain and disquiet between them had disappeared with their decision not to try any longer, the meetings were pleasant and friendly.

Two things of vital importance occurred: "It Happened One Night" was released and was so over-poweringly successful that the Colbert name became one of the five best in Hollywood, and so did the Colbert contract. "Cleopatra," which followed, was one of those commercial champions. She enjoyed making "Imitation of Life" and the public enjoyed seeing it; and "The Gilded Lily" not only made Fred MacMurray, and thus in itself was noteworthy, but it redoubled Claudette's fan mail.

And in December of that year she went one morning to play golf and ran into Dr. Pressman on the course. She had never seen him without his white apron and the little mirror doctors wear on their heads while at work, and here was revelation. Here was a young man whose niblick was as expert as his scalpel and who, furthermore, was being terrifically non-professional in his attentions to her.

Claudette drove squarely into a sand trap and fell just as directly in love with the man whom she had seen three times a week (and had hardly noticed) for two years.

Early in the afternoon, when Claudette's score was in three whopping figures and Pressman's was neatly in two, he motioned to the caddies and took her arm. "Lunch, now," he said. "There's a good drive-in just down the road."

For one instant she let her mind dwell on the Vendome menu—and then she grinned. "All right," she agreed, and tucked the worst score she had ever shot into her pocket.

Sitting in his car in the sun, they ate layer after layer of Nuttyburger and talked against time of the most fascinating subject in the

world—themselves. He told her of the work he was doing. She talked of transparencies and locations and scene-burgling and camera shutters. To her he was genuine and without artificiality, a man with a purpose and the ability to achieve it. After the multitude of movie heroes she had known, this selfless, dispassionate person had about him a refreshing excitement.

with it. My family was contented and happy; my romance with Jack had completely shut out the heartaches I had had because of Norman—all the complications, the uncertainty, the struggles that had made up my life so far were gone."

On the night of the Academy Award dinner she was to catch the Chief at Midnight for New York. Quite at the last minute she de-



Deanna Durbin, thirteen-year-old songstress, invited Radio Announcer James Walington (right) to visit her on the set at Universal. Every week he is her host when she sings on Eddie Cantor's broadcast. You probably recognize the other man, Charles Winniger, known to thousands of radio fans as "Cap'n Henry" of the Showboat program. He has a part in "Three Smart Girls," in which Deanna is working

"Free tonight?" he asked finally, when they were ready to leave.

Unaided, her mind concocted three plausible excuses for not keeping the engagement she had for that evening.

"Yes," she told him. "Perfectly free."

"SO you see," Claudette said to me, smiling from her chair, "1935 held everything for me that I could ever want or ask for. I was breathlessly in love, my career was shooting upward so fast I could hardly keep pace

cided to stop in on her way to the train, curious to find out who had won the coveted statue.

It was a good thing she did. They gave it to her. And standing there before the grinning committee, with the shrieking din of applause booming in the huge room, she knew suddenly the fight was over; that this little gold figurine she held in her hand was more than a symbol of a good rôle in a superb picture. It represented the answer to every question that had been in her mind the day she first came to

Hollywood and set for herself the challenge: "Success in pictures—or bust!"

When she came back from her short vacation in Manhattan she found herself with three pictures waiting to fill her days, and rather consistent engagements with Jack to take care of her evenings. She was in the midst of "Private Worlds," which on its release brought Charles Boyer into stardom and convinced movie audiences everywhere that Claudette could play, and play beautifully, any type of rôle her studio chose to give her.

"She Married Her Boss" made Melvyn Douglas and was a complete success; but by this time Claudette was used to successes—and she was also getting accustomed to the fact that young men brought from obscurity to co-star with her usually cracked the big time immediately afterward.

With only a few days of rest she went directly into "The Bride Comes Home," and thus closed her 1935 picture season with a home run. But the movies she made during that year are not so important to this story as one other thing.

She went for a drive, one crisp spring afternoon—down the winding stretch of Sunset Boulevard and up capricious streets that led to blank walls and out of those capricious streets again and into the rolling, fashionable section called Brentwood. Eventually she was quite lost, but the sun was very bright and the eucalyptus trees smelled good and somehow she didn't care whether or not she ever got back to Hollywood. She stopped her car and went walking out on a knoll, which led off the road and dropped away into miniature canyons on either side. Far down, the sea was a blinding strip of mirror perched on a ridge of blue hills.

She stumbled over a little sign, barked her shin, muttered, and looked down. Two words were painted on the bit of board.

"For Sale," they said.

Half an hour later she started her motor, whizzed around a corner, and skidded directly into Sunset Boulevard. It was purely fate that there was a real-estate agency only half a block down.

Then began one of the most hectic and pleasurable periods of her life. She bought the knoll, at a price several figures above its value because the realtor had recognized her; "Baby needs new shoes and Papa needs a new car," he said, in a quick aside to his conscience, and hurriedly began adding digits to the original sum. The house she decided to build would be Georgian, of course, in accordance with her reaction against modernism in any form, and there would be a theater-playhouse and a tennis court—but no swimming pool, because of Mr. Sinus.

The plans were brought to her for an okay while she was on the set, frantic with work. She'd never looked twice at a blueprint before in her life.

"What's that?" she'd ask, pointing; and helpful friends, clustered around her, would say, "M. B. Master Bedroom."

"D'you think it looks large enough?" she'd say.

"Well, it'll be about as long as from here to that camera over there."

CLAUDETTE would look at the camera. "Gosh, that's a long way, isn't it? That's fine. They can go ahead on it then . . ."

It wasn't only work that kept her from supervising the building of her house. In July she decided, finally, to divorce Norman, and she wanted the entire affair to be as unostentatious and as quietly simple as possible. Wherefore, when she wasn't at the studio, or running about with Jack, the details of her impending suit took every second of her time.

In the end she had to tear out the living room two or three times and replace it—walls came down and new beams were put in and other

walls came up; paint was scratched off and fixtures were pulled out. Ceilings expanded.

It was finished, finally, in December of 1935. It was finished just a few days before she took a plane for Yuma and, in a short ceremony, became Mrs. Jack Pressman.

Anyway, they had moved in by Christmas. There were only a few borrowed tables and chairs—Claudette would go to New York later to buy the beautiful furniture she wanted—but at least they were home. There were a few more tribulations, of course.

A mouse had been walled into Madame's dressing room and, having died there, created such an evil smell that something had to be done immediately. Workmen came, held consultations, brought tools, and began cracking holes in the tile. By the time they found the mouse the room was a shambles; it had to be completely re-done.

The plumbing leaked and ruined the wallpaper, necessitating new plumbing and new wallpaper, with all the attendant mess and expense. Someone had installed a water heater sufficient for two hot baths, if you took them sparingly and in succession. The lawn wouldn't grow.

But by June, 1936, peace had come to *Chez Colbert*; literally and in every figurative sense.

CLAUDETTE stretched lazily in her chair. "And that's all there is," she said.

"And as for the past year?" I asked.

"Just two pictures, 'Under Two Flags' and 'Maid of Salem'—and sheer happiness with Jack," she smiled. "I'm afraid this is one story that ends with achievement and contentment . . . I'll keep on working now, making pictures, and pretty soon I'd like to take time out and have a baby. Beyond that." She shrugged.

Lily Chauchoin, of the brown eyes and the distinctive face, of the rebellious, intelligent spirit and the pigtails, has come a long way.

THE END

As We Go to Press

Sally Haines and Bert Wheeler will probably be married by the time you read this.

Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., are all over their lovers' spat now.

It has been discovered that when Director Eddie Sutherland made that trip to Europe on the Hindenburg a few months ago, it was to go directly to Rome to have all his former marriages annulled. He is waiting for word from the Pope in order to marry Loretta Young.

When Mae West discovered that her personal appearance tour began on Friday 13th, she immediately had all bookings rearranged so she could leave later.

Kay Francis, having finished "Another Dawn," sailed to Europe for three months' vacation along the Riviera.

Brothers Kenneth and Colin Hunter have now joined Ian Hunter in Hollywood and will all act in movies.

Douglass Montgomery back from England for two reasons. First to consult with doctors about a serious wrist injury because English physicians want to reoperate. Second, because of Whitney Bourne, New York society actress.

Says Douglass, "It's a romance." He will probably start pictures again.

Tom Brown is now freelancing so could accept Warners' offer of lead opposite their new Australian import, Mary McGuire in "If Love Begins." She requested him especially because of his Australian popularity.

Production of "Parnell" held up while producers decide if Gable should wear a long black beard. Authenticity demands it but Gable looked so fierce in the thing it's doubtful he'll do it.

Elissa Landi and Nino Martini continue to see each other nightly and apparently Elissa is resuming her vocal lessons.

Spencer Tracy interrupted his vacation on his ketch by coming in for his mother's birthday. Also scotched rumors he was at hospital having nose remodelled.

Katharine Hepburn feels her new stage play "Jane Eyre" will be the test of her acting ability. If it flops, Katie will be content with movies forever.

Jimmie Stewart is a regular visitor on the Ginger Rogers set at RKO.

Robert Montgomery back from three months vacation on his Connecticut farm. Has opened Hollywood house. Brought back flock of plays with him hoping to get producers to buy them and put him in them.

Herbert Marshall will return shortly from England to co-star with Miriam Hopkins at RKO in "Escadrille."

Paramount is far from chagrined at Geo. Raft's sudden withdrawal from studio; after all \$4000 a week is a lot of money for a discontented boy, they feel.

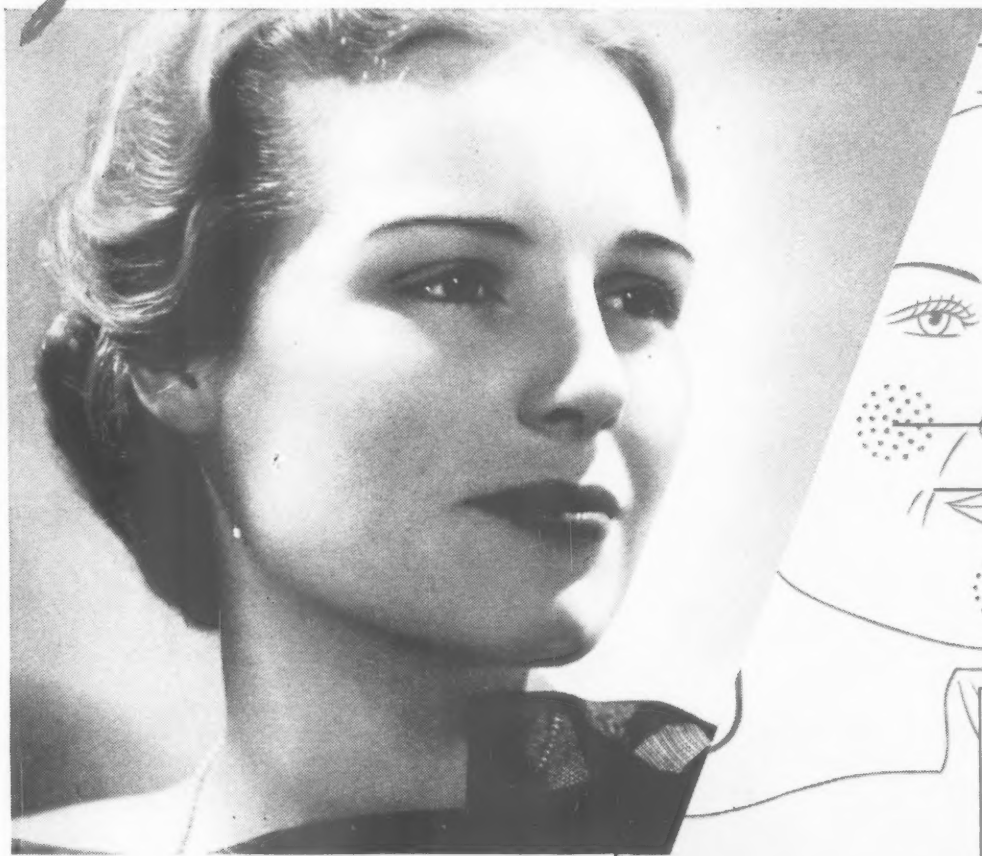
Delmar Davies is rushing his writing assignments at Warners' to join Kay Francis in Europe.

George Brent is dining nightly at the Garbo manse now that "Camille" is finished.

Sam Goldwyn is pleased over acquiring Director John Ford for "Hurricane."

Johnny Downs went to Lake Arrowhead for week-end leaving Friday and Saturday night. Eleanor Whitney, his supposed fiancée, stepped out with Jimmy Ellison. Fireworks on Downs' return.

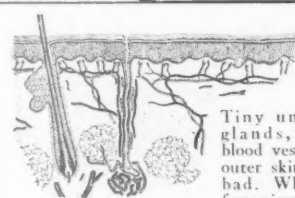
Get at that Faulty Under Skin



Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."



the
Starting
Place of
LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS



Where
skin
faults
begin

Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way



Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing

lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 15-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Rules for Dating Million Dollar Darlings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Jimmy: You invite about twelve people, and you shoot the works. (He accepts another cigarette, lights it, scratches one knee, peers into his empty cup, and grins suddenly.) The works. Cocktails before dinner and wines with dinner and then liqueurs and highballs. You have those little roasted things (he waggles descriptively with his hands)—squabs, and truffles. All the trimmings.

Y. C.: Is that what you did?

Jimmy: We must've. I paid the bill, and it was so much we must have had everything there was at the caterers. It was so much, anyway, that we haven't thrown another one since.

Y. C.: Swell advice, I must say.

Jimmy (hastily): But it's the only way. You get to know the wimmen that way, you see? (Dreamily.) That's what started the Virginia Bruce thing—

Y. C.: It sounds a little formal to me. (With cynicism.) What d'y do, sit around and play charades afterward until ten o'clock?

Jimmy: You've forgotten—the biggest part of that bill was the bar check. You sit around, all right, but you play records like "Jangled Nerves" and "Swing That Music." You play Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson and, intermittently, all the fine nostalgic tunes from the summers past. And you harmonize at the piano. And you sort of strike up acquaintances. Somehow or other the party just seems to take care of itself after that.

Y. C.: All right, then. The bachelor has accomplished a lot so far. He's met the girls, anyway.

Jimmy: That's the idea. He's got an excuse to ring them and ask for a date, you see. Now there are two methods of doing this, depending entirely on the girl—you can either call and say, "Harya Babe? How about an evening at the Palomar and a hot dog afterward? It's cheap and I'm broke." Or you say, "Good morning, Miss Such and Such. I wonder if you are going to be busy tomorrow evening—I understand there's an excellent concert at the Bowl, and the Trocadero, one hears, is quite nice."

Y. C.: But how do you know which is what?

Jimmy: Simple. If she's a featured extra and makes four hundred and fifty a month then you put on tails and plop open the opera hat and send orchids and go gliding into the Troc where all the news photographers are. If she's a thousand-a-week gal, or over, then you can go to the beach and shoot clay pigeons. She can afford to.

Y. C.: Now there is a hint of hidden wisdom there, if only I could catch it. Elucidate, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Well, gosh, you ought to know that the biggest thing with girls in this town is Career—with a capital C. With lots of them you can't just go out and do whatever you feel like doing, such as a Central Avenue dive,

because the swing orchestra is good there, or going to the skating rink or anything like that, because that isn't very good publicity.

They want to swish around in a smart night club with all the ermine and sequins they can carry. And the biggest pastime is adding up the number of camera flashlights that go off in your face. You have to weed out gals like that just as soon as possible, so that you are left with three or four really wonderful girls like Eleanor Powell and Ginger Rogers and Virginia Bruce—they can forget their careers for the evening and what they want is to have a good time, whether it's on a roller coaster or in a middle-class dance hall.

Y. C. (beginning to turn faintly purple): My hat, technique on a roller coaster!

Jimmy (earnestly): Now don't say anything about roller coasters. Roller coasters are very fine things. I could go on for hours about how fine they are.

Y. C.: By all means.

Jimmy: Well, roller coasters should be got on at night, not because of the reflection of the pier lights in the water but because the turns are dark and you can't see where you are going. Women on roller coasters who can't see where they're going always scream. They always put their arms around your neck. And when they have their arms around your neck and are screaming then you are safe—it is when they have their arms around

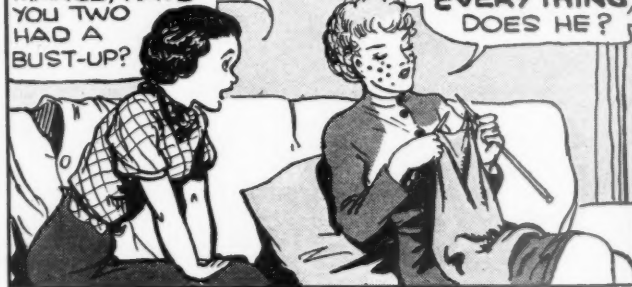


SAY MARGE—WHAT'S

— A
PIMPLY
SKIN
ALMOST
PUT A
STOP TO
MARGE'S
"DATES"

I ALMOST FELL OVER WHEN DICK TURNED UP AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE INSTEAD OF YOU. MARGE, HAVE YOU TWO HAD A BUST-UP?

OF COURSE NOT, SILLY! DICK DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK ME TO EVERYTHING, DOES HE?



REMEMBER NOW—YOU'VE GOT TO EAT THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GRAND PIMPLE CHASERS—I KNOW—I'VE TRIED THEM

OH TRUDY—DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT—I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE GOING AROUND LOOKING LIKE THIS...



LATER
TRUDY—IT'S MARGE LISTEN DARLING—DICK'S ASKED ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK—UH—HUH—JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?



I TOLD YOU THOSE YEAST CAKES WOULD FIX THINGS UP

your neck and begin to murmur, that the Hollywood Bachelor has to look out. They all say they wouldn't go on one of those things for anything—but they always do. Be careful, though, that on the turns you don't bump heads. That happens often and sort of spoils the frivolity because it's liable to break something besides the ice.

Y. C. (biting through his cigarette): Hey!

Jimmy (with dignity): I am quite serious. If you have cleared off the career girls and the ones that aren't any fun, why, a roller coaster is the thing,—because of the dips. Also, flying a kite because that is a nice breezy way to spend an afternoon.

Y. C.: They have places where they put people who make puns like that.

Jimmy: You wanted rules. And rules you'll get. Next thing to do is get a pencil and paper and figure out your monthly income, and then decide how much of it must go toward absolute necessities of living; after that cut the necessities budget in half and add one of the halves to the sum you've put aside for entertainment. If you're careful you may be able to get along on this without running into debt.

Y. C.: Now listen—

Jimmy (inexorably): Also it is one of the most uncompromising rules not to go out with the same girl twice in succession. Now this has several reasons—in the first place if you are seen two nights with a woman without any lapse in between, then the next morning you are married in all the newspapers. Either that or you've established a love nest. And then the telegrams start coming in; congratulations from friends, excited squawks from relatives, bitter recriminations from your

family and a warning to start annulment proceedings immediately from the studio . . .

Y. C. (with careful calm): Only two dates, Jimmy?

Jimmy: Only two. Well, as you can readily imagine this is a slightly difficult situation the Hollywood bachelor is in. The last thing in the world he can do is give out a denial, because then the papers will say he is protesting too much and reaffirm the entire thing, with details and the name of the pilot who flew the newlyweds to Yuma. And it is terrible as regards the other girls he likes—especially if he is kinda more fond of one than of the others. Because then there is a studied indifference to the situation between them, but at the same time an awful artificiality in their relationship. And pretty soon they either stop seeing each other or there is a tooth-and-claw battle. "Well, you must have given those reporters some reason to say what they did," says the girl. "After all, newspapers don't make up everything out of thin air. Where there's smoke—"

I watched it happen with plenty of my friends. And you know of one young star who lost the woman he was really in love with under exactly the same circumstances.

Y. C.: This commissary has got everything else, it may also have walls with ears. Besides, the discussion is degenerating into a serious one. What about technique? What about giving things to these gals who have everything already?

Jimmy: The four-fifty a month wimmen you send orchids to, because they're still poor enough to like 'em. The thousand-a-week gals you send expensive but out of the ordinary trinkets, like a diamond-studded thimble or a

platinum coat hanger. When they make three thousand a week or over then it just doesn't matter any more. You can send a wooden hand to hold all the star sapphires when they take a bath or you can bring them an avocado you grew in your own window. Or a Duesenberg. It's the sentiment that counts with them.

Y. C. (testily): A sentimental Duesenberg. . . . Any more rules?

Jimmy: Yes. (His cheek is smooth because suddenly his tongue isn't there any more, and there is a small crinkle across his forehead.) If this particular bachelor, as you say, has suddenly been dumped off a Broadway show onto Hollywood and a big contract, then remember—anyway, he should remember—that there hasn't been any logic in his life so far and that probably there never will be. So he's not to take himself seriously, you see. He can fall in love if he wants to, get married if he wants to, work himself into stardom or whatever else he wants—But if he takes himself seriously then everything is ruined, and so is the guy's personality. (Both Jimmy and your correspondent absent-mindedly put money on the table, and stand up.) D'you understand what I'm trying to say?

Y. C.: It couldn't possibly be an explanation of why you haven't gone Hollywood yourself, could it? Why all this sudden success and running around hasn't done anything to you.

Jimmy (embarrassed): Hey! You know what we did? My good gosh—we tipped that waitress seven hundred and fifty per cent of the bill . . .

Curtain

IT HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets

oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

And the Marx's were just getting ready to learn it when word came from the producer. "That newest story that was just turned in is the lousiest one of the lot!" said the note. The wardrobe department has next turn.

SO Garbo thinks she is going to leave Hollywood, and retire to the house she has

Garbo can wall in her own acres but she can't put a picket fence around the lake. Besides, she likes to swim.

So the owner of the meadows and of the opposite shore is having a road built out from town, so that tourists, for an admission price, can view the star through telescopes at three hundred yards. Greta's brother, Sven Gust-



The Los Angeles Assistance League is run for the benefit of under-privileged children, and stars as well as society find it a delightful place to lunch. Shirley Deane and Jimmie Gleason Jr. stop to chat with Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn. Below, Virginia Field, Freddie Bartholomew and Tyrone Power Jr. That Power boy surely gets around places!



Two interested spectators are Francis Lederer and Margo, who are seen everywhere together these days

bought in Sweden, and live there in peace! Little does she know.

The English and Swedish newspapers are giving the situation five column spreads; America knows little of it. You see the estate is haunted, not only by a family ghost which floats moaning through the halls at midnight, but by thirty-two Vikings.

And that's not all.

"Haarby" is a beautiful old mansion situated on the Lake of Sillen forty miles from Stockholm—and just across the lake is a property of meadows, privately owned.

avsson, tried to buy the man out.

And the price was thirteen thousand five hundred pounds Sterling — about sixty-seven thousand five hundred American dollars, which is all Garbo paid for "Haarby."

There's a town ordinance there which says no one can swim in Sillen Lake because it affords the population its drinking water, but they're going to kill the ordinance for Garbo's benefit. And then they're going to sell the water in which she has bathed at a shilling a glass . . .

And they say America is unkind to its celebrities!

HAVE you been wondering what ever happened to Neil Hamilton, one of the smoothest actors on the screen! Here's the answer, from his latest letter to us—with a little gossip and a little news thrown in for good measure:

(From London, England) "Have been working a week on 'No Escape' with Brigitte Horney—and very good too. We have three weeks to go, and then maybe Hollywood.

"Several people have written me saying they had heard that I was considering the idea of taking out British Citizenship Papers. Have you heard of this?—Of all the absurd ideas and notions! How do you suppose they get started?

"I'm still an American, and glad of it, and proud of it.

"June Knight has just opened in a new musical called 'Going Places,' with Arthur Riscoe and Olga Baclanova—and she has made the biggest personal hit of anyone in the theater since we've been here. The next morning the notices were astonishing: 'New Star Discovered'—'At Last A New Reason For Going To The Theater'—etc., etc.

"Well, I go to tend the fires. There's no central heating in the country—Ah, to be in California now that winter's here!

Neil"

YOU can't get much about the incident from Preston Foster himself, but seaman Martin Herstich, of the U.S. Coast Patrol *Tahoe* will tell you all about it.

The two men were standing on a landing atop the funnel, with Preston scrubbing the stack. A sound man ordered the whistle blown to test the mikes, and the unexpected blast of steam flooded Herstich from below, burning him badly.

He tumbled to the landing, rolling, and was headed headfirst for the deck far below when Preston caught him—and held him, what's more, until rescuers could climb up and get the screaming man down for treatment.

Just an ordinary, unfortunate incident—but the seaman owes his life to Foster's presence of mind. And he won't forget it soon.

SPRING BYINGTON tells us the latest about the autograph fiends.

Her dressing room is on the second floor of a studio whose walls rise directly from the street. She went into the little adjoining washroom late one afternoon, after work, and was just turning the hot water tap preparatory to an attack on the grease paint, when there came a loud banging on the opaque, frosted, barred window.

Spring paused, startled. "Who's that?" she quavered.

"I want your autograph!" a voice called dimly from outside.

She was outraged. "Go AWAY! You don't even know who I am!"

"If you'll open the window," said the voice, "and show me your face, then I'll know who you are . . ."

Grease paint and all, she fled. And it was two days before she could laugh.

THE way it goes: Arline Judge saw the most beautiful evening gown she'd ever laid eyes on in a downtown window, and planked out \$300 to buy it.

It was blue, and simple, and it did amazing things to her not-so-bad-if-you-ask-me lines.

She wore it for the first time to a dinner party and had to go home because of a mysterious illness that hit her suddenly. The next time she put it on the same thing happened—and the next, and the next.

"It's a jinx dress," her friends told her. She scoffed at first, and then began thinking.

It turned out that she was allergic to the blue dye in the gown. And there was nothing to be done. A little stand-in at the studio, whose chemistry is different from Arline's, has it now.

PREDICTION: Maybe, and then again maybe not—but we think Palm Springs has just a year or two more of being a vacation center for the stars. And then some desert ghost town with a swimming hole in it will grab the trade.

Because Palm Springs has suddenly turned into the biggest boom town in America. Lucky people who stubbornly paid taxes on their useless property there for years are now taking European trips on the proceeds. And despite the fact that the two exclusive hotels have raised their prices to a prohibitive level it won't be long now.

Witness Malibu, which was the stars' Mecca until a highway came along bringing the multitudes.

Witness any other snooty resort that went public suddenly. Just now, to allay our cynicism, every celebrity in the business is there—and loving it.

MARTHA RAYE, the chesty but happy hunk of syncopated dynamite who came out of a radio station and wowed the movie crowd in "Rhythm On the Range," has added romance to her current good luck. The fellow's name is Jerry Hopper.

She made the announcement at a special party to which only married or engaged couples were invited. And you could hear her "Oh-h-H-H boy" in Palm Springs.

He's just the man she's always wanted, she tells us. "He's super-marvelous," she says, turning up those eyes and hunching those shoulders. —Blissfully: "And he calls me 'Angel Puss' . . ."

"If you want to lose some weight do a dancing picture," Eleanor Powell told us the other day. She was just leaving for the foot-surgeon's office to have treatments so those famous tootsies would be ready for the New York season. Her slacks hung loosely about her.

"I didn't realize it myself," she said, "until I went down to Bullocks for a dress or two. 'I take a fourteen,' I told the clerk and she brought out five frocks in that size. They looked like tents on me!"

"So we decided to go down to the 'young misses' department and try a twelve. They were still too big. Eventually do you know what I had to do? I had to have them send up a size ten from the children's floor and even those had to be taken in . . ."

Her mother put a worried face in at the door. "That isn't at all funny," she said. "Fifteen pounds—and she's booked right through until her next picture. I've made her promise to go to bed at nine o'clock every night for the next month. She can't have any more dates until she gets her weight back up where it belongs."

And will Jimmy Stewart love that!

WE'RE simply bubbling over with the old inside information this month. We even know what Garbo did at Virginia Faulkner's party. She came in wearing slacks, as usual.



Here is Radio in Hollywood. Above, the little white bungalow of KNX on Sunset Blvd. KNX is proud that it was the town's first radio station

A far cry from its New York offices atop the RCA Building, is the gay new studio of NBC in Hollywood. There's something in California's sun!



Immediately she became the center of the party sitting before the fire on the center davenport. All the femmes at once grouped themselves about her, two or three sitting at her feet. She talked and even laughed (Garbo laughs) a great deal. In fact one writer, with a grand sense of humor, isn't sure yet whether Garbo was laughing with her or at her. She, the writer, suspects both are correct.

"I know several of your friends in New York," the writer said, "and I've been anxious to meet you."

"It was only an accident you did," Garbo said throatily. "Be sure you tell them it was only an accident. With anyone who meets me it is only an accident."

"I go so little to parties," Garbo continued. "Aren't you having a good time now?" the writer asked.

Very dramatically she lifted her hand and let it fall. The hostess practically passed out. Plainly the gesture said, "and what do you think?"

Her accent is much more noticeable off screen than on. But one thing the guests are convinced of is that M-G-M must certainly have arranged the lighting effect for the reflection of the fire fell full upon Garbo's face leaving the others about in a deep shadow. "Lighting by M-G-M" was expected to be announced over the radio any minute.

But the pay off came when one of the guests lost her best beau over it. It seems he decided he'd work that night and didn't go to the party. When he discovered later that Garbo had been there and his girl friend hadn't immediately rushed to the telephone and summoned him, he went into a sulk.

"Accidents" like meeting Garbo don't happen every day.

MORE fun on the "Captain Courageous" set the day we popped in for a visit. Spencer Tracy, his hair a mass of unbecoming ringlets (wait till you see) and photographer Hal Rossen, Jean Harlow's ex-husband, were having themselves a time with Freddie Bartholomew.

"How do you think 'Queen Wally' sounds?" Spencer asked him. "Queen Wally Simpson. Sounds kinda good, doesn't it?"

"Not bad at all," English Freddie came back. "In fact, I like the American flavor of it very much."

"Blighter," we hissed in Spencer's ear, "let that be a lesson to you."

But Rossen wasn't content. He must tease further.

"You know, Freddie," he said, "I've just received an invitation to spend Christmas at Buckingham palace. How should I reply? Should I just wire, 'the Yanks are coming'?"

Freddie thought it over. "No, Mr. Rossen," he said, "I wouldn't do that. I'd just wait 'til I got there and say, 'Lafayette, we're here.'"

Rossen looked just as silly as Tracy. And did we hiss!

[T must have been our luckstar that guided us to that airport at that particular hour. For, as we waited, a large limousine drew up to the field and parked some distance away. Immediately our suspicions were aroused. We refused to be diverted by the arrival of other cars for something told us, here was news.

It was. A few minutes before the plane was due to depart, out of that closed limousine stepped Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. He drew her lovingly into his arms and kissed her ardently. We didn't even pretend to look the other way. To heck with it. We were seeing

the screen's greatest lover in action and girls, he's all right.

Carole, with her handkerchief pressed to her lips climbed back into the car and drove away. Gable was leaving for four whole days.

Can you imagine these two if Clark marched off to war, for instance?

PERHAPS we shouldn't tell this as it wasn't exactly meant for our prying ears but after all her dressing room door was opened and we just happened to be passing.



The fireworks are over—and "Caliban" weds his "Ariel." The much married John Barrymore, and his fourth wife, Elaine Barrie, at their apartment in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, after their midnight elopement by plane to Yuma

Jean Harlow sat at her make-up table talking to a friend. We couldn't catch his remark but suddenly Jean turned to him and said, "Look, I'll just bet you a thousand dollars to one that I won't be married again until I'm thirty. That's how sure I am."

All of which seems to put the Powell-Harlow romance on a purely platonic basis. Or does it?

FOR the first time we give you a peep behind the scenes of a brokenhearted woman, Norma Shearer, and reveal how courageously she carries on in her darkest hour.

Despite the aching loss of her husband, Irving Thalberg, and her recent illness, the work she inherited from her husband must go on. The exploitation and advertising campaign for "Romeo and Juliet" (about to be released

in small towns) for "Camille" and "The Good Earth," her husband's own group of pictures, must be planned and executed.

Each morning a member of the M-G-M advertising department calls at Norma's home with a heavy portfolio of business papers. If she is too ill to rise from her bed, as she has been in the past, the work is conducted at her bedside.

Each picture is gone over carefully. Exploitation suggestions are made by Norma and are then sent on to New York. The suggestions, while not exactly original, are usually

other buyers—has read the book; and Selznick, they know, is having a tough time with casting.

As soon as it was known he had bought the screen rights to the best-seller, private suggestions began to flood his office—Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler*; Miriam Hopkins as *Scarlet*; ZaSu Pitts as *Aunt Pittypat* head the leads. Secretly the bewildered producer has been testing practically every star in the industry, with small success. The latest is that he has sent out the order to Eastern and Southern scouts to find a non-professional for the coveted feminine lead.

Qualifications are a natural southern accent, the MFFF! or what have you that *Scarlet* possesses in the book, and a smart fashionable figure. Of course the rôle would make whoever gets it a star overnight. Hold your hats, girls.

WE bumped into Una Merkel searching busily and with a fiendish expression upon her face for Nat Pendleton. She finally caught up with him and gloatingly demanded that he eat his hat. It seems that Nat lost an election bet to Una, and that was the penalty. However, Una was foiled because Nat, who began to get cold feet after he had made the bet, had had a hat made up out of candy, and eat it he did!

WITHOUT a wedding ring or a dime to his name, Jack Barrymore flew to Yuma with his "Ariel," Elaine Barrie, and was married. The ring had to be borrowed from a spectator for the ceremony, Mr. Barrymore having forgotten to buy one. The money for the marriage fees had to be borrowed from his brand new father-in-law, Mr. Barrymore having forgotten to bring his wallet.

Loneliness is given as the reason for the hurried elopement. "I was too lonely in Hollywood," Mr. Barrymore said, "so I telephoned Elaine, who was playing in a small New York theater, and arranged for her to fly in for the wedding."

"How do you like my new mother-in-law?" Jack asked the reporters.

"Your what?" they gasped.

"My mother-in-law," Jack repeated playfully shoving Mrs. Jacobs forward. Mr. Jacobs remained in the background.

"Aren't they darling?" Mrs. Jacobs is reputed to have gasped.

Miss Barrie was married in a wine-colored suit. Mr. Barrymore wore a pearl gray overcoat—and with that little Barrymore touch—white shoes.

NOT till this minute will the inhabitants of Benedict Canyon know the names of the roistering boys and girls who disturbed the peaceful slumbers with sounds of revelry last night. And will they be surprised? And will you be surprised?

Listen to this: About nine o'clock on a warm evening not so long ago, two cars drove before director Walter Lang's house in Benedict canyon. Out of the first car stepped Clark Gable and Fieldsie, Carole Lombard's secretary. Out of the second alighted Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper. And the fun was on.

At four this happy little group was seen parading up and down the above mentioned canyon lustily singing, "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze."

At four-thirty the neighbors gave up and sat waiting for the dawn. Never dreaming for one instant that the merry-makers were Hollywood's greatest out for a bit of fun.

sound and acted upon. If her husband's name is mentioned as the work progresses, she pauses a moment, lowers her head and bravely fights for control.

The work is often interrupted by her two children rushing in to see Mother. In his hand Irving Jr. usually bears her a gift he has made. Tiny Katherine, just a year old, stands by and blows kisses. Norma is never too busy to see them. Knowing and realizing the heavy responsibility that rests on her shoulders as controlling stockholder of her studio, she remains first a mother and then a business woman.

DAVID SELZNICK won't start production on "Gone With the Wind" until the early part of 1937 but already it's the first topic of conversation in this town. You see everyone in Hollywood—aside from the million or so

Robert Taylor's True Love Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

She would attract the men. All in all, the "Tavern" would be a riotous place.

It was a swell scheme, perfectly serious for Doc, though it never matured. However, it was to make an evening of talk exciting for a few hours. Cigarettes, coffee and a dash of women—that was the man's evening.

There was the school, and studies, but you could say that the only reason Doc was at Scripps was Scripps. Doc was an habitué of the school so much so that he was accused of attending school there and not at Pomona. He was diagnosed as having "blonde trouble," because a girl had to be blond, statuesque and blonde before he called on her in his yellow coupe, which might have had something to do with his leaning toward blondes.

One of two girls occupied Doc's time the first few months at school. Then he went to a program at Scripps. Doc could play the cello with respectable finesse and his teacher asked him to play at a performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" that the girls were putting on.

The theater at Scripps is not very large. It is an intimate place where the performers, the musicians and the audience mix with one another. After the play was over that evening, the group gathered on the stage to amuse themselves while others were making hot chocolate and sandwiches for refreshment.

At the insistence of the others, one of the girls danced for them. Something about her made Doc do what he had never done before—look twice at a girl, while he lost his head.

She was small, dainty, as delicate as the most exquisitely jeweled Swiss watch. Her feet were surely placed in their patterned steps, and her body was filled with the eagerness of youth. Doc loved beauty in any form—music, painting, dancing—and he recognized a kindred spirit in the girl. He made up his mind to know her.

She looked toward Doc. You could not miss him. He stood out in a crowd like the Eiffel Tower. The admiration and respect that he saw in his eyes attracted her. In that instant, a feeling was established between them.

When the dance was finished, Doc handed her a cup of hot chocolate to her. She took it and that started it. Doc told her how much he admired her dancing and how much it would mean to him to be able to dance with her.

"Not now?" she asked, putting her arm around his shoulder in a warm embrace that he would never keep. Her voice was low and caressing. He talked to him while they danced. His face changed in the light from hazel green to a deep brown.

During the rest of the evening Doc danced with her.

Doc met the girl he had dreamed of. Each man sometime in his life meets the girl he wants most of all. When she came there was a sob in her throat, and when she told you knew that tears could not last long, though she cried many times after she met him.



Salute to morning

As refreshing as the first fragrant breeze of morning is Hawaii's favorite breakfast drink...fresh pineapple juice. And the same sprightliness and tang, the same tropical fragrance, come to you in Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. Natural and unsweetened, the inimitable flavor of fresh, sun-ripened pineapples is brought to you by the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process. Look for the name DOLE on the blue can.

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE from HAWAII

Produced by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., also packers of Dole

Sliced Pineapple, Crushed, Tidbits, Gems, and the new Royal Spears.

Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco © 1936, H. P. Co., Ltd.



Yet she only cried about him once.

The next day—and the next. Doc was constantly at Scripps, always in Julie's company. That was the beginning of many lovely days and nights spent roaming together over the campus and riding over the countryside.

Within the month Doc took Julie to the Sugar Plum Tree. Everybody takes his best girl there. It is a tradition of Pomona College men that when you are in love, you must declare your love beneath the Sugar Plum Tree, a tall spreading pepper tree that a car can be driven under and not be seen, standing in a long low valley beside the campus. Somehow the graceful tree, the cool evenings, the concealment make it easy for a man to speak the things he generally stumbles over.

Doc told Julie that he loved her. For the first time in his life he meant it, although he might have used those words many times

him. Julie was even touched by it; she said she would try to make up her mind more definitely.

SOMETIME later I stumbled on Julie in an out of the way corner at Scripps, crying as if her heart were breaking. I tried to help her—and learned what most of us had suspected, the misery another man, not Doc, was causing her.

"I haven't heard from Carlo (we will nickname him that) for more than a month," she sobbed. "I can't imagine what has happened to him. I think he wants to punish me, but I don't know what for."

In broken words she told me that she was in love with a dark, romantic Latin—a man full of conceits, temperament and quixotic surprises. Carlo had been going with Julie against her family's wishes. Sometimes he

was a dancer as Doc is today an actor. On one occasion she danced, for the fun of it, the entire suite of Stravinsky's "Fire Bird."

She had to keep going with Carlo too. Perhaps she pitied him, wanted to help him. The love is to some women. Heaven knows, none of the rest of us wanted anything to do with Carlo; we were far too busy putting our fingers into our own pies to wonder about another's. Weeks fled by; soon Christmas was upon us. That meant vacation, and best of all, the Christmas formal. Doc and Julie went together.

Sometime during the evening he gave her his fraternity pin and she accepted it. He wanted her to wear it, wanted everyone to know she had it. She refused that, because she was still not sure of her feelings toward him. To wear Doc's pin would mean a definite break with Carlo. She was not ready for that. I don't think she ever wore Doc's pin. I never saw it on her, but she kept it for months and it lay—I heard—in a drawer with a rose that he had given her.

Once more I found her crying. I supposed it was about Carlo again and I wanted to kick the seven kinds of stuffing out of him. I was partly wrong. Carlo had not written, she was to be expected. But more, Doc had been seen in the company of another girl. It was not Doc's fault. He had been victimized too often by girls. One had apparently succeeded and boasted of it.

"I've been trying to think the whole thing out," Julie confided to me. "To reach some conclusion—but I can't. I like Doc awfully, but I don't know that I can count on him as if he needs me as much as Carlo does."

There was no use in telling her that Doc needed her more than Carlo ever thought he did. That she would have to accept Doc as what he was—a fine fellow cursed with a handsome face that would always attract women. That she would have to care for him, fight for him. Julie was doing that far thing, comparing Doc with Carlo, who, though he had been cruel, was constant.

"Maybe I'm a fool," Julie continued, "but I guess I'm just in the habit of loving Carlo."

I don't know what Julie told Doc. He must have seen him the same evening. The next day he was wearing his fraternity pin and a look on his face that was more than the one he wore when he came to Pomona and was facetiously called the collar ad.

He kept to himself. Few people saw him about the campus, in classes or at Scripps, where everyone at last knew that Julie was going to marry Carlo. Later in the year I was told that Doc had been so broke by losing Julie that he went to one of the professors in college—a rare man amongst me and a friend to every student—and laid his heart bare. But all the sympathy and understanding that the professor could give Doc and he had an infinite capacity for continuing pain—helped very little. A man must be his own broken heart, and sometimes that's impossible.

Weeks passed before Doc appeared again. When he did, there was a change in his face. He was no longer the boy of twenty-two, but a man of twenty-two. He became frightfully settled in his habits.

At this time he had an opportunity to go to Oregon on a debating trip, but the school board forced him to give that up and take the lead in a school play. The play was "The End." Doc threw himself with such fire into the rôle of Captain Stanhope that the M-G-M scout who saw him offered him a chance to make a motion picture test.



A really fine actor, Bill Gargan has not had the best breaks in the past few years. Recently signed by Walter Wanger (the star detector), Bill should go to town in his next picture, "You Only Live Once," Sylvia Sidney's new opus

before. He asked her to wear his fraternity pin, but she refused, saying that she could not become engaged to Doc—which wearing the pin would have meant—because she was practically engaged to another man.

That was the first Doc had heard of another man and it dismayed him. It is ever that way when a man falls seriously in love and finds his way apparently blocked. As they drove home, Doc still tried to persuade Julie. If she was not quite engaged, there was still a bare chance for him. If he had only known it then, that chance was bigger than he suspected. No woman likes to be rushed into matrimony. There comes a time when she wants to pause and savor the pleasure she is about to have. That was another reason Doc lost Julie. He was always too impetuous.

In the following days Doc outlined for Julie the years of happiness they could have together. He would become a doctor, taking over his father's practice in Nebraska. They would live in the small country town and work for each other. That was what life meant—working for each other. Doc was enthusiastic about his picture, the future looked rosy to

accused her of making her family dislike him, then punishing her for it by not writing to her for weeks at a time, or failing to keep an appointment without notifying her.

And now Doc had stepped into Julie's life. His sweetness, kindness and consideration had opened her eyes. Her troubles were almost more than she could bear. She realized that the two men could not be compared in the same breath. Yet she also realized that as long as Carlo was near her, she could never think of Doc in any way except as a man who had been nice to her.

There was much I would have liked to have said then—much I would have liked to have done. Yet, you can talk about life as much as you want to—argue about it, it still goes on in its irrevocable path.

So did Julie. She tried to seize a little happiness by being near Doc. To store up something to remember in later years. She was made for happiness, not for sorrow. After she had been riding with Doc, I have seen her dance happily about a room. She was a magnificent dancer. It was in her blood. She might have been in her own right as fa-

Doc took the test and flunked it, because he could not combine motion pictures and college successfully. He was more interested in getting a degree from Pomona.

He got his degree and the following summer he went to Balboa for a vacation. While there he had a long talk with a friend. Most of us thought that Julie had finally passed out of his life, that Doc was somewhat cured. How wrong we were!

"I don't know what I am going to do when the summer is over," he confessed to his friend. "For the first time in my life I am not going back to school. There is nothing else that I can really do—or want to do now. I thought I knew once, but that failed me as so many things I have wanted have failed."

That was the speech of a bitterly disillusioned and disappointed man, not a bigot, or a conceited person.

"I can still go back to motion pictures," he continued. "Probably that will fail again. If it does, I will be lost. In fact, I guess I am just afraid to go out into the world alone."

Doc went back to M-G-M.

ONCE in awhile, when life seemed particularly useless to Doc, when his training at the studio looked hopeless to him—when he thought he would never achieve fame, or anything worth while—when the stars and even the extras passed by him at the studio without a glance of recognition, he would bridge time and space with a telephone call to Julie, merely to talk with her for a few moments.

He called her perhaps a half-dozen times in two years, though he had not seen her since the day of his graduation from Pomona.

Came fame, and not so long ago Julie came to Los Angeles for a visit. Doc heard of it and she invited him to come and see her—to meet her husband—and to see her baby.

The excitement of becoming a great star paid off at the prospect of seeing Julie again.

Promptly, on time to the dot, Doc arrived at Julie's home, after first sending a present to her baby. A maid met him at the door. He gave his name, said that he was expected. The maid shook her head.

"My lady hasn't been here for several days," said the maid. "I am sure that if she expected you she would have told me."

Doc went away. The bottom of his world had fallen out. To this day he has not tried to seek Julie, because she was not at home to keep her engagement with him when he called.

But Doc did not know, could not have known that two days before he called, Julie became seriously ill and was rushed to the hospital to be given a chance to recover in the fresh air outside of the city. Before she left she wrote Doc a note explaining her departure and asking him to come again as soon as she was well.

She addressed the letter to the studio. Naturally it did not reach Doc. It was slipped off into his fan mail—not to be read perhaps for weeks until a tired secretary came to it.

When Julie came back to the city, Doc's continued silence puzzled her. She wrote to him once more, addressing the letter again to the studio, not knowing where he lived. That letter went into the fan mail box also.

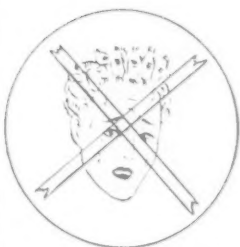
I don't know what Doc thinks about Julie now. But if he ever reads this he will understand why Julie did not meet him.

And I am sure that you will forgive Doc now that you understand why he is so often lonely in the midst of his fame and the adoring crowds.

NO WOMAN WON A MAN'S HEART WITH WASHBOARD WAVES



No more cumbersome
machines with hair-
pulling wires.



No more harsh, harmful
chemical heat.

AMAZING NEW FREDERICS WIRELESS PERMANENT
PRODUCES WAVES OF SHIMMERING SOFTNESS
... NATURAL AS CURLY HAIR!

HERE'S news every woman will welcome! Frederics has perfected an amazing new permanent—a *Wireless Permanent*! No hair-pulling wires or heavy electrical gadgets are used. No insufferable chemical heat is necessary. Light, pre-heated aluminum wavers are put on to cool off—not heat up. Quickly, magically, comfortably, your straight hair is transformed into deep, beautiful, soft waves that shimmer with lustre. A wave so natural—so alluring—so enduring and so easy to manage that you will really think you have naturally curly hair.

If you want your permanent to win admiration—make you more beautiful and always attractive, say to your permanent waver: "I want a Frederics Wireless Permanent. The most natural and most comfortable of all Permanent Waves."

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New York City

Kindly send me a list of salons in my neighborhood who give Frederics Wireless Permanents.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

as if I couldn't go back in pictures, but I didn't want to. Certainly, it meant money. But money isn't what I want."

Funny boy, that Cagney. He does what he feels in his heart, and while I don't think he is

of "Can This Be Dixie" to appear in costume. For some reason, Slim Summerville objected. An argument ensued, with both sides standing adamant until Jane, who is really the star of the film, entered the field of battle.

The night that Miss Parsons had the night from "The Devil Is a Sissy," was really night. Mickey Rooney disappeared and couldn't be found. They searched the theater, the control rooms, the dressing rooms, the alley back of the theater, everywhere for Mickey. The cast was frantic. What could have happened to the boy? Even Jackie and Freddie were disturbed. Just before the time was to go on, Mickey, with a sly grin on his face, reappeared. Ye-eh, he'd been there the time, hiding! The mischievous young devil!



Director C. B. DeMille speaks to Mitchell Leisen, a fellow craftsman, about changes in the script for "Captain Applejack," in which Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan were heard on one of the Monday night Lux programs

a particularly happy person—for he hasn't yet discovered what he is after—you must give him credit for trying to discover it. For never knuckling down to the movie moguls. For fighting, whether he is right or wrong, for what he thinks he wants.

But whether he is crazy about radio or not, he "gave" in that "Journey's End" broadcast. Sitting in the audience, listening to him and watching him, I thought he was magnificent. Here was a lusty little American doing a portrayal of a clipped, reserved British officer, doing it as an American, and making it live and breathe.

It has been a good, if a slightly harassing and hectic, month for Louella Parsons and her guest stars on "Hollywood Hotel." She has had some marvelous broadcasts, but she has also had her hands full staging them. Why? Well, because this month seemed to be young generation month with her—with Jane Withers, Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, and Jackie Cooper on two different occasions. Jane went on with Slim Summerville in "Can This Be Dixie," while about three weeks later, the three boys, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, did "The Devil Is a Sissy."

Jane was really an awfully good little girl at the broadcast. Of course, she just played tick-tack-toe with the Jones boys in the corridor up until the very last minute, and when she wasn't on the floor playing games, she was underfoot somewhere else. Yes, a very lively, lovable young lady, but strenuous—judging from what I observed.

It seems the original plan was for the troupe

"What's Uncle Slim goin' to do?" she inquired. (She adores Slim Summerville and always "uncles" him.) Upon being informed that "Uncle Slim" objected to encasing his long legs in costume for the radio appearance, she announced firmly, "Well, if Uncle Slim doesn't, I won't either." And thus the matter was settled.

A HEART-WARMING occasion for Louella came on the night of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" broadcast with Er Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. It marks Louella's 104th weekly or second yearly anniversary with Hollywood Hotel. As you remember, in the middle of her little speech to the air audience, she was interrupted and presented, right on the stage, with one of the beautiful sets of glassware imaginable. Louella was completely surprised and so startled she pleased that she couldn't say a word. Well, I guess, was what the sponsors wished, for gave them an opportunity to say loads of things about her.

Did you hear that loud, rather abrupt laughter which followed Bill Koenig's introduction of Bob Taylor when he appeared in the Lux Radio Theater of the Air show—oh, Koenig remarked that Bob was the new Rudolph Valentino of the screen? Well, he himself inspired that horse laughter. There hangs a tale which may give you an idea of the unspoiled the Taylor lad remains despite the two-and-a-half year sleigh ride to romantic glory.

Bob told me the story himself in what you might call an exclusive airplane interview obtained by your enterprising reporter, the author of this piece. Only it wasn't an interview. Bob, at Omaha, climbed on the set



One of the finer broadcasts of the month was John Barrymore's reading of the Mercutio speech from "Romeo and Juliet," on the Kraft Music Hall program. Beverly Roberts, who was on the same program, seems to be having ear trouble. Can you blame her, with Bob Burns tuning up his bazooka?

United airliner by which I was returning from New York and we had several hours of shouting at each other over the hum of the plane.

"Say," he told me, "I was never so startled as when I heard Koenig make the speech and compare me with Valentino. I was just sitting there waiting to get up and start when I heard this and I thought it must be hokey. I laughed right out loud at the idea. Then the audience laughed—a kind of dirty laugh it was, too. Then there was a pause and everybody roared good naturedly."

"Is a Valentino? Bunk! I was a great admirer of his when I was a kid. I went to see all his pictures, but I don't think I am anywhere near the same type. He was a marvelous actor and a great picture personality. They can't really think of me as being like him."

ONE of the finer broadcasts of the month was John Barrymore's reading of the famous Mercutio speech from "Romeo and Juliet" in the Kraft Music Hall program. From what I have read from time to time in our public prints about Mr. Barrymore, I glean the impression that most scribes think he is a rude, arrogant man. I've never seen him be anything but a polished gentleman and I've met him as a reporter and on the set many times.

As a matter of fact, he couldn't have been more thoughtful or considerate of everybody than he was on the occasion of this Kraft broadcast. He was unusually helpful and charming to Beverly Roberts who was nervous about her radio appearance. He kidded with Bob Burns and deferred to him as only a Barrymore can.

I must say that John didn't look any too well. He seemed tired and worn and nervous, but he was his gracious, best Barrymore self.

He was working very hard to get his timing correct. He rehearsed and rehearsed the Mercutio speech, which he can probably repeat backwards. But he wanted it right for the air. (Probably one reason why Barrymores are such great actors is that they are painstaking in their work.)

"How the speech sound too fast to you?" he inquired of me. "It must be given rapidly for the air and yet, of course, it must be right."

I told him I thought it was beautiful, and it was. He smiled and said, "Yes, it is one of the most beautiful speeches I know."

Incidentally, Mr. Barrymore faced the microphone so that his right and not his famous left profile was visible to the audience in the auditorium. But he didn't seem to care.

As I told you, in the theater it is "Half Past Ten" in the movies, "This Is the Take!" in the radio, "Half Minute!" In the magazine or newspaper world, when you get to the end of your piece, you write "30." Well, this is "30" for this month's edition of "On the Air in Hollywood." Until next month, then, your reporter signs off.

HE HAS ALWAYS LIVED DANGEROUSLY

Spencer Tracy has known poverty, tragedy, romance, failure, wealth. He has dared to be himself at all times as you will discover in his "The Life Story of a Tough Guy" beginning in the February

PHOTOPLAY



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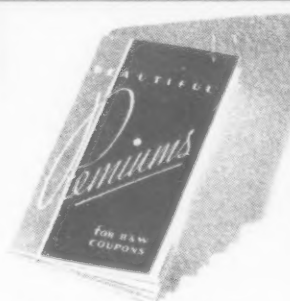
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Weird Things Happen to the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

his offices, and in a laboratory. Both in their way thought this was all there was to it. They had no sense of having been shuttled back and forth across a continent three times by a romantic and purposeful Fate. Even when Claudette suffered a sinus infection and was recommended to Jack Pressman and they sat facing each other in his office, neither of them suspected the strands of the pattern which they represented were being swiftly and securely drawn together and that it wouldn't be long before they'd be married, living in a gracious white house in the California hills, happier than they previously had known it was possible for two people to be.



Talking things over at the new studios of London Films at Denham, England, are Alexander Korda, head of London Films, and Noel Coward, author, actor, impresario. Mr. Korda is the discoverer of such famed stars as Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon. Mr. Coward is at present appearing with Gertrude Lawrence in New York, in a series of one-act plays which he wrote

THEN there's the fascinating story of Bing Crosby's radio debut on his own program. Bing had been on the air previously with Paul Whiteman, but this was different. As the star of this program Bing was to sing over eighty-five stations, a tremendous hookup at the time.

A few days before he was scheduled to sing there was trouble, lots of trouble. Through political maneuvering, business enemies made it impossible for any Union musician to play for him. He had to get busy and fix things and to do this he had to borrow eight thousand, five hundred dollars. This represented a good-sized fortune to Bing then but, confident of himself and infuriated at the injustice done him, he was willing to take the gamble.

Borrowing that money and straightening out the hundred technicalities involved presented an intense nervous strain. As a result, when Bing awoke the morning of his broadcast he couldn't sing a note.

They announced that Bing was ill, that he would sing the night following. They could only hope his voice would return as suddenly as it had disappeared. But it didn't. The next night his appearance had to be postponed again.

On the afternoon of the third day, still voiceless, Bing saw his own ruin. He went to his agent's office and when his agent wasn't there he left him a note which filled him with alarm when he returned. In his note Bing said it probably was just as well his voice hadn't come

back, that he undoubtedly wasn't up to the program anyway. And he concluded by saying he was going out and try hard to forget what an idiot he had been to borrow eight thousand, five hundred dollars.

Beside Bing's note his agent found a telegram from Seattle, Washington, from Mrs. Crosby. She wired that she had heard the announcement about her son's illness and had asked the Pour Claire nuns, an order which lives in retreat, to pray that Bing would be all right, that he would be able to sing that night.

The agent stuffed that wire in his pocket and started out on a round of the speakeasies. He flattered himself he knew where to find a man

wretched letter writer and anxious to make a good impression upon her young man who was in South America, so she asked Fay to carry on her part of their correspondence.

Fay wrote such provocative letters that the man proposed marriage.

When the girl friend went to New York later on, she and Fay drifted apart. One night a year afterwards when Fay was in New York, she found herself with some leisure and decided to telephone a man she knew and see if they might have dinner together. Of the voice that replied she asked for Mr. Halton. The man who answered the 'phone explained she must have the wrong number. She hung up and called again. The same man's voice replied and, amused, they laughed together. Then that man asked Fay if, by chance, it was his friend she was calling. She admitted it was, thinking this a very strange coincidence. But in a minute it became much, much stranger. The man, naming other people he thought might be mutual friends, mentioned the girl for whom Fay had written the love letters.

"I used to know her well," Fay said. "When she was in California we saw a great deal of each other."

"Well," the man announced, "we're going to be married next month."

Fay hung up—hurriedly. She thought it just as well for that man not to talk to her any longer, not to know her any better, not to realize exactly how strange it all really was.

GLENDA FARRELL will tell you it was because her mother, thwarted in her own life, came to center all of her ambitions in her that she is where she is today.

It was Glenda's mother who put Glenda on the stage when she was a child and who later sent her across the continent to New York, when they had to scrape together the money for the fare and Glenda had to live during her three days and nights on the train on the sandwiches her mother had packed for her. And still later when Glenda came home for a visit with her mother and her little boy, Tommy, after an absence of two years, it was her mother who urged her to return to New York and take up the struggle again.

Every minute Glenda was away, her mother missed her. She worried when Glenda didn't have enough money to live comfortably and to eat properly. But she never ceased to drive her on. She knew what life was like when you didn't do things, when you didn't get anywhere. Loving Glenda she wanted something else for her and counted no sacrifice that would help her on her way too great.

"At least a hundred times," Glenda says, "I can remember my mother saying to me, 'I'll never rest until your name is up in lights!'"

Urged on this way, naturally attractive, dramatically capable, it was inevitable that Glenda should make progress. About a year after she left her mother in California she was cast in a promising play. During rehearsals her part was built up until it became far more important than it had been originally. Glenda played this part with a warmth and spontaneity which impressed the critics and when they opened in Brooklyn her notices were splendid. The second night Glenda's name went up in lights.

Glenda was elated, naturally. Above every-

who was in the frantic state Bing was in. Beyond finding Bing, which very clearly was his first problem, he only hoped he would be able to get him on his feet and that by some miracle his voice would return in time for him to go on the air. It was, he knew, Bing's last chance. The broadcasting officials already had been unexpectedly indulgent.

HE could find no trace of Bing anywhere. In no speakeasy had anyone seen him or anyone who looked like him. Then, contracting a splitting headache under the strain, the agent stopped in a drug store for a Bromo Seltzer. And there was Bing, sitting on one of the high stools, his heels hanging on the rail, drinking a chocolate malted milk.

"I don't know what happened!" Bing grinned sheepishly. "I can't figure it out but suddenly I felt like one of these things—and nothing else—and here I am!"

The agent said nothing. He handed Bing his mother's wire. Bing didn't say anything either. There seemed nothing to say. When miracles happen to you, you believe in them. That night Bing sang. The broadcasting officials were glad they had waited for him. And his future was pretty well assured.

There's also the amusingly strange coincidence Fay Wray experienced. Fay once wrote love letters to the sweetheart of her girl friend. This happened because the girl was a

thing else she knew what this would mean to her mother. She planned to wire her as soon as she got home. But when she reached the apartment in New York, which she shared with three other girls, there was a telegram waiting for her. That night, as the theater electricians had placed Glenda's name up in lights, her mother had died. It was as she always had said it would be. Now she could rest.

THE strange experience Gary Cooper likes to tell about is also delightfully typical of Gary Christmas-time, five years ago, Gary was on an African safari. He and his White Hunter stopped at Kenya Colony for rations and then went on to join their twenty-two tribesmen at the hunting grounds in Tanganyika. At Kenya Colony Gary saw tins of lobster and he wanted some included in their stores, but the White Hunter was adamant. He explained no one knew how long those cans had been around and pointed out that since they would be far from medical aid it would be downright dangerous to risk food poisoning.

Gary didn't argue the matter. He merely packed three cans in his own pack, saying nothing about it. He admits now he thought the White Hunter foolishly cautious. And he also admits that he must have been somewhat impressed by the advisability of this caution in spite of himself. In any event he started to open that lobster several times but always changed his mind.

Christmas Day the big hunt took place. Everyone hoped to bag a large, black-maned male lion which the Kikuyu natives called by a name that Gary insists sounded like someone falling downstairs, and meant The Wise One Well-named, this lion eluded all of them.

Christmas Night, gathered around the fire after the usual monotonous camp fare, Gary remembered Christmas dinners in London and on the ranch at home. This was more than he could endure. He went off with his pack, opened two cans of lobster, and had a feast.

It was after midnight when Gary awoke. His pains were pretty bad. He hoped he wasn't going to die. One hour passed, two hours. Then, attracted by a rustling in the brush, Gary straightened up and narrowed his eyes. Slowly there emerged the shadowy shape of a lion. Gary's gun was twenty feet away and he crawled for it on his hands and knees. Then, moving swiftly but silently, he took careful aim. There was a crashing in the brush and confident his kill had leaped away to die and

that tracks would lead to it in the morning, his cramps forgotten, Gary rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep.

By sunrise the news had spread throughout the entire camp. Gary's kill was The Wise One. "How did you get him?" the White Hunter asked as everyone stood around Gary in an admiring circle.

Gary shrugged the way you've seen him shrug on the screen a hundred times. "Couldn't say, just didn't sleep very well." He didn't mention lobster or cramps. And he threw the can that was left away.

THE strange coincidence they talk about still in the Blondell family was so exceedingly strange that it also was famous in the neighborhood where Joan's mother lived as a little girl. In fact, years after it occurred, Joan's father, falling in love with Joan's mother, was surprised to learn she was the Katherine to whom this coincidence had happened.

When Joan's mother was about eleven she had a friend named Cecelia. The two girls were inseparable. They walked to and from school together. They did their lessons together. They named their favorite dolls for each other. And they spent hours brushing and combing each other's long, smooth hair.

When Cecelia fell ill Katherine was desolate. And when Cecelia died Katherine sat in her house stunned, forsaken and forlorn. She would have liked to crawl off somewhere by herself but this she couldn't do since Cecelia's mother seemed to find some comfort in having her around. Nevertheless, when the family and friends filed out of the parlor leaving her there alone she was very grateful.

She hadn't been alone very long when the vision came. She saw Cecelia with her lovely hair flowing around her. And softly she heard Cecelia say "Hello, Katherine."

"Cecelia!" she cried. "Cecelia, Oh Cecelia!" Her voice was importunate. Everyone came running. And the first few to enter the room saw the vision too, before it rose higher and disappeared.

Newspapers published feature stories about this phenomenon. People came from great distances to see the house. And there were many who carried away bricks and chips of wood for relics.

Strange things do happen. As Byron said: "Tis strange but true; for truth is always strange—

"Stranger than fiction."



ELEANORE WHITNEY
Featured in Paramount's "College Holiday"

Hollywood Styles in "Hostess" Pajamas

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Hollywood wears them at home for teas and dinners. Hollywood gives them as the perfect gift . . . these luxurious, smart "Hostess" Pajamas by Munsingwear. Slenderizing are the lines . . . exotic the colors. Made of an exclusive new chenille fabric. At a quality store near you. Munsingwear, Minn.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York } ss.

County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James S. Warren, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Eastern Editor of the PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, James S. Warren, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publ., Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, New Jersey.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) JAMES S. WARREN, Eastern Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

J. M. Roth

(My commission expires 193)

Ultra Violent Raye

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

strangest feeling, to have people like you and not know how to thank them. On the stage you can come out and take a bow and say something. But at a movie preview what can you do, but cry! 'Course what I really felt like doing was running up and down the aisle and shaking all their hands. But we weren't sitting on the aisle, and there was a fat man sitting next to me!

where they had amateur contests every Wednesday night, sang "Dinah" and "Some of These Days," and won the two bucks. I was pretty cocky till I went back the next week and got the hook.

"But anyway that was the beginning of my bug to branch out on my own—not because I wanted to leave the family or anything like that—but because everyone said

and then, well, in the back of my mind I always figured after that I *could* be an interior decorator. Believe it or not, I took a course from Gabriëlle—put a line like an eyebrow over the first *e*, please—in New York for a couple of years after that, and he's one of the best, and that's exactly what I'm going to turn out to be.

"See this dressing room? Well, I'm going to do it over, in antique white and dubonnet—and won't that be snazzy! And Mom and I have just taken a new apartment and I'm decorating that myself, too. I'm on the den now, and carrying on like mad. And as soon as I get enough money laid aside so the family won't have to work—I'm buying annuities mostly—then I'm going to open a regular decorating shop, in Beverly Hills or somewhere, and carry that along on the side.

"I suppose it was because of the places we used to have to live in that make me like nice things so much now. And, boy oh boy, did we live in dumps! Never had a home really, never were in one place long enough, just moved from one iron bed to another, hotels, boardinghouses, always in the worst section of town.

"The most homey thing about us was the stove trunk. Don't know how we ever could have lived without that. It was fitted out marvelously, stove, pots and pans, canisters, everything. Of course, we weren't supposed to cook in hotel rooms, but we did, and ever since I can remember, my idea of a bogey man is that fellow who comes around sniffing the air and knocking on doors and yelling, 'Hey, you got to cut out that cooking in there!' My part in the cooking operations was mostly to stuff newspapers in the doors. I got to be quite an expert at it. Why, in two minutes I can make this room air-tight. Wanna see? Oh now, I just thought. . . . I couldn't do it now if I wanted to. It takes a Sunday paper, and I've only got a daily around.

"I'll never forget the time we got thrown out of a hotel in the middle of the night. That was at the Brevoort, in Saint Louis. That wasn't the cooking though. That was from my lungs. I was always sort of a noisy brat, I guess, and Buddie, he wasn't exactly a silent movie either. All the hotel managers along the circuit used to shudder and say, 'God help us, there come those Oriental Noise Makers,' when we'd come along. Well, that was just about the time when Buddie and I had decided we ought to learn to coon-shout, so on account of that they threw us out.

"Incidentally, Mom always says I was born with my mouth so wide open that nobody could see my face. Yeah, ma'am! And another thing, when I was a baby my favorite food was grease paint. One time I actually ate three eyebrow pencils in one day. Oh, I used to carry on like mad—until Mom found it was cheaper to buy me a peppermint stick.

"I WAS born in Butte, Montana—Reed and Hubert just happened to be doing five shows a day there—four, the day I was born. But Buddie didn't have such good luck. Nobody was working when he was born, and maybe that's why he was so puny. I guess that was really the low spot of our lives. It was Christmas time, and we were in Grand Rapids, Michigan, than which there is no



If a cat can look at a King, an Earl can certainly be photographed with a Cinema Queen. Joan Crawford greets a newcomer to the ranks of M-G-M, Charles Guy Faulke Greville, Seventh Earl of Warwick. His movie moniker is Michael Brooke. Here is a potential rival to all the male stars

"You know what I kept thinking all the time the applause was going on? Of the time I won two dollars in an amateur night in Chicago, in an awful theater on Erie Street. I bought penny candy with that money and went back to pass it around to the kids in my neighborhood with all the aplomb—get that!—of an opera star returning from a triumph and passing out gold pieces among the poor. Next to the "Rhythm" preview that was one of the big moments of my life.

"I guess I was only about twelve at the time, and we were sorta staying in Chicago then—which means we weren't working (see, my family had a vaudeville act, Reed and Hubert, and family acts weren't as much in demand as they used to be)—and I thought I'd sneak away and see what I could do on my own. So I took the trolley to Erie Street

the thing that was coming into demand was girl acts, singing and dancing and wise-crack stuff. Then, too, another thing that made me want to show them what I could do was the fact that Buddie, he's my young brother, was the pet of the family, and they always figured that he was the one who was gonna save us from the poor house—that burned me up.

"They always figured I'd never amount to much in show business because I was always too busy putting pillows around the room, sticking flowers in a vase, and trying to pretty the place up. Yeah, ma'am, while other parents all over the country were telling their stage-struck kids, 'We'd rather see you dead than in the theater,' my Pop and Mom were always telling me, 'We'd rather see you dead than decorating interiors!' So I was gonna show them first I could succeed on the stage

colder place, and poor Pop! I remember he was out selling Christmas cards. But just the same, we were all awfully happy, even if we did have only beans.

"Beans and Buddy—one always reminds me of the other. The only work Pop and Mom had much of that winter was performing around at banquets and rotary dinners. Four hours work and never much more than ten dollars. Sometimes they didn't even offer the ten bucks—'Well, now, folks, you're going to get a nice dinner, you know.' But Pop wouldn't go for any of that. 'No thank you, gentlemen, I'd rather go home and heat up the beans.'

"One summer when I was thirteen—right after the Amateur Night business—we got a chance to go on the road with a tent show, Thomas's Tent Show it was called. There were about a hundred and twenty in the company, including the tent crew, and we all traveled in trailers. One-night stands, clear across the country. The admission was twenty-five cents so you can imagine the kind of a show it was. And there were animal sideshows, too. Once in Camden, Ohio, a lion and a monkey got loose, nobody could catch them, so we had to leave them there and go on. Nobody ever did catch them, for all I know.

"As a matter of fact it was a good thing we were always on the go, because that year I think I had all the truant officers in the country on my trail. Even in the tank towns someone would knock on the door of the manager's booth and ask to see the mother and father of that little girl with the big mouth. Fortunately, the manager would always get word to us before the officer got to us and we'd quit the show early and hit the road.

"The only time I ever went to school was for three weeks in New York, to the Children's Professional School, and I couldn't stand it. Walked out. Of course, the family had taught me as much as they could. I could read and write and all that stuff, and that was all I needed. And I always used to go around with thick books under my arm—all the classics, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, all those guys, because I thought people'd be sure to think I was educated then, but sometimes a copy of Whiz Bang or the Police Gazette, which was hidden inside, would drop out and then it was sort of embarrassing to say the least.

"AFTER that tent tour we landed back in New York, and then the real crisis came. Reed and Hubert couldn't get work anywhere, so finally I persuaded them I'd have to step out on my own. I did my stuff for Ben Blue, who was a big hit then in vaudeville and who was taking a large company on the road, and he hired me. He promised me forty-five weeks' work. And that was the best sounding thing I'd heard since that applause at Amateur Night. And did I boast to the folks! 'See, little Minch'—that was their name for me—'can make more money alone than the four of us put together. Rest easy, my dears. Your worries are over with Minch out in the world.'

"Three weeks later in Syracuse, Ben Blue fired me. Why or what for I'll never know. The act was going good. He knew I needed the money. It was the worst blow I'd ever had in my life. I called him all the names I could think of, told him how nasty he was, how his wife had highbatted me—and warned him that some day he'd be sorry. But it was no go. He let me out without even the fare back home. But I couldn't go back and tell the folks that. I told them I quit!

"Yeah, ma'am, it was slim pickings for the next few weeks, but then, luckily, I got a job singing with Paul Ash. Things went pretty good from then on. I made a hundred and fifteen dollars a week with him. On my next job my salary went to a hundred and fifty, and so on up the line to the highest I ever reached, which was two-fifty. I worked a lot of night clubs and it was in night clubs I got my idea for my 'drunk act'—I did a part of it in 'Rhythm,' remember? Just watching a lot of drunken women gave me the idea.

"Maybe that's one reason, too, why I don't drink. I've seen too often what fools it makes of people. Incidentally, I did that act out here at the Trocadero and that's what sorta got me signed for pictures. Most of the people at Paramount thought my work might be a little 'broad' for pictures, but Norman Taurog was a peach, he held out for me, and finally got me signed even without taking a test.

"My goal has always been pictures. But when I came out here to work at the Century Club first, and then at the Troc later, I didn't let myself think about it much—because I didn't want to be disappointed. See, I've had a lot of disappointments. There was that time I auditioned for Rudy Vallee, and he liked my voice all right, but didn't like my looks, and a prettier girl—yes, Alice Faye—got the job. So if this homely mug of mine was a handicap on an orchestra platform, what was it going to be in pictures.

"It's funny, I never really cared how I looked, except when I was about eleven, and then I went through that stage of actually suffering because I wasn't pretty . . . sent away for all those beauty samples you see advertised in the magazines . . . and said I wouldn't sing in overalls anymore, but that I'd have to have attractive costumes. So my poor mother sat up nights making things for me with beads and flowers and feathers on them, and after a while, even I had to admit nothing helped. But, gee, a couple of times as I got older I used to think how marvelous it must be to live in town and go to school and have friends and go to dances, and all the things that most girls do. Never went to a dance in my life. But now I wouldn't change what I had for anything.

"Oh, I did have some fun. Once we worked in Philadelphia for a couple of months and in Philadelphia the theaters aren't open on Sundays, so on Sundays I used to go horseback riding. And I got pretty good at it. And later when we were in Toronto, there was a horse show and I entered it and won a cup. Of course, it was only second prize," she added honestly, "but it was good enough for me."

Such honesty, such naturalness, such down-to-brass-tacks realism is the thing that has put a warm feeling in Hollywood's heart toward Martha Raye. She's not a raving beauty, but neither is she the unattractive girl she seems to think she is. There's warmth and friendliness in that big mouth, an honest glow in her eyes, freshness and vitality in her bearing. She talks tough, but underneath she's timid, terribly anxious to please, sentimental as only a person of her type can be. This, told us by someone on the "inside" will show you how much so: Recently when Paramount signed up an old timer, Ben Blue, and suggested that Martha do a dance with him in "The Big Broadcast," she had a chance to right an old wrong and find sweet revenge. She didn't have to do the dance with him—it was merely a suggestion. But, "Yeah, ma'am!" she said, "Sure! He's here? I want to see him!"



HERE'S something for the girl who "has everything"—a gift to give herself. Beautiful eyes! All wrapped up in a package (the ingredients are). Or you can purchase them singly. Don't wait for some one to give them to you—prove yourself gifted by getting them immediately . . . and see how many eligible young Santas want to put you on their Christmas trees! First, there's KURLASH! Slip your lashes into it today. Like magic, they curl back in a fascinating curve. How much bigger and brighter your eyes look now that they have dark, fringed frames! KURLASH accomplishes this transformation in only 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1 at all good stores.



And here's another real gift. Darken the lash-tips with Lashtint while they are held in KURLASH. It adds that ravishing look that wraps every man up in mistletoe and red ribbon and puts him on your gift pile. Lashtint is the water-proof mascara applied with a convenient little glass rod. It dries instantly and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, blue, brown, or green. \$1.



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We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

And the press department is going around in circles, trying to answer all the telephones. A London paper *phones*—believe it or not—for the “inside story” of her illness. The answer is: “Sniffles.”

At Paramount, on the set of the delayed “Maid of Salem,” we see a star who is ill show a brand of courage we have never seen before.

For the past two weeks, Claudette Colbert has been ill, as a result of an automobile accident. She was catapulted against the top when a car behind was unable to stop on short notice. She stayed at home several days, resting, trying to hide her pain, so that she could go back to finish the picture. At last, she did go back—and almost collapsed. Her illness was diagnosed as a basal skull fracture.

This particular day is the first she has been back at the studio. The scene is the cabin of *Tituba*, the West Indian Negress who spreads legends of witchcraft in Salem Village. In the scene, as Claudette enters, are several young Puritan girls, two or three older women, all excited by the palm reading *Tituba* has just performed. She becomes excited, asks to have her palm read, too, and thrills to the prophecy that she is to meet a “tall, handsome young man—a gay young man.” Claudette is to say little. The story of her emotions is to be told in the animated changes of her facial expressions.

Her stand-in—a girl with the unusual name of Pluma Noisom—stands under the lights in Claudette’s place until the last possible moment before the camera is to turn. Then Claudette steels herself, walks slowly into the scene. The bell rings for “Silence!”—the sound man calls “Speed!”—and the action begins. Not a nuance of the young Puritan girl’s emotions is missing from Claudette’s face as the action unfolds.

As she comes out of the scene, Director Frank Lloyd pats her on the shoulder, silently tells her, “You couldn’t have done better.” Claudette tries to smile, slowly walks over to a chair, sinks down in it. She looks completely exhausted. She is exhausted. She has made a supreme effort for that one small scene.

And some people think that the life of a star is too easy!

[T] is on the set of “A Man and a Woman,” with Edward Arnold and Francine Larrimore (New York stage star), that we learn what a dust storm is like. One is manufactured on an outdoor set by movie magic.

The set shows three sides of a small village square, somewhere in the Middle West. The camera is pointed directly at a small, two-story frame building labeled “Hotel.” At the left of the camera, and fifty yards away, is a wind machine—a huge propeller operated by a Liberty motor.

A wicker chair is on the hotel porch. The “wind” lifts this several feet in the air, drives it past the camera. Into the blades of the propeller, a prop man steadily feeds a grayish powder, which creates a constant dust effect. (We learn later that this is “Fuller’s Earth,” a mixture used in paint shops.) Another prop man steadily tosses handfuls of straw, scraps of newspaper, old clothes, big cardboard boxes in front of the wind machine, which hurtles them across the hotel porch at hurricane speed.

It wouldn’t be too much fun to be in front of that wind machine.

At Warner Brothers-First National, we hear, through an open sound stage door, a piano banging out a swing tune. We suspect a dance rehearsal.

Ruby Keeler is here, with about forty other girls, to practice a novel group dance for



You’ve heard of a driving ambition? That’s what struck Cary Grant, who can’t take time to sit down to study his lines between scenes for “Interlude”

“Ready, Willing and Able”—her latest musical, in which Ross Alexander and the new dance “find,” Lee Dixon, also appear. The dance is to be a guessing game, like “handies”—only performed with feet.

On the sidelines of the set stand three dozen football players, in town for a game, all looking vaguely disappointed. We know how they feel. With our vast understanding heart we sympathize. As dancers, the girls are all right; they’re clever. But why do they wear slacks when they rehearse? After all those backstage musicals, we boys have ideas about dance rehearsals. Chorus girls, in those, always rehearse in shorts.

On an outdoor set, on the Warner back lot, we find ourselves in a remote part of India, watching Errol Flynn and Frieda Inescort rushing to catch a train. It is a scene for “Another Dawn,” described by the enthusiastic press release as “a story of spectacular adventure and tangled loves.”

Camels, goats, nondescript “natives” fill in the background. We feel as if we have achieved something, getting close to a camel—a camel from the Selig Zoo. Which, by comparison with foreign camels, is antiseptic.

Errol (he’s in uniform again) and Frieda are to drive up to the frontier railroad station in an old foreign car with right-hand drive. To test photographic effects and lighting effects, their stand-ins go through the scene first. Flynn’s stand-in is a good driver. Then Errol and Frieda go to work. They climb in the car, which is out of camera range, beside

some sun-reflectors. Frieda tells us, super-confidentially, “There’s nothing so hot as a sun-reflector.”

The whistle blows. Flynn shifts the car, which jerks forward before he gets it under control. Then he slams into the station, barely missing the shank of a camel with his right front fender. They jump out of the car, run up the station steps. That is the scene.

Director William Dieterle calls for Kay Francis, who is on the sidelines, knitting. (A pair of socks for Delmar Daves?) She is in the next shot. Kay is wearing something new and military—not to mention extreme—in hats. They must have unusual hat shops in Far Northern India, for Kay is the wife of the commander of the garrison, Ian Hunter, though she falls in love with the second in command, Flynn. Frieda, who plays Errol’s sister, is in love with Ian. “Tangled loves” is barely adequate.

AT M-G-M, we finally catch up with William Powell, the man nobody ever caught up with in “The Thin Man.” Now he’s making “After the Thin Man,” which looks like one sequel that will top its predecessor. The script is one long scream of laughter and mystery. And again Myrna Loy is *Nora* to his *Nick*, with the dog, Asta, also prominent again. In fact, Asta chews up a very important clue in the course of the narrative.

The principal delight of the story, as in the earlier picture, is the life of the newlyweds. But the mystery is not to be laughed away. The scene being made today is a hair-raiser. Powell, with a gun, comes down some dark cellar stairs in pursuit of an armed suspect. He ducks just in time to escape being shot. The bullet clips off the fastener on a hamper, and out of the hamper onto him topples a dead body.

Powell, commenting on his health before going into the scene, vouchsafes the opinion that he is “fair-to-maudlin” today—in a ripe mood for a nice grizzly scene. So is Director W. S. (Speedy) Van Dyke. He’s getting ready for it with a little cat-nap over in a dark corner of the “cellar.” That “W.” in his name doesn’t stand for “Worry.” On the set, but not busy at the moment, are Elissa Landi, Joseph Calleia, Jessie Ralph, Dorothy McNulty, giving you some idea of the supporting talent.

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are making retakes for “Love on the Run,” dashing out of the love cottage that was built for “Camille.” It has been made to look deserted in its second camera appearance. See if you can spot the same house in both pictures. “Love on the Run” uses only a small part of it, so you’ll have to look closely.

The “Camille” set, with Garbo aboard, is closed, of course. But just as we are leaving the studio, we see Director George Cukor talking with a slight girl in grey silk slacks and a boy’s cap, near a big limousine. We look a little more sharply.

It is Greta Garbo; none other. And “the woman of mystery,” “the woman who walks alone,” is talking gaily, laughing.

Wonder if the experiment of co-starring her with Robert Taylor has had anything to do with *this*?

The Dick Powell's Hectic Honeymoon

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

At eight that night they returned to the ship. There was another—a larger crowd—on the dock. More cheering. As the ship moved slowly out to sea the strains of a band playing "Shipmates Forever" floated out to them.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?" Joan went into her theme song for the last time.

Dick nodded happily. It was all perfect. It was too perfect, as they soon discovered.

INSIDE the cabin they found that Fate and Warner Brothers were taking a hand in their honeymoon. The enterprising studio had sent an emissary by plane to meet them in Havana and escort them into New York. The man was a grand chap. But he had a job to do.

He was full of plans for their stay in New York. A cocktail party, interviews by the dozen, personal appearances here and there, radio appearances. Joan and Dick shook their heads firmly. "We're not on salary so we're not working for Warner Brothers right now. We're on our honeymoon. We want to enjoy ourselves in our own way—just mill around, look up some of our old friends, see some shows and shop."

"But . . ." the publicity man began.

"No!" they said, "and that's final. You remember what happened to Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone just because they happened to be married in New York around the time one of her pictures was going to be released? Everyone thought they were trying to cash in on it and, as a matter of fact, it was the only time in over a year they had been able to get away at the same time. Don't you dare mention the names of any of our pictures or try to tie us up with any publicity stunts."

"But you've got to see the press," the publicist wailed.

"All right," they conceded. "Let them come out to quarantine to meet the ship and we'll talk to them from there in."

They quietly assured each other this would only take a few minutes after all, and being so happy, they couldn't begrudge anyone a few minutes.

At quarantine forty strangers bearded them in their cabin. Ten of them were additional publicists sent out by the indefatigable studio—but Joan and Dick didn't know that.

Nor were the reporters all. Tugs, variously reported as numbering from twelve to twenty, escorted the ship in from quarantine with banners flying and sirens screaming "Welcome Joan Blondell and Dick Powell." Airplanes circled overhead trailing streamers saying "Welcome Joan Blondell and Dick Powell." At the dock an open car was waiting for them to head a procession up Broadway.

"What do you think of all this?" one of the reporters asked.

"It's lovely," Joan murmured, genuinely moved. "Does the City of New York do this sort of thing often to welcome visitors?"

"The City!" the reporter ejaculated. "It's Warner Brothers—to the tune of twelve thousand smackers. This is a 'bought' welcome."

"Oh," Joan cried. "How perfectly awful."

One woman, a prototype of all female reporters caricatured in films, followed them into their suite at the Waldorf. "I want to talk to you," she announced.

"What is it?" Joan asked politely.

"I want to know," the woman continued, "just what you think *you've* got that nobody

else has and why you think *you* can make your marriage last when none of the others out there do?"

"I haven't anything nobody else has," Joan whispered, too surprised to raise her voice. "I haven't thought about *making* our marriage last. When two people are in love they think about marrying. And when they marry for love they naturally expect it to last."

"Well, why," the woman persisted, "are there so many divorces in Hollywood? *You* ought to know."

But finally, the questions answered, Joan and Dick were alone again. But not for long.

There was a gigantic cocktail party planned for the afternoon to which the studio had sent out invitations without consulting them. There was no way of ducking it. So they attended dutifully. They still were happy. They still wanted to be charming to everyone.

Joan and Dick were in a spot. If they waited for the guests to come up and show a little interest in meeting them, the guests would accuse them of being stand-offish and highhat. If they attempted to mingle with the guests they would be accused of trying to "push" themselves.

The nightmarish party was finally over and they sought their rooms. "It would be awful," Dick muttered, "if it weren't so funny. Well, we have the evening to ourselves, anyhow. Let's go to a show."

"Yes," Joan agreed. "But let's leave early enough so that even if a few people should stop us we can still be there before the curtain rises. You remember how they panned Constance Bennett that time because she arrived a little late."

THEY left the hotel at seven-thirty to drive the three short blocks to the theater. They reached the theater in a reasonable time, but as they left the cab a mob of autograph hounds fell on them. Joan's new gown was ripped in several places.

Somehow they managed to get into the theater five minutes before the curtain rose—at 8:40. During the intermission they went out for a smoke. Hardly had they got outside when another mob had them again and they were forced to sign autograph books, papers and handkerchiefs until after the curtain had risen. As they started down the aisle to their seats they heard a woman whisper: "Isn't that like actors? They always have to make an 'entrance'!"

During the next intermission they remained in their seats, their heads bowed in the vain hope no one would recognize them. "What're you trying to hide?" someone behind them jeered. "Are ya ashamed to look up?"

That ended their theater going.

They started out next afternoon for a walk down Madison and Fifth Avenues. They wanted to go window shopping. But scarcely had they set foot out of the hotel when the mob, lying in wait, pounced upon them. Books and papers were shoved in their faces and pens and pencils in their hands as the autograph seekers cried, "Sign this!"

Joan has always had a terror of crowds. She says she feels like those shots in movies where there are hundreds of faces in the distance that come closer and closer, growing larger as they come, with the music swelling to a deafening crescendo.

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a brilliant cast with
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Her new coat was ripped where hands clutched at her. Buttons were torn from the jacket by souvenir hunters. In the jam a couple of fountain pens were broken and ink spilled all over Dick's new suit.

They returned to their room.

The next day Joan was determined to buy some things for her baby. She went out through the rear entrance of the hotel, jumped into a waiting cab and fled to one of the large specialty shops. She had an hour and a half to spare between appointments. She had barely reached the children's department when word of her presence sped through the store. Women dropped whatever they were looking at and rushed for her. Less than five minutes after

her arrival she was the center of a storming crowd.

At the end of two hours all the autograph books had been signed and Joan was free to limp down to a taxi and return to the hotel. She hadn't been able to buy a single thing.

"That settles it," she said to Dick. "Honey, I don't poke my nose out the door again while we're here. We should have bought an auto trailer and gone to Yosemite for ten days."

"Yep," he agreed gloomily. "We come here for a good time and we can't leave the place. We might as well be invalids."

Three days later he was an invalid—a bad cold and a mild attack of the flu. He was in bed for three days. At the end of that time

they booked reservations and left for home and Hollywood. They crawled into their drawing rooms and never came out till the train reached Pasadena.

There was California. There was their car waiting to rush them to their home. Inside, they leaned wearily against the door after the manner of Henry Fonda when he reached his stateroom in "The Moon's Our Home." "Sanctuary!" they murmured.

Joan glanced about the luxuriously appointed living room. "I'll tell you," she beamed, her spirits mounting, "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. And after a honeymoon like ours I've decided never to go on another one."

Lily Pons' Song of Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

He must have known it too, for the following week, in stumbling, bashful phrases, he asked her to honor him by having dinner with him.

They went to an intimate French restaurant and sat long over the candle lit table and innumerable small cups of black coffee.

She told him of her girlhood in France and her musical career that began the night she was five years old and was taken to her first opera in Cannes. How, later that night, her parents had found her standing at the family piano picking out, with one tiny finger, the arias she had heard a few hours before. How that led to lessons and her playing Chopin compositions at six. Of winning prizes in the Paris Conservatory when she was ten. Of her sudden desire for a theatrical career and the contract she signed with the Theatre des Varieties when she was fourteen. Of her retirement from the stage when she was twenty to marry a wealthy Dutch widower, August Mesritz, and her mothering of his small son. Of how she began her vocal studies at the urging of her husband and friends, and of the tremendous but unexpected success to which that led. Of her concert tours and her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in 1919. And finally of the break-up of the marriage in Paris in 1933, a marriage that became absorbed in the career in which Mesritz had no active part or interest, and its ending in divorce.

Andre in turn told her of his boyhood in Russia and of how he, too, began his musical career at the age of five. Only he had possessed such a repugnance for his piano lessons at that time that he hid in closets when the music teacher came to his home. Of the dawning of his love for music and his graduation from the Petrograd Conservatory. Of his appointment at nineteen as assistant conductor of the Petrograd opera. Of its subsequent closing and of his immigration to America. Of the struggles and disappointments of his upward climb and the success that finally came, first as assistant conductor and arranger for the German Opera Company in New York, and later as private coach and accompanist for Metropolitan Opera stars. And finally of his joining the Columbia Broadcasting system as arranger and conductor.

Completely unaware of their surroundings, they were still talking when Andre felt a light touch on his shoulder.

"Pardon, Monsieur," the sympathetic cafe manager said. "I am sorry, but we must close. It is, you see, rather late."

Andre glanced guiltily at his watch. It was half past two!

They laughed like children caught in mischief, and with that first full, free laugh, their love was born.

In the months that followed they were together constantly.

They went to the movies, little dreaming that in a few months Lily would be starring on the screen and he winning new fame as the conductor of the operatic sequences of her picture.

They frequented concert halls and sought out little cafes where they could shut out the rest of the world.

They sat at his family dinner table and at hers.

When the offer to make a motion picture came, Lily accepted it upon condition only that Andre be engaged to handle all of its musical aspects.

She who had won so much on her own now found herself depending on another for support and guidance.

He had become, she told me, her "Rock of Gibraltar."

Quite naturally, since it was their first experience with grand opera prima donnas, (heaven knows they had had woe enough with the movie variety at times) the studio heads were somewhat apprehensive of how difficult Miss Pons, the diva, was going to be to handle. Their fears, however, proved groundless. Only in one thing did she refuse to give ground or to co-operate—in the common studio practice of "romance publicity."

"I will not have it," Lily said quietly but firmly. "It is impossible." Nor would she explain why.

Have it she did not, as perhaps you recall. Nary so much as once was the name Pons linked with this or that actor on or off the lot.

It set quite a precedent. And more than one person did some wondering.

THE picture completed, Lily and Andre returned to New York to begin their new series of broadcasts together.

They continued throughout the winter but still no public mention of marriage had been made.

Came the summer holidays, idyllic lazy days, which Andre spent with Lily and her mother at their ten acres in Silvermine, not far from New Haven, Conn.

Together they took long walks through the woods or explored the countryside.

Once in a while they had a "gala." A "gala" to them is something out of the ordinary—such as the day they went to the circus in the pouring rain and tried everything from feeding the elephants to sideshows and pink lemonade. Evenings were spent happily with music, talk and books.

Then came August 7th of this year, a red letter day with a capital R. It marked the first time Lily sang in the great Hollywood Bowl, to the tumultuous acclaim of thousands. It marked, too, the first Pons concert Andre conducted. But more than that, it was the day on which they announced their betrothal to the world.

That announcement was made as simply and quietly as their courtship had been conducted. A few close friends and the press were told the news an hour before the concert. No definite date had been set for the wedding, they said, but it would be in Hollywood and "in the near future."

CRITICS said, after that concert, that Lily had never been in finer voice or sung more brilliantly. Nor had orchestral accompaniment ever been more sensitively attuned to a singer's voice.

"I was full of happiness," Lily said. "It came out in song."

"Only through my music could I show what what was in my heart," Andre said. "I was inspired."

Courtly grace of the old-fashioned? Almost unreal in 1936? In a way, yes. But their romance does have its modern touches, too. What other girl, in or out of Hollywood, can boast, for instance, of a lover who flies a tire-some, and oftentimes dangerous, six thousand miles a week to spend two short days at her side. Andre does that every week so that he may have Saturday and Sunday with Lily. Radio contracts keep him in New York City the rest of the week.

There are those who claim to "know" that Lily and Andre were married last summer in Connecticut. They "say" the marriage is being kept secret for personal reasons. I taxed her with this charge. She fingered the golden locket hung around her neck on a slender chain and smiled.

"I say it is not so," she said. "Is it polite in America to doubt a lady's word?"

Not polite perhaps, I told her, but sometimes judicious.

Madame Sylvia's Diet for Glamor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

shrouded in mystery, and I'll be darned if I'll toss it off with such indifference. It's too important. It's all important. It's the very basis of allure and beauty and health. It is my job to show you how to attain your desire and we must discuss it, out in the open, like intelligent human beings. All the external applications and so-called beauty aids that you apply, will never do the trick until you get the mechanism of your body running normally.

Constipation can make you morose, depressed, and give you a good case of old-fashioned blues. Naturally you can't expect to be radiant and alluring when you're being beaten down with all these devitalizing forces. Finally you give up and say, "What's the use?" With your mind in such a state your body suffers accordingly. Little by little your complexion looks grimy and gray. One squint in the mirror and you give yourself the horrors. This makes you unhappy and interferes with your ambitions, hopes and plans in life. Doesn't it seem foolish to heap all this misery upon yourselves, because you're too careless to give a little thought and consideration to the food you eat? You're awfully careful that little Johnnie doesn't drink the bottle of iodine in the bath cabinet. Sure, that's poison. Well let me tell you, babies, the chemical reactions that result from wrong combinations of food create poisons in your tummies, too. They may be slower, but they can be just as deadly.

One thing that helps establish a condition of constipation is the very bad practice of not heeding Nature's call. I have known people who have actually been in pain because of silly pride or false modesty in excusing themselves for a normal function of life. Don't do such things. It's ridiculous and you are the loser in the long run. Cultivate the habit of establishing a regular time daily for the movement of the bowels. Twice a day if possible.

You office workers often are troubled with constipation more frequently than your more active sisters. You must have physical activity of a corrective nature. Particularly should you concentrate on exercises that work on the stomach and trunk muscles. Also, deep breathing is very valuable. Stand in front of an open window every morning and inhale deeply at least ten times. Or if you like, while you are walking to work. But inhale deeply.

NOW, my darlings, without further ado, I'm going to give you a diet that will help keep your system well regulated and at the same time keep your figure sleek and alluring. Along with your diet, you are to do your exercises, every day, naturally. Here goes:

For breakfast: The night before put eight prunes in a little cold water and soak them overnight. In the morning squeeze a little lemon juice over them. (Be sure to eat the juice.) With this drink a small glass of water. Two slices of whole wheat toast. Very thin and crisp. Just a touch of butter and a little honey, if you desire. Clear coffee.

If you get hungry before lunch—a couple of hours before, have a raw apple. Chew it slowly and mince it thoroughly in the mouth, mixing it well with saliva, before swallowing.

For lunch: Make a salad of two grated carrots, raw. Chop up two outside stalks of celery, leaves and all. Chop it finely. Wash three dried figs. Or better still you can soak

them as you do the prunes, overnight. Chop these finely, too. Mix these three ingredients well and for dressing use one dessert spoonful of olive oil, one table spoonful of lemon juice.

Along with the above salad, have two or three thin rye wafers. You know, the flat Scandinavian bread. Eat it dry.

For dessert: A small dish of fruit jello, no whipped cream. But I'll allow you to have a tablespoonful of regular coffee cream. Isn't that big-hearted of me? Tea clear, or with a slice of lemon.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a large glass of orange juice or tomato juice. (No salt or pepper.)

Dinner: Prepare a stewing hen. Cut in small pieces. Place in cold water and simmer for about two hours. Remove it from the fire and allow it to become cold. When it is cold all the greases and fat will have risen to the top, forming a hard crust. Remove all this grease and fat. And remove any that may still be clinging to the chicken. In another pot boil together a handful of peas, a large tomato, a couple of carrots and a parsnip or celery root. When the vegetables are about done put the chicken in with them and cook together for about five minutes. Serve piping hot. On each serving, see that you generously sprinkle finely chopped parsley, and eat it. It is extremely valuable. I'm sorry, no dumplings with this, and no potatoes.

For a change you can treat lamb in the same manner. For those of you who have to eat out, have a mixed green salad with a nice firm lean portion of fish, preferably boiled. Served with a little cold butter, lemon and parsley. You may have an artichoke with this. No hollandaise.

Or you may have ground round steak. Broiled. Also your mixed green salad.

Occasionally have a vegetable plate, with a poached egg. Skip the white of the egg and eat only the yolk. Raw egg yolks are preferable if you can get them.

For dessert: Small bunch of grapes, baked apple (no sugar), baked pear, apple sauce or fresh pineapple. Demitasse.

Every night before going to bed take a glass of sour milk or a portion of clabbered milk. Remember it must be sour. If you don't like the taste of the clabber or sour milk (I can see your screwed-up faces from here) you must drink it anyway. Consider it as medicine. It is extremely valuable in regulating the system.

I hate to sign off this time on such a sour note, but I must turn this in or it will never reach you. Be good children, now, and I'll help you all I can. Be naughty children, and you know what will happen.

Write me your problems, whatever they are. You may need my hip exercises, complexion diet, my chart for weight control or diet for reducing the bust. Just let me know which you want. I have worked out a routine for all your faults. The address is MADAME SYLVIA, care of PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. I ask nothing from you except cooperation. That's fair enough, isn't it? Well, come on, let the letters pour in and I promise you your allure will shine out.

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Cleveland, Ohio - - - - -	May Co.
Denver, Colo. - - - - -	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Detroit, Mich. - - - - -	Walton Pierce
Detroit, Mich. - - - - -	*Sommers, c/o Russek's
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El Paso, Tex. - - - - -	Popular Dry Goods Co.
Erie, Pa. - - - - -	Erie Dry Goods Co.
Evanston, Ill. - - - - -	*Henry C. Lytton & Co.
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Flint, Mich. - - - - -	Herbert Bush
Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - -	Dora Atkins
Fort Wayne, Ind. - - - - -	D. B. Fishman's
Fort Worth, Tex. - - - - -	Cheney's
Grand Rapids, Mich. - - - - -	Nathan Strauss
Great Falls, Mont. - - - - -	Paris Dry Goods Co.
Greensboro, N. C. - - - - -	Meyers Co.
Greensburg, Pa. - - - - -	S. W. Rose Co.
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Hazleton, Pa. - - - - -	Jonathan Gundling
Helena, Ark. - - - - -	H. S. Cooper
Hempstead, L. I. - - - - -	Caroline Dress Shop
Houston, Texas - - - - -	The Smart Shop
Joliet, Ill. - - - - -	*The Boston Store
Joplin, Mo. - - - - -	Ramsay Bros. Dry Goods Co.
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Lakeland, Fla. - - - - -	Albritton's Women's Shop
Lancaster, Pa. - - - - -	Hickie Co. Department Store
Lincoln, Neb. - - - - -	Miller and Paine, Inc.
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Los Angeles, Cal. - - - - -	Myer Siegel and Co.
Louisville, Ky. - - - - -	Alice Shop

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Montclair, N. J. - - - - -	Miss Everitt
Nashville, Tenn. - - - - -	Rich, Schwartz and Joseph
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Philadelphia, Pa. - - - - -	*Bonwit Teller
Pontiac, Mich. - - - - -	*Arthurs
Port Huron, Mich. - - - - -	*J. B. Sperry & Co.
Portland, Ore. - - - - -	Charles F. Berg
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. - - - - -	Stuart's
Providence, R. I. - - - - -	Jean's, Inc.
Roanoke, Va. - - - - -	B. Eorman Sons
Rochester, N. Y. - - - - -	McCurdy Co.
Rome, N. Y. - - - - -	The Gown Shop
St. Louis, Mo. - - - - -	Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
St. Paul, Minn. - - - - -	Golden Rule
Salt Lake City, Utah - - - - -	Makoff Classic Shop
San Antonio, Texas - - - - -	Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Cal. - - - - -	Emporium
San Jose, Cal. - - - - -	Appelton and Co.
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Seattle, Wash. - - - - -	Herbert Ihrig
Springfield, Mass. - - - - -	Forbes and Wallace, Inc.
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Tampa, Fla. - - - - -	Viola Todd Shop
Toledo, Ohio - - - - -	LaSalle Koch Co.
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Washington, D. C. - - - - -	*S. Kann
Washington, D. C. - - - - -	Lansburgh and Bros.
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Wichita, Kan. - - - - -	Hillcrest Dress Shop
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Youngstown, Ohio - - - - -	Charles Livingston & Son, Inc.
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Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

best pictures of the month. This being true, a star is not enough for "Dodsworth"—a sun and a moon should be added. "Dodsworth" is a really great picture. Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton are splendid, but there is glory enough for all. Each part finds the right person in the right place. The one special bouquet that I wish to present is to *Baroness Von Obersdorf*, played by Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya. If one could frame acting as one does a picture, the scene between the *Baroness* and *Fran* (Ruth Chatterton) would deserve a frame of gold.

MRS. S. R. MARTIN,
Memphis, Tenn.

\$1.00 Prize**Sheer Genius**

Because Don Ameche married my charming neighbor, I went to see "Sins of Man," . . . and witnessed Jean Hersholt's superb performance.

Don Ameche, a sincere, clean-looking chap with definite possibilities, gave a fine account of himself in his first picture, but Hersholt! Never have I been privileged to witness a more perfect piece of work. His restraint in emotional scenes, sublime simplicity, amazing portrayal of the mental and physical change in the character, why, it's sheer genius and I use that much abused term sincerely.

Sit at the feet of Jean Hersholt, you younger players, and learn your lessons, grateful for the opportunity to study such art. Don Ameche may well consider it an honor to have been chosen to support so great a star.

EVALYN ROBBINS,
Dubuque, Iowa

\$1.00 Prize**Heaven Sent**

Only once before have I attended a movie where the audience literally rocked with hilarity. That was years ago when Sydney Chaplin was playing in "Charlie's Aunt," and the audience then really lost control and went into hysterics.

A picture that can make a high-class audience go a little insane with laughter is a heaven-sent boon. Such is "Libeled Lady." William Powell and Spencer Tracy are an imitable pair. Such clean, fine fun! Such natural acting—really not acting at all. And bouquets to the two beauties, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow. They were perfectly cast. A delicious picture!

LAURA BRYANT,
Ithaca, N. Y.

\$1.00 Prize**Stands Alone**

Of all the recent pictures, "Road to Glory" stands alone. For sheer drama no picture has presented a more gripping scene than that portraying the men in dugouts.

Warner Baxter's creation of the human sacrifice dominates the screen, but he must share honors with Gregory Ratoff for a truly superb realization of the philosophical sergeant. Fredric March is scarcely less impressive. Lionel Barrymore plays the pathetic old nuisance to the hilt; June Lang is headed for stardom, and a skilled cast stands staunch.

DOROTHY JANE JEROME,
Los Angeles, Calif.

\$1.00 Prize**Taylor versus Gable**

What's all this about Robert Taylor taking Clark Gable's place with the fans? Isn't there enough room for both? What do the anti-Taylor fans want Bob to do? Screw up his face a la Barrymore to get his effects? His chief charm lies in his naturalness, his unconcerned air, his youth. Perhaps Taylor has had enough playboy parts, but that's just the way anything goes that is successful. The movie moguls are all too willing to cash in on one success by copying it for a brief spell.

Gable is now a seasoned actor, more essentially a character actor, and as he gets on in years he can go on indefinitely with such "meaty" parts as he draws. Taylor has the youth that Gable never had on the screen—that youth, fresh, unspoiled, appealing. Can he help it if he's handsome? He's not another Gable, except in the fact that he packs them in at the box office. Gable didn't start to act until he got "Red Dust"—give Taylor a chance.

In "His Brother's Wife" Bob went through enough emotionalisms to please his would-be critics—who claim he is a pattern of what the well-dressed man should wear. I admit the story was trivial and overwrought. With a good story, Robert will really pack a punch.

MISS LEONTINE BRENNAN,
New Orleans, La.

Mistress of a Masterpiece

Congratulations to Dorothy Arzner! Let the men directors look to their laurels. "Craig's Wife" is a masterpiece of the cinema.

The fine restraint, excellent poise, complete understanding of each character, the settings, every detail perfect, the incidental music, never too prominent, the well-knit continuity, indicated the perfect sympathy of the director who has produced, in my estimation, the best picture of the year.

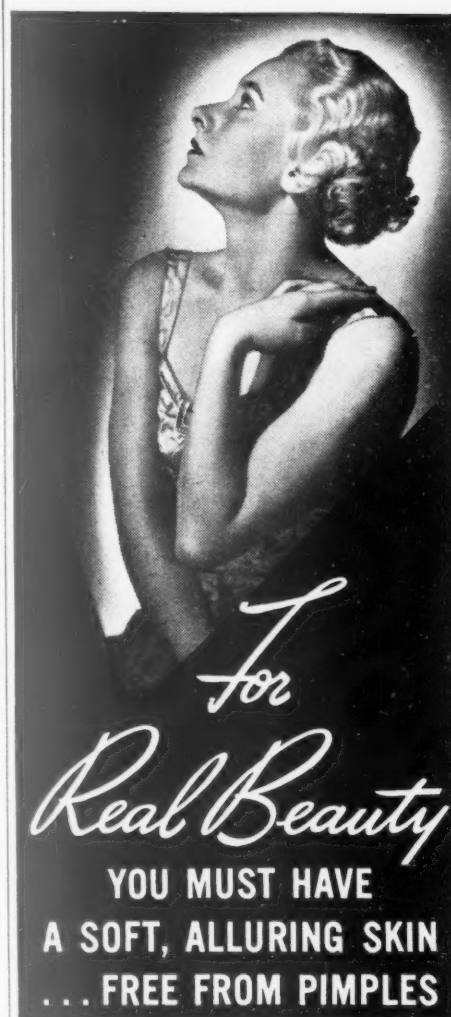
Rosalind Russell, gave a performance which ranks with the best stage tradition of the day. Let us hope that her success as *Mrs. Craig* will not cause directors to type her. The entire company followed her lead in making "Craig's Wife" splendid entertainment. Thanks, Dorothy Arzner.

CORA RANDOLPH,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Agriculturally Speaking

As many must realize, the movies play an important rôle in the economic life of the country, and following is an example. Certain sections of Utah have been affected by the drouth. To make matters worse, grasshoppers, also, appeared on the scene. It sounds as if I were writing for a farm journal, but wait a moment.

About this time, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was ready to commence the production of Pearl Buck's novel "The Good Earth," and director Fred Niblo found that he required several million extras for one of the scenes. And those extras had to be locusts—a close relative of the grasshopper. So he came to Iron County, Utah. The stricken farmers were hired to trap the pests and gather them from the field. Good wages were paid them and those most affected by the plague were given work as prop boys and carpenters also. The grasshoppers



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were exterminated after they had played their parts, the farmers had benefited and director Niblo had obtained what he wanted.

When "The Good Earth" is shown in this State, you may be sure that Fred Niblo will be voted the greatest director in Hollywood.

F. W. LLOYD,
Salt Lake City, Utah

A Swell Fellow

While the wimmin are falling right and left for Robert (handsome) Taylor, going into trances over Nelson (what-a-voice) Eddy, and sighing over Clark (he-man) Gable, I would like to put in a few words for my favorite, John Beal.

He has been at the top of my list since I saw "The Little Minister." The earnestness and sincerity of his portrayal in that rôle; his fine characterizations of Gene Stratton Porter's

Indian braves, then indeed do we clasp our palms to our brows, moaning, "Oh for a peep at modernity" and "oh for the sight of a Garbo bob or a glimpse of a silken ankle!"

ESTELLE L. KATZ,
Brockton, Mass.

Give Westerns a Chance

At last a Western which has been given as careful consideration in the way of casting, directing and dialogue as any big musical or straight drama film. Compared with "The Texas Rangers," all the other horse-operas appear about as exciting as a dime novel.

Everything about "The Texas Rangers" is big. The Indian battles, the mountains, the train robbery, and even the boulders which the Indians hurl down the canyon. There's human interest, thrilling fast action, romance and comedy with big stars like Fred MacMurray,

glorious, but her tremendous energy and determination have been big factors in her development.

The movies have been the vehicle which crowned all her former achievements, because they have brought her magnificent voice to so many people.

MRS. JAMES S. GOLDEN,
Pineville, Ky.

Even As You and I

I want to say that actors and actresses are not just story book people, but every day individuals, just like you and I. Some months ago I was working down at the docks, when a man came up to me and started talking to me about his horses. I thought his face looked rather familiar and remarked, "You look like someone I know." He answered, "Perhaps you have seen me on the screen, my name is Leslie Howard." He continued talking to me about his horses and the interest he had in polo. The screen wasn't even mentioned again. The stars have won our hearts with their acting; they are also very fine individuals to have a conversation with, if you happen to meet them in your daily life.

JAMES KERR,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Oh, for a Vamp

I may be old fashioned, but there must be a few Old Timers left who with me would like to register a protest against all this devamping of the vamps. Every time I pick up a magazine lately I read where someone is congratulating himself because he once advised Myrna Loy to get away from the slinky siren rôles and how Merle Oberon saved her career because she insisted on not being typed.

I admit both actresses named were entitled to stardom, but did their personalities have to be changed to achieve it? I well remember Theda Bara and Barbara La Marr and the thrills they gave me long ago, while I haven't a glimmer of remembrance of who starred in their pictures. I went to see Myrna Loy every chance I had, when, for all I knew, no other living person got a kick out of her half-caste villainess, exotic parts.

We had only a glimpse of Merle Oberon in Henry VIII, but I will never forget that brief vision of the person Anne Boleyn should have been, whether she was or not. I've been to see, her recent pictures, only to be disappointed. They say now she is only being natural, but if these girls who are born to be Scherazades of the screen refuse to play their parts, who is going to take their places? As far as I am concerned, the world is full of saccharine Alice Adams, but those of us who must seek our adventures and thrills vicariously, to whom the cinema is the only relief from humdrum, I say we want our vamps to vamp, our sirens to slink, and those that have glamour to show it.

BERYL N. RODGERS,
San Angelo, Texas

A Protest

I wish to protest against mustaches. The producers are now moaning about the lack of suitable leading men in Hollywood. I am moaning about the way many of the handsome leading men have been completely spoiled for me. To me George Brent looks hideous with a mustache. Many fans believe Gable better looking clean shaven. A "misplaced eyebrow" made Dick Powell look ten years older and spoiled his youthful charm. Freddie March is another who is so handsome, it is really a crime to change him, no matter what the rôle.

MARION L. HESSE,
Elizabeth, N. J.



Here we have "Missy" (to her pals) Lombard, chief feminine pet owner in Hollywood, with her animals. The most important is that little cocker spaniel —on account of that is the pup which Gable gave Carole on her birthday

"Laddie," the playboy in "Break of Hearts," and lately the kindly and sympathetic, yet humorous school teacher in "M'Liss" prove that here is a real actor and a swell fellow.

OLIVE CHRISTOPHER,
Salem, Ohio

Past, Present or Future?

Look—look, let's call a truce or something and soft pedal costume pictures a bit and boost our modern times. Of course the past is very dear and sweet, and these be hard cold days; but after all, some of us are more in love with the present and the future than with the dark ages; some of us would gladly forego heroines in eleven underskirts to look at Miss Today who wears none at all. Enough is enough, even of a very good thing.

Not for anything would we have missed "Mary of Scotland," "Romeo and Juliet," "Anthony Adverse," "Nine Days a Queen," "The King Steps Out" or "The Gorgeous Hussy," but when we are simply deluged with ladies in pinafores and hoopskirts and yelping

Jack Oakie, Lloyd Nolan and Jean Parker to show that a Western can be just as fine as any other film if given a chance.

Why not a few more Westerns like "The Texas Rangers"?

F. K. BECKWITH,
Seattle, Wash.

Remember Grace Moore

"I knew her when." The first time I ever saw Grace Moore was when I visited in Jellico, Tennessee, and she came to call. She was just a pretty little blonde girl with a blue ribbon on her hair, and I was not particularly impressed.

Later she visited in Kentucky and lived across the street. We did all the usual things together that sixteen-year-olds would do, including much courting by the village swains. Grace loved to sing even then. She was the effervescent type, gay and vivacious, always bubbling over with excitement about something. I think this spirit has helped to make her the success she is now. Her voice is

A Sucker for a Sob Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

and gave it to Mack. What that deal set him back neither of them will say, but quite frequently fighters are as expensive as inventions. The fighter in question is a gentleman known as Pete de Grasse, and now, since his property is one-half Mohawk Indian, The Killer naturally expects to sic him after Joe Louis' scalp.

"That's the way George is," said The Killer, "I only had to say I'd like him and George put up the dough. He'd have done the same for almost anybody."

The chances are that George would have, at that. You'd scarcely believe how hard it is for George to say "No" to anything or anyone. It costs him, The Killer says, at least a hundred dollars in hand-outs every time he goes to those fights. In one week alone, lunching around the cinema spots, he put out over six hundred bucks in fives and tens and twenties to people he had never seen before but "felt sorry" for.

George didn't keep track of it, of course, but The Killer did.

"Oh, I don't know how it went," said George when he was pinned down, "just different fellows—you know, it just goes—it's sure tough to turn them down—"

Yeah, George is sure a tough guy, he is.

ALL that sounds as if George were just too much of a sucker to survive even on his salary, but he isn't, exactly. He knows what he is doing and he has a quaint little philosophy of his own which, in his eyes at least, justifies his prodigal open-handedness.

"I know that most of those I try to help are taking me for a ride," he admitted, "but I know too that some of them are on the square. And rather than refuse those who do really need a boost, I'm willing to let the others stick me."

There was, for instance, the guy who wrote to George saying that after being out of work for three years he had at last landed a job. But the job was in a distant town and the man lacked bus fare to get there. The Killer was skeptical.

"Oh, well," said George, "send his bus fare anyway—he *might* be on the level."

There was the extra on one of George's sets who said that his "tails" were in hock and that he could get better checks if he had them out—there was the make-up man who broke a tooth and needed money to get it fixed—the youngster whom George brought in off the street to work in a mob-scene and who took him for \$50 besides—the one who mentioned in George's hearing that he couldn't pay his rent—another who happened to be bald and for whom George bought a toupee—the pork-and-beaner whom George saw fighting without a mouthpiece because he hadn't the price to buy one.

George took care of all those things, of course. The Killer could go on relating such incidents indefinitely, and they are just the high-spots, the instances which happen to stick in his memory because of something unique about them. For every one of these there are dozens of the other kind, dozens of down-and-outers who sidle up to George with some touching recital which he stops short with a five or a ten.

He has to stop 'em short or their troubles would literally break his heart.

"Sure, brother," he'll say, "take this—never mind the details." Or, when somebody tries to sell him something: "Here—but keep it and

sell it to somebody else." Or, when some bum says simply that he is hungry: "Okay, buddy—go ahead and eat."

"Can you imagine turning down some poor devil who actually is hungry?" asks George.

George can't. If he ever did it would bother him so that he wouldn't be able to sleep.

"Sure, he knows that half of 'em beat it for the nearest gin shop with his money," remarked The Killer, "but that doesn't stop him from giving the next one a stake. And I remember once when George knew that the ten-dollar bill he gave a guy was going for whisky—"

That time, it seems, George was approached by a bedraggled supplicant who obviously had been on an extended bat. He was shaking all over as though he had the palsy, and he made no bones about the cause of his shakes.

"I'm just getting over the d.t.'s," he confessed frankly, "blew my whole wad and now I'm trying to pull myself together. I've got to have a drink."

This once George did hesitate. He himself doesn't drink hard liquor—he's never tasted it in his life. He looked at the man for a long moment and then put his hand into his pocket.

"I guess you know best what you need to snap out of it," he said at last, "but get yourself some food as well."

They don't have to be down-and-outers to get in on George's bounty, either. Go into a store with him and you'll have something new when you come out; he'd no more think of taking you shopping without making a purchase for you than he'd think of taking you to a restaurant and not buying you a meal. Tell him he has on a good-looking tie and he'll take it right off and give it to you—and The Killer tells of the time when the apartment house elevator boy happened to admire the suit George was wearing.

"Like it?" asked George, already in the act of slipping off the coat and vest, "Here, take these now and when you come up the next time I'll give you the pants."

He did, too.

Naturally George is just a year-'round Santa Claus for Virginia Pine's little girl, of whom he is tremendously fond. When that pair go out together the shopkeepers simply punch all the keys on their cash registers because if the baby even looks at anything it's immediately hers. But George's greatest delight is to take the youngster down to the amusement zones at the beach and spend the afternoon with her riding everything, not to mention filling her up with hot dogs, ice cream, soda pop and such.

That's how hard-boiled George takes 'em for a ride outside of the movies—on a merry-go-round.

SOMETIMES, however, even George gets an idea that somebody is playing him for a sucker, and then—well, it's just too bad for whoever happens to be on the receiving end. George is one of those guys who hates to be fooled and find it out, and when he does find it out he is tough.

The Killer can recount a few instances of that, too.

There was, for example, the bum who "touched" George so often that George came to know his face. He was a moocher whose plea was always for "coffee and;" and finally, after giving him money for three successive nights, George took him by an arm.



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"Come on," he said, "tonight you're going to get 'em." With The Killer on the other side he led the bum to a lunch-wagon and ordered a whole flock of food. "There," he said, "that's what you asked for. Now go to it."

But, as George had suspected, the man wasn't hungry at all. He played with the food for a little while and then said that he was through.

"OH, no, you're not," George declared, "you're going to eat it and like it—or I'm going to beat the tar out of you!"

Then there was the hitch-hiker who decided that he wanted not only George's money, but George's car. George has two cars, a big one and a small one, and instead of riding in the big one behind the chauffeur he vastly prefers to drive the little one himself. Of course, he's a push-over for thumbs; George has been known to walk himself, but never to let the other guy.

On this particular occasion the roadside weary Willie that George picked up looked all right—he had his duffle done up in a bandana handkerchief and everything, George says—but when George stopped the car to let him out and produced his roll to give him a five, the hitch-hiker produced something himself. It was an automatic pistol.

"I'll take the whole roll," he announced, "and you can thumb a ride back."

That made George pretty sore, and George, as you know, used to be a dancer on the New York main stem. Before he himself knew what he intended doing, he had kicked that gun out of that guy's hand.

But did that cure George? Not so that you could notice it, it didn't.

Another hitch-hiker makes George pull rather a wry face when he remembers him, too. This one was just a kid, and as they were riding along he got to telling George how homesick he was, and how he was trying to beat his way home before winter came on. Old softie George fell for that right away.

"Well, I guess we can fix that," he said, "where d'you live, kid?"

Even George winced when he got the answer. But he was game—and so the kid got a ticket to Portland, Me. That's as far as you can go from Los Angeles without turning around and coming back.

But perhaps the most extraordinary "touch" that George ever experienced, strangely enough didn't cost him anything to speak of, although there is probably no other star in Hollywood who would have done what George did. He was standing on the sidewalk outside the studio one day quite recently, waiting for his car, when two women spotted him and came across the street.

"Oh, Mr. Raft," they bumbled, "we came all the way out here from Des Moines to see a

studio, and we haven't been able to get into one yet. We've got to go back tomorrow and this is our last chance—could you get us in?"

That time, if never before in his life, George wanted to say "No." He had an appointment; he was late; he had dozens of things to do. He looked from one to the other of those women—and then he not only took them into the studio but personally escorted them all over the lot, explaining everything they saw, and wound up in the cafeteria buying them lunch. They had always wanted to see the stars at feeding time, they said.

They were *elderly* women, too.

You saw George slap Fay Wray in the face in "The Bowery"—yeah, George is sure Hollywood's hardboiled hombre, he is. . . .

ASK the grief-stricken young widow whom he heard about, and whom he never even saw, but for whom he footed all the bills of her husband's fatal illness and then sent the body back East to be buried. Ask the cheerful bum whom he picked up one night and took to a restaurant. "Two steaks!" he called to the waiter. "Yeah," echoed the bum, "I'll take two, too!"

No wonder that in Hollywood the watchword is not "let George do it," but "let George buy it." No wonder they're calling his latest picture "Yours for the Asking."

"Yeah," remarks The Killer feelingly, "he sure is."

Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING BELLS

For Caryl Lincoln, actress, and Byron Stevens, brother of Barbara Stanwyck, at Kingman, Arizona, October 16th.

For Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, pioneer film producer, and Evangeline Russell, at St. Mary of the Angels Church, October 17th.

For Sue Carol and Howard Wilson, actor-writer, at First Congregational Church of Hollywood, October 30th.

For Boris Pelroff, Grand National producer, and Jane Hauptman, at Beverly Hills Hotel, Oct. 22nd.

For Guy Bates Post and Lillian Kemble Cooper, October 26th, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

For Smiley Burnette, comedian, and Dallas MacDonnell, in elopement to Santa Ana, October 21st.

For Elaine Shepard and Terry Hunt, physical culture director for United Artists, Thanksgiving Day.

For Lita Grey, former wife of Charles Chaplin, and Henry Aguirre, Jr., actor, at Santa Ana.

For John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, a midnight elopement to Yuma, Arizona, on November 8th.

PARTING OF THE WAYS

Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell from Sidney Mitchell, writer of screen songs.

Nancy Dover Edwards from Clifton A. Edwards, "Ukulele Ike."

Mrs. Arlene Tucker from Richard Tucker, character actor.

Mrs. Stan Laurel from screen comedian, Stan Laurel.

Patsy O'Day from Clement F. Joynt.

Princess Natalie Pavlovna, known on the screen as Natalie Paley, from Paris hubby, Lucien Lelong.

Merna Kennedy from Busby Berkeley.

Mrs. Adeline Welbourne from Chas. S. Welbourne, Hollywood photographer.

Virginia Reid, actress, from Dr. Ralph McClung, Birmingham dentist.

GONE

Anne Caldwell, librettist and lyric writer, at her Beverly Hills home, October 22nd.

"Mother" Coulter, beloved head of Metro Women's Wardrobe, from heart attack, October 24th.

Hugh Buckler, veteran English actor, and his screen actor son, John Buckler, at Malibu Lake, when car in which they were riding overturned into lake, October 30th.

George Danielson, studio scenic department employee, in suicide leap from Santa Monica pier, October 31st.

Laird Doyle, brilliant Warner Studio writer, when his plane crashed at Grand Central Air Terminal, November 3rd.

"Chic" Sale, noted comedian and author, of lobar pneumonia at his home in Hollywood on November 7th.

GOOD MORNING JUDGE

Chico and Groucho Marx were named defendants in a \$26,000 infringement suit filed by Garrett Graham. He claims boys used a comedy sketch written by him.

Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, adopt a baby from the famous "Cradle" in Evanston, Illinois.

Allan Jones asked court to make Gail Irene Fenderson, daughter of Irene Hervey, his legal daughter.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer suing Frederick Lonsdale, noted playwright, for recovery of \$50,000 paid him to write two original screen stories, and a sequel to "The Last of Mrs. Cheney."

Gloria Swanson Farmer received permission from the courts to legally drop the Farmer name.

Carole Lombard legally drops private life name of Jane Peters Powell.

Ann Harding wins her court contest to keep her seven year old daughter, Jane, in England until next June.

SPARKING

Marjorie Weaver, Kentucky society girl, and Joseph Rivkin, director.

Luise Rainer and Reginald LeBorg.

Paula Stone and Denny Moore.

Kay Hughes and Durward Graybill, Metro photographer.

Virginia Cherill's boy friend, the Earl of Jersey, has come from England to woo her.

Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn.

Russell Gleason and Shirley Deane.

Eleanore Whitney gets diamond bracelet from Johnny Downs.

Betty Furness and Allan Lane have resumed their sighing.

June Travis and Charles Collins.

Cecilia Parker and Henry Willson.

HERE AND THERE

Gail Patrick to Honolulu for vacation as guest of the Maharajah and Maharanee of Indore.

Merle Oberon off to London for a picture.

Olivia de Havilland and her mother to New York for short trip.

Harry Crocker, well-known newspaper man and his wife, Elizabeth Jenks, actress, are in Hollywood. She will do pictures for Selznick.

Sally Eilers with hubby Harry Joe Brown and her baby, back in Hollywood after their London hop.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

★ BORN TO DANCE—M-G-M

ELEANOR POWELL'S first starring picture though weak in plot is elaborately produced and filled with spectacular dancing numbers and tuneful songs. Never did the fleet-footed queen of dance do better, or more difficult routines.

The story concerns an ambitious girl who leaves her small town to try her luck on a New York amateur radio hour. She starts singing, but gets the gong. Disillusioned and lonely, she goes to a Lonely Hearts Club, operated by Una Merkel, where she meets and falls in love with Jimmy Stewart, ensign on a submarine. As a publicity stunt, Jimmy is hired to escort Virginia Bruce, musical comedy star. He succeeds in getting Eleanor the job of understudying the star. Complications commence when Virginia really does begin to fall for Stewart.

Eleanor is excellent, and the supporting cast, including Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Alan Dinehart, Frances Langford and Buddy Ebsen, are grand. A musical treat.

★ GARDEN OF ALLAH—Selznick International-United Artists

THIS well-known story of a man and woman's struggle to reconcile strict religious ideals with love is so incredibly beautiful in color and technique that it deserves your attention. Though psychologically correct, it drags interminably, and Marlene Dietrich never once brings to life the lovely mask that is her face. Charles Boyer as the outcast monk is superb. Recommended for its compelling physical beauty.

MAD HOLIDAY—M-G-M

SUPPOSEDLY a satire on murder mysteries, this is done so badly as to be ridiculous. Edmund Lowe is an actor on vacation who gets involved in wholesale massacre and solves it with the aid of Elissa Landi, writer of blood thrillers. Ted Healy, with his usual formula, wrings a few laughs from the cluttered action. There are corpses everywhere, and the picture belongs in a coffin too.

HIDEAWAY GIRL—Paramount

NEPT in many places, but with several original twists this fast comedy-mystery offers Martha Raye at her howling best. Shirley Ross is the lovely object of Robert Cummings' dubious affection against a background of stolen diamonds, yachts, music and superb drinking. Martha's hit number is "Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Liszt."

CAN THIS BE DIXIE?—20th Century-Fox

THIS hodge-podge couldn't possibly be Dixie! True there is the old southern colonel, played by Claude Gillingwater, the dark and handsome villain, Donald Cook, the sweet southern belle, Helen Wood, and above all Jane Withers and Slim Summerville, but put them all together and they spell unfunny entertainment. We most emphatically advise against this one.

THE PLOT THICKENS—RKO-Radio

AS if this bang-up mystery weren't entertaining enough, they've given us ZaSu Pitts

with her fluttery hands and cocksure James Gleason to dress it up in fine style. As a wide-eyed school marm, ZaSu aids police inspector Gleason to locate the criminals. But not before everyone has had plenty of laughs. Owen Davis Jr. and Louise Latimer furnish romance.

PIGSKIN PARADE—20th Century-Fox

WHEN it's football time in Hollywood you can expect a new crop of films featuring this favorite sport and in this annual setup "Pigskin Parade" comes as a very neat entry. It is gay with youth, vitality and good humor.

Through an error a jerkwater college in Texas is invited to play Yale. They need a halfback and discover him in the person of Stuart Erwin, a local cantaloupe heaver. They get him into the school on fake credentials and then the silly pace begins. Jack Haley, a dumb coach, is hired, but the team is run by Haley's wife, Patsy Kelly. Mixed into all this are the yacht club boys, Dixie Dunbar, Judy Garland, Arline Judge, Johnny Downs, and Betty Grable. You'll enjoy them.

EASY TO TAKE—Paramount

YOU'LL find some enjoyment in this mediocre comedy about a radio artist, "Uncle Rodney," who inherits the guardianship of a spoiled brat. John Howard, Marsha Hunt, Eugene Pallette, and Richard Carle give satisfactory performances, but the hilarious singing done by little Alfalfa Switzer is the only thing easy to take in an otherwise dull show.

THE MANDARIN MYSTERY—Republic

MYSTERY and comedy are poorly mixed in this weak film story about a detective's son, Eddie Quillan, who outshines his dad by solving a mystery surrounding a valuable mandarin stamp. Two murders add to the confusion. Charlotte Henry has the unimportant feminine lead. Rita La Roy, Wade Boteler, Franklin Pangborn and George Irving give support.

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount

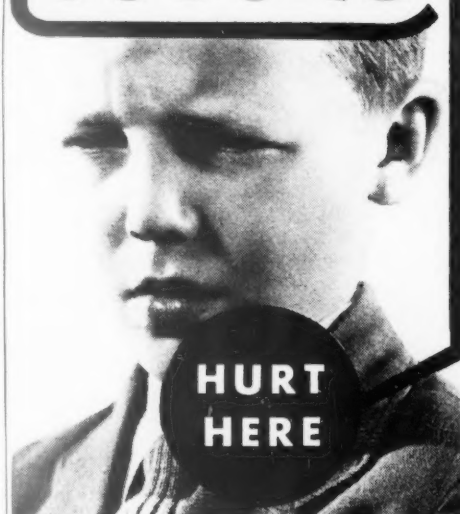
WITH stampeding elephants, marauding monkeys and native uprisings, here is romance and drama in the Malay jungles, and swell animal shots keep the interest alive despite a weak and improbable plot.

Dorothy Lamour, new from radio and the stage, is the alluring native girl who lives with tigers and monkeys. Meeting Ray Milland, big game hunter, she protects him from the animals and leads him to safety. He falls in love with her, thus arousing the jealousy of his civilized sweetie, Molly Lamont, who makes an attractive menace.

Akim Tamiroff, Lynn Overman and Hugh Buckler are good support. Mala of "Esquimo" fame is a native headman.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.

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HOPKINS RAJAH BRAND EGYPTIAN HENNA



That Thin Man's Here Again

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

approval of the audience. The way to put *Philo* across was to make him human. He could be permitted to wear clothes with an air, but he mustn't be a stuffed shirt. And he must have a sense of humor.

As the noted author heard his brain child being made over, I wonder if he didn't glance with momentary suspicion at his host. He saw a rather spare, tallish fellow who wore clothes with an air, but most certainly was not

which had something to do with the Bill of today, as we shall presently see.

FROM that moment dates the great success of Bill on the screen. If Bill had gone on playing other people he could never have become a star. When he started playing himself there was no holding him back.

Naturally the time came when he began to worry about this *Philo Vance* business. There

"Now there is real a *story!*" exclaimed Bill. Actually, there at last was Bill Powell, to perfection.

Either *Nick Charles* was the spittin' image of Bill, or vice versa. They merged so completely and cleverly that the fans haven't quit raving yet. They applauded so long and so loudly that nearly three years later Metro put Bill and Myrna Loy in a sequel, called "After the Thin Man."

If this picture doesn't clinch the case, come now to the matter of Bill's private life.

SUPPOSE you were going to make a movie of Bill off the screen, whom would you put in the cast? The rôle of the modern, modish ex-wife, who still thinks her ex-husband is swell, couldn't be played better by anyone than Carole Lombard.

Then take his best pals, Dick Barthelmess and Ronnie Colman—they form the Three Musketeers in private life better than anything you could put on the screen.

And for romantic interest, the off-screen character of Jean Harlow—honest, vital, a true-blue friend, could not be a more ideal choice. Don't get Jean mixed up with the blonde bombshell Harlow of the screen—that's sheer acting and sheer dramatic talent.

Now move in for a close-up of Bill, himself.

The scene is a house Bill rented in Beverly Hills. Philo Nick Powell, his butler at his heels, inspects the dinner table, set perfectly for the guests. All is in order. The organist? He will appear promptly, Mr. Powell, for your concert after dinner in the music room.

The event comes off in fine shape, and the guests, charmed with the wit of their host and pleasantly crammed with good food, prepare to hear choice music. The organist sits down to play.

But from the pipe organ comes only a bubbling moan, a wheezy gurgle!

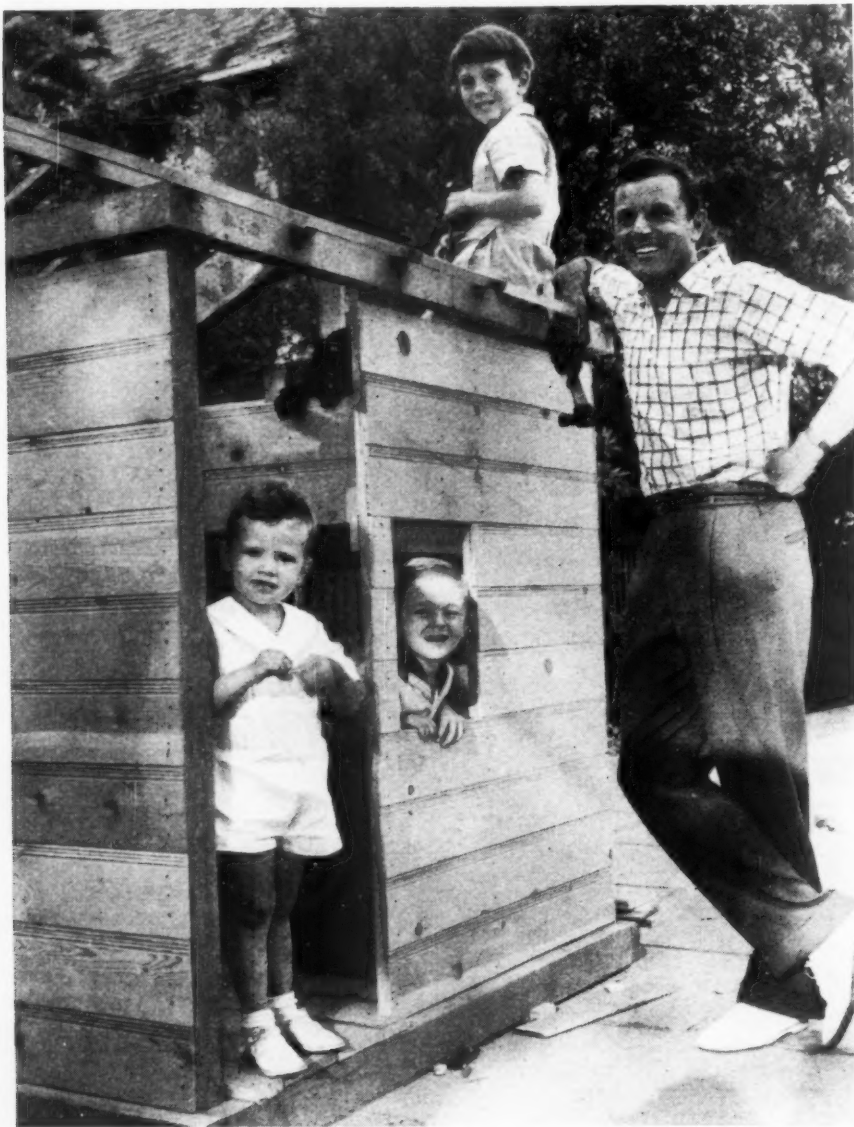
Flustered, the unhappy fellow tries again. Glug, blub, glug! This was horrible. Never before had people laughed when he sat down to play!

Bill said heh, heh, there seems to be something wrong here. There was—the machinery in the basement had been flooded by a leaky water pipe. The laugh was on Bill, but he'd show 'em.

HE moved at once and presently built a house that only a set designer for a super colossal film production could have thought up. It was a veritable palace. Overlooking Beverly Hills, this magnificent mansion became the mecca of all tourists, coming a thousand miles for a glimpse of Powell's Folly.

When Bill drove his car in front of the gates, a photo-electric cell opened the portals as if by magic, the inner drive lit up like Santa Claus Lane, the garage doors swung wide, and the master entered in proper style. Whenever anybody else's headlights hit the photo-electric cell the gates also performed, with a fine lack of distinction, so that they waved back and forth in the breeze almost all night long, lights flashed on and off, and the garage doors did their pet trick until Bill nearly went mad.

Within the house Nick Charles Powell had only to press a button to make a wall swing back so he could take his daily exercise by



Many hands make light work and Warren Hull, Warners' player has a labor brigade only too willing to help Papa build a playhouse in the back yard. The little carpenters are Paul, age three, George, a year older, John, age six

a stuffed shirt. He had a temperate fondness for gin, to make him quite human, so far as human frailty goes. He had a humorous glint in his eye; he was an enchanting conversationalist with a gift of natural wit.

If Van Dine suspected what Bill had done, he was alone with his secret, for no one else, including Bill himself, realized what had happened.

Bill had put himself on the screen. He had adapted himself to the medium of pictures and also was adapting pictures to himself. All of

were the Canary, Benson, Greene and Kennel and murder cases—and that's quite a string. By this time he was *Philo* to Carole Lombard. She calls him that even now. Maybe that's why they got a divorce. I don't know.

Anyway, something still was lacking. Bill thought maybe it was story trouble or maybe a lack of sparkle in dialogue, but at all events, he decided to switch studios. He went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and W. S. Van Dyke drew his attention to a story they had called "The Thin Man."

glancing intimately at his rowing machine. A turn of a lever brought beer up through a long pipe from the basement, where a vast refrigerator had also a capacity for three thousands bottles of wine.

Or he would stroll down and contemplate his swimming pool, and by asking one of his guests to move over an inch he could reach down and feel if the water had been heated to a degree suitable to their comfort.

Actually, the only truly Powell touch to this movie mansion was his library, which he had managed to fill by diligent search and bidding at the more la-de-da auctions, with a rare collection of the world's dullest literature. It was his pride and joy to find a book so dull as to lull him to sleep just by reading the title.

"I never was comfortable in the darn place," Bill finally admitted. "There's such a thing as going too far for your own comfort. I was so comfortable I was uncomfortable."

"Besides, I had too much money tied up in it."

BILL is a practical man. He sold his house and turned a bit of profit on the deal. Being a congenital worrier, the fact that the house was all right for a *Philo* but not so good for his pocketbook, was always bothering Bill.

He is not overly careful with his money, but he knows where it has gone and how much has stuck with him.

Like the man on the screen, Bill feels responsible for the well-being of other people. He makes at least two pictures a year at no profit to himself, due to the way income taxes are figured.

Most big stars cut down to a few films a year for this reason, but Bill goes right ahead. "Anyway, it gives employment to a lot of grips, juicers, and exhibitors," he explains.

The point is, Bill rather enjoys playing Bill. Sometimes the mixture of the off-screen and on-screen personality of Powell pulls a boomerang. Dick and Ronnie read in an article that Bill was "The wittiest man in Hollywood." So they called on him with the serious demand that he produce some wit.

Bill tried to pass it off with a laugh, but his pals sat around like vultures, waiting for him to toss off a quip. As a matter of fact, Bill tried to rise to the occasion and pulled off some nifties, but Dick and Ronnie greeted his best efforts with dead pans. What's more, they kept it up for months.

Bill loves to fish, which gave him one of the most amusing sequences in "Libeled Lady," wherein he gives a parody of an amateur angler, fly-casting for trout.

"After finishing that picture I flew North to join Ronnie in a fishing trip off Vancouver," he relates. "We fished for salmon for days, and never got a nibble. We could look down and see the water just boiling with salmon. I fear those fish had their minds on other matters."

"We did, however, catch one fish. That one jumped into a dingy tied to the stern of our boat."

When making a picture, Bill usually takes liberties with his dialogue and directors lean heavily on him when it comes to making up the "business" to go with the words. He has a special flair for a slyly humorous touch.

And now for a medium long shot, followed by an intimate close-up, and we will close our case.

The scene is a second rate night club, the picture is "After The Thin Man," and the players are Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, a head-waiter and a group of somewhat unsavory looking underworld characters. The time is New Year's Eve.

"What time is it, Nicky?" Myrna asks.

Weaving ever so slightly, Bill manages to focus his gaze upon his watch.

"It's twenty minutes to twelve, darling. Our first New Year's Eve alone!"

A loud hail interrupts him.

"Or maybe I'm mistaken," Bill adds, one eyebrow going up.

"Hello, Nick! Say, I got the Weasel here, see, and he's on parole, see, and he oughta be seen with the right people, see? So I thought if we could join youse, see—gee, thanks, Mr. Charles!"

"These men," says Bill, turning to the head-waiter, "are with me, see?"

"Cut! Hey, you put in 'see,'" Director Van Dyke exclaims, while everyone on the set laughs. But come to think of it, that's a good gag. Let's keep it in, what?"

There's no expression on Bill's serene countenance to prove he inserted that word for a gag, although Myrna gives him a side-wise glance.

That's Bill in the movies. Or rather *Nick Charles*. Which is which—now I'm all confused!

THIS is a close-up of Bill off the screen. It's another New Year's Eve—a real one, not a movie. Bill drove to Pasadena for this one, and in the wee small hours he gathered himself and lady fair into his car for the trip to Beverly Hills.

For some reason he couldn't figure out, the telephone poles whizzed past his car like a picket fence. Bill shook his head sternly. This would never do. But aha, he knew the remedy. And a clever one, too—funny nobody had thought of the idea before. He shifted into second gear and that way he couldn't go too fast.

Mile after mile he churned along in second. Suddenly there was a loud gnashing of gears and the smell of burned oil. The rear end had burned out.

They tried thumbing a ride, but there wasn't any traffic. Finally Bill had to walk the girl to her home.

Now I ask you, can't you just see *Nick Charles* getting into the same scrape in a movie starring Bill Powell?

All of which should indicate something about Bill that he only admits when he is pretty serious, which is, indeed, seldom. But this is it.

UNDERNEATH all the nonsense and the pleasures of life, Bill is always thinking. He thought for a while that it was leisure he wanted. So he tried that and found it too hollow.

He thought, subsequently, that it was grandeur for which he yearned, so he tried the impressive house and the opulent swimming pool. He hated that, being as real a person as he is.

Now he knows what he wants, and that thing is his work.

When he goes into a production now he knows why. When he plays a character, he knows why that character acts as he does. He gives to his work not only his conventional heart and soul, but his brains and imagination as well.

And that, in Hollywood or China, or Lost Egg, Texas, is one of those combinations that can't be beat.

And when with all that, you add the fact that you know it is all pretty funny, all the ambition and drive and what have you, then it's tops. Tops, or in Hollywood, William Powell.



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The Most Startling Confession Any Star Ever Made

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

went back to the stage to work. I told myself I could quit any time I needed to quit. I told myself that I had liquor whipped—that I could take it or let it alone. That's the insidious part of drinking; a man becomes a—well, I still don't like the word, but there's no other word for it—he becomes a drunkard without realizing it.

"That year gave me the foundation of a reputation, here in Hollywood, that I suppose I'll never live down. My friends warned me—and only succeeded in arousing my stubbornness. They told me I'd kill myself in Hollywood if I drank so much in public. So I made it a point to drink in the most public places I could find. Well, at least I wasn't a hypocrite! Call me a fool, for I deserve it, but give me credit for that one virtue.

"When I came back to the screen, in 1932, to play in 'Blessed Event,' I had the opportunity of a lifetime. The picture was a smash hit, the part was tailored-to-measure for me, and I was in demand.

"AND I threw the opportunity away—not in a day, not in a month, but by a year's steady drinking. I couldn't let the liquor alone and I kept adding to the reputation that I'd acquired during my first year here. And what I didn't add, by my own follies, Hollywood's gossips added for me. The rumor-mongers of this town are a pack of human wolves. Give them a seed of truth and they cultivate it so diligently that in a day's time they succeed in raising a forest. If I took a drink, they had me wallowing in the gutter, if I was fifteen minutes late on the set for any reason, they had me listed as drunk and missing for a week.

"But, mind you, I'm not trying to alibi. I have no just brief against them, for God knows, I gave them plenty of seed to plant. I'm not trying to dodge the blame for my own actions. But I do make this point—whenever I heard some lie featuring my name, I was fool enough to overlook the underlying fact that my own folly was responsible. Instead, I grew bitter toward the industry and the town and the people.

"I began to drink alone—and that's the beginning of the end for any man.

"The net result was that the producers started turning thumbs down on me. 'Tracy's a good actor—but you can't trust him to stay sober. He'll delay production . . .' Sure, I knew that was happening—but I was just stubborn enough to tell myself that I didn't give a damn.

"You see, I didn't realize the essential difference between the stage and the screen.

"I didn't stop to think that an actor in pictures can't burn the candle at both ends for the very simple reason that he is on call at eight or nine o'clock in the morning when his close-ups will inevitably tell the story of the 'night before.'"

The *Adoree* rounded the point of Anacapa and heeled over before the freshening wind. Lee Tracy lashed the wheel and ran forward, as sure-footed as a cat on the slanting, pitching deck, to trim the slatting jib.

"I suppose you remember the famous Mexico City episode during the filming of 'Viva Villa,'" he said, as he returned and again took the wheel. "The wildest exaggerations were circulated and published. When I came

back to Hollywood, I heard that I had stood on a hotel balcony, naked, and deliberately insulted the Mexican flag.

"That was a lie. But, on the other hand, it wasn't a lie that I was drunk. And it was true that I struck a Mexican officer who came to the hotel room, where we were drinking, to ask us to make less noise.

"That cost me a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And I'm sure it caused me to be blacklisted with the other studios for a time, because I couldn't get another job in Hollywood until after I had gone to New York and played on the stage for several months.

"You'd think that a jolt like that would have been enough to bring even me to my senses. But it didn't—it didn't have any more effect on me than a dozen other jams that I'd been in.

"Now listen, because this is important. It's the only preachment I have to make against drinking but it's so serious an indictment that it's sufficient to keep me on the wagon for the rest of my life. It's this:

"When any man has been drinking long enough, he reaches a state in which nothing else matters but whiskey. He loses interest in everything else in life. And I'd reached that state. I had been ambitious; I wasn't any longer. I just didn't care, actively, about anything.

"The ban that had been erected against me was dropped after I came back from New York, and I had plenty of attractive offers, offers that I should have accepted and would have jumped at a year or two before. But I turned most of them down.

"I was like a man in a coma. I was lazy. I just wanted people to let me alone. On several occasions I asked my agent to take me off his list for months at a time.

"And I spent those months drinking, by myself. I didn't want the society of people. I didn't want company when I was drinking. People annoyed me—some wanted to drink too fast; some wanted to drink too slowly. I wanted to drink in exactly the way that I enjoyed the most.

"DAY after day, I'd take a bottle of liquor to my hotel room, sit down with a book or a magazine, and deliberately get drunk. Before long the type would blur, before long the room would start growing foggy, but I'd keep on until I quietly passed out on the bed.

"And, when I awoke the next morning, the first thing I reached for was the bottle and the glass.

"I've noticed that, almost invariably, the confirmed drinker who finally breaks the chains of his habit and reasserts himself will tell you that some specific incident, some profound regret or some tremendous new incentive, was responsible for his sudden resolve.

"That was not so in my case.

"The thing that saved me from going on for the rest of my life as an habitual drunkard was this:

"The conviction gradually formed in my mind that whiskey had me whipped!

"That should have been obvious? Certainly, and it is obvious now—but you've got to take into consideration the peculiar, devious egotism that governs any man who is letting a

habit make him its slave. I had that egotism to an unusual degree. No matter how consistently I'd been drinking, I had never failed to assure myself that I could 'take it or let it alone.'

"I didn't quit drinking because I considered the use of whiskey immoral, or unrighteous. I quit because one day, lying in bed recovering from a week-long spree, I suddenly began to review the things I had lost.

"I looked around for my ambition and couldn't find it. I tried to recall the great joy that I had once had in my work, and discovered that I had lost the ability to feel that joy. My nerves were shot; my energy was shot; I had lost interest in things.

"I lay there for thirty-six hours, thinking it out. And over and over I kept telling myself, 'Tracy, from now on you've got to be terrified of liquor. It's the one thing on earth that's got you licked!'

"AND then and there I made up my mind to quit. Instead of telling myself that I was strong enough to refuse liquor in the future, I told myself that I was too weak to accept a drink.

"'Tracy,' I said, 'you're never going to take another drink—not even one drink. If someone offers you a single highball and tells you that there isn't another drink within ten miles, you're going to refuse that one drink, just the same. If you take it, you'll walk ten miles to get more!'

"I went to see my doctor and had a thorough physical examination. By some miracle, I was still in pretty fair condition—and that report was an added incentive for me to keep my resolution. It gave me a foundation to build on.

"I started spending more and more time on this boat. Instead of having a big crew and leaving all of the work to them, I carry a skipper and a cook and do my full share of the labor with the canvas.

"Last summer I entered the *Adoree* in the Santa Monica to Honolulu race. Thirty some days at sea, drinking in the salt air, working like a dog during the day and tumbling exhausted into my bunk at night. And not a drop of liquor on board!

"And I came back feeling like a new man. I'm living again. I've acquired a new interest in my work. For the first time in years, I look forward every morning to the first scene on schedule.

"I'm taking an interest in things—discovering that life holds a lot of real happiness, excitement and sport that isn't connected with a highball glass. And I'm a better actor. I've acquired a new brand of self-confidence. I feel things more keenly."

He paused and looked again down the companionway.

"No," he said, "he doesn't need to dodge around corners to have his drink. I've quit—and quit for good. Life is a matter of contrasts. And when I compare myself, today, with myself, yesterday, I have no urge to turn back the calendar.

"You can write this down as gospel—that guy Tracy's been a damned fool, but he's through being a fool. His conscience doesn't hurt, but he's scared—scared to death—of liquor!"

New Tricks for the New Year

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

Myrna Loy's part is centered for formal occasions. It offers a variation of the same sweeping lines off the forehead seen in the hair-style below. Ringlet curls tend to soften an otherwise severe mode



didn't like. So Joan, the ingenious, mixed about two-thirds of lipstick with one-third vaseline and, with a Chinese paint brush, drew on the shape she thought most becoming and filled it in. Very becoming it is, too.

Nothing, of course, creates a new personality like a new coiffure.

Claudette Colbert has her own ideas about hairdressing. She says that no matter what kind of a forehead you have, bangs improve it. If your brow is too low, she recommends that you wear your bangs very fluffy and coming out from the forehead in the manner that Hepburn wears hers. If your forehead is too high, keep the bangs fairly straight and flat but not long enough to cover the eyebrows.

Sit down and take inventory. If your eyes are good, play them up. If the shape of your face is pleasing, let it be seen. If you have

lovely skin don't hide it under layers of make-up. There are any number of tricks that you can employ to highlight your good points and minimize your bad ones.

Let your most important New Years' resolution be to create a new and more attractive self. You will find that good grooming and the consciousness that you have done your cleverest by your physical attributes will make you more aware of your own charm and give you a feeling of self-assurance.

For the busy girl, the business woman, the woman whose time is limited, we have prepared a new leaflet—"Beauty in Boxes." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Joan Bennett's youthful coiffure sweeps upward and backward, accenting her lovely forehead and deepset eyes. Try it if you think you can afford to so expose your face

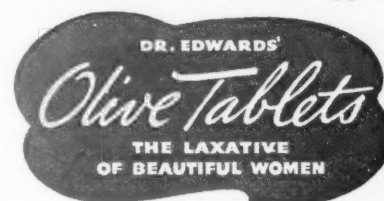


Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Simone Simon—Pronounced Problem Child

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

Marshall and Ruth Chatterton, Simone was at once the most sought after young lady in town.

When the studio tried to find her for sittings and interviews, Simone enjoyed the last laugh. They were informed she was on the verge of pneumonia, coupled with a dash of appendicitis, yet executives would encounter her that same night dancing at the Trocadero! Next day a phone call to Simone would reveal she had one foot in an ambulance, yet an hour later she would turn up at the tennis matches and appear that evening in fine fettle for the preview of "Dodsworth."

sort of through the nose, giving it a nasal twang on the g string.

By the time Simone went into "Ladies in Love" she had learned a few lessons from the book labeled "How to Get Along with People." With particular attention to the chapter on handling temperamental directors. She was a perfect little lamb.

To make sure that murder, mayhem and other acts of hostility did not break loose on the sound stage where four stars were at work—Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon—the studio barred

And in this unenviable position, Simone Simon stands today. Whether she will bounce right back remains to be seen.

SHE has the most astonishing ups and downs ever recorded in so brief a space of Hollywood history. Simone has gained great personal popularity in the colony, but her position among the fans is uncertain.

After "Girl's Dormitory," with all the ads featuring Simone and the pronunciation of her name, Herbert Marshall was credited with a quip which was widely quoted. Seems he answered a call from the studio casting office with this: "This is Herbert Marshall—pronounced Simone Simon!"

They've changed that a trifle now. It's (Simone Simon, pronounced *Doubtful*).

If present plans go through, however, Simone may yet knock the country for a complete loop. The studio has announced she will do "Seventh Heaven," the picture play that made Janet Gaynor famous.

Janet wants Simone to take her old rôle, that of *Diane*. She believes Simone can pick up the torch and carry it to new heights. Janet would not want to remake that picture herself.

But young Simone still believes there are seventh heavens to be found.

"The studio ran off that picture for me the other night," she said. "I cannot find words to express my admiration of Janet. And the way she showed her love—so clear, so pure and fine!"

Certainly the studio is going to try again. And just as certainly Simone is a real personality, much more moving than the Anna Sten whom Goldwyn tried to manufacture, much younger than the Mady Christians whom Metro tried to put across, much more glamorous than anyone of the half dozen starlets Paramount is trying to launch.

Actually she is a girl with fire and romance and undoubted talent. And even, if at times, she disturbs her studio, you must grant her this:

She restores to Hollywood color and humor and excitement, qualities that today's well-behaved business-like stars seldom show—hit qualities which the world always needs and always adores.

Good luck, Simone. We are really very much for you



Keep this under your hat, pal! Here is the picture of the irrepressible Simone snapped by Hyman Fink under the amusing circumstances you read about. She and Max Constant, the French aviator, are having fun at the Clover Club

During this hide and seek, Hyman Fink, PHOTOPLAY's demon photographer, snapped her in the midst of one of her gravest illnesses, and Simone gave him a broad wink when he snapped the shutter. It was more than a wink, it was an impish leer!

Now the studio began to give her a terrific build-up.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck goes to town on a star or production, there are no halfway measures. From one end of the land to the other, billboards shrieked the triumph of Simone Simon. Magazines and newspapers featured the French typhoon with a whirlwind blast.

Simone Simon—pronounced Si-moan Si-moan!

Simone read the ads and wrinkled her retrousse nose.

"So much bother," she remarked, "when they could have spelled my name as it is on my birth certificate. *Simonne*. *Simonne* is a common girl's name in France, like Yvonne."

We asked her to pronounce it for us.

"Okay. *Simonne*. That is easy. Seeemon. My last name, *Simon*; that is easy, too. Seeemongh."

Not so easy, though, unless you know how the French pronounce that final consonant

all visitors. Even reporters were kept from crawling through a keyhole, which is remarkable.

Actually nothing happened

"I did not even see Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young," Simone said. "We had no scenes together."

Those who expected hair-pulling were disappointed. After the preview Hollywood was divided into three camps. The pro-Gaynors said it was her picture. Others said Connie Bennett walked off with all the honors. The Young fans gave the picture to Loretta.

But where was little Simone?

Sad to relate, Simone was rather lost in the shuffle. The fat parts had gone to the aforesaid three clever actresses, and the white hope of the 20th Century-Fox lot was left holding a small bag of peanuts.

That half million spent in billboards must have given several people a severe headache at this point in the checkered career of Mlle. Simone.

In all fairness to Simone, you can't do much with a part where you are part guttersnipe and part moron. She had to characterize a peasant child determined to grab Connie's boy friend by fair means or foul, and she succeeds in the simplest fashion—by direct attack. The audience resents her, feeling that Connie has him

NEWS FLASH!!!

Barbara Stanwyck's divorce decree becomes final New Year's Eve. All Hollywood is wondering about Robert Taylor's feelings on this subject.

Worst flu epidemic in years hit Columbia. Chester Morris, Walter Connolly, Lionel Stander all had it.

Fashion Letter for January

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

the year 'round. "What is more lovely," he said, "than a russet brown and yellow print under a mink coat? Or a black and white print trimmed with silver fox to give it a wintry look? It is fun to slip out of a heavy dark wrap at home, after a long day out in bad weather, and show the lovely multi-colored bouquets on your printed silk frock. It is cheerful. It is good."

A FEW seasons ago I remember seeing Heather Thatcher in New York for the first time. It was at one of those smart parties where everyone was gownned in the usual heavy winter fabrics—lamés, velvets and furs in rich dark colors. In came Heather, like a California sunbeam, her fair hair flashing, her deep blue eyes laughing, her skin a golden brown. Her dress was a clean azure-blue and white silk print, made on simple lines. The effect was like coming suddenly upon a flash of sunny wild flowers in the snow; it was as though someone had opened a window in that rather stuffy room, and let in a sunwarmed breeze.

Kalloch also has ideas about winter jewels. Gobs of carnelian or jade, he believes, go better with out-of-door semi-sport clothes, while for winter, diamonds in lacy settings are appropriate. Old paste certainly looks better in a cozy candle-lit drawing room, at tea time, than it does out of doors in the sun. There is a lot of wisdom in this theory, I think.

The evenings I love best in Hollywood are the informal little dinners of not more than six or eight people. We had such an evening recently at Gloria Swanson's home. Her house has a spacious old-world atmosphere, with its high ceilings, great open fireplaces, and beautifully chosen furniture. I was the first to arrive; I always am. Gloria came running down to greet me. More thoughtfully beautiful

than she has ever been, she had chosen a simple black crêpe informal dinner dress as a background for silver jewelry. Round her neck, on a long chain, was a circular, cut-out plaque of silver from which dangled tiny silver balls. One wrist was covered, inches wide, with nautch girl silver bangles, fringed with the same little silver balls; the other wrist had two close-fitting flat Indian bracelets of silver. A ring, with a tassel of silver shot, added its tinkle to the musical chime of the bangles as she moved her charming hands.

All this may sound like over-emphasis of ornament, but combined with the solid black of her dress it was perfectly in place. Through her belt she had pulled a huge black chiffon handkerchief with a great initial in red embroidered on it. She wore very open silver kid sandals over the thinnest stockings I have ever seen. The coral of her toenails matched her fingertips and lipstick.

Another friend of mine, the wife of a famous director, wore a very short flaring-skirted frock of black taffeta. The short sleeves were full and crisp, the belt of patent leather. Her ornaments were part of her collection of green jade and gold.

WE had our first course in an angle of the living room, for those who wanted a cocktail. An enormous platter holding seven or eight dozen oysters on cracked ice was in the center of the circular table. Then there was a tureen of solid foie gras, and a plate of thin buttered black bread to spread it on. It was hard to leave that table and go on to the dining room, but Gloria said it always seems to be. If you want to know what we talked about it was mostly about an expedition to the Gobi desert and what it had revealed. Not very Hollywood, you will say? On the contrary, *very* Hollywood, as I know it.



Paula Stone, Fred's blonde daughter, and Denny Moore, Warner's player, out for some fun at the Biltmore Bowl. These two are inseparable, and it looks like the real thing. Paula certainly is acting in a most domestic way

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BORN TO DANCE"—M-G-M.—From a story by Jack McGowan, Sid Silvers and B. G. DeSylva. Screen play by Jack McGowan and Sid Silvers. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Nora Paige*, Eleanor Powell; *Ted Barker*, James Stewart; *Lucy James*, Virginia Bruce; *Jenny Saks*, Una Merkel; *"Gunny" Saks*, Sid Silvers; *"Peppy" Turner*, Frances Langford; *Captain Dinghy*, Raymond Walburn; *McKay*, Alan Dinehart; *"Mush" Tracy*, Buddy Ebsen; *Acrobats*, William and Joe Mandel; *Sally Saks*, Juanita Quigley; *Georges and Jalna*, by themselves; *Policeman*, Reginald Gardiner; *The Foursome*, J. Marshall Smith, L. Dwight Snyder, Jay Johnson and Del Porter.

"CAMILLE"—M-G-M.—From the play and novel by Alexandre Dumas. Screen play by Zoe Akins, Frances Marion and James Hilton. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Marguerite*, Greta Garbo; *Armand*, Robert Taylor; *Monsieur Duval*, Lionel Barrymore; *Nichette*, Elizabeth Allan; *Nanine*, Jessie Ralph; *Baron De Varville*, Henry Daniell; *Olympe*, Lenore Ulric; *Prudence*, Laura Hope Crews; *Gaston*, Rex O'Malley; *Gustave*, Russell Hardie; *Saint Gaudens*, E. E. Clive; *Henri*, Douglas Walton; *Corinne*, Marion Ballou; *Marie Jeanette*, Joan Brodel; *Louise*, June Wilkins; *Valentin*, Fritz Leiber, Jr.; *Madame Duval*, Elsie Esmonds.



Warners believe that "Black Legion," based on the activities of masked gangs in the United States, will be as startling and true to life as "I Am a Fugitive" and "Black Fury." Humphrey Bogart is told to do or die by Joseph Sawyer

"CAN THIS BE DIXIE"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Lamar Trotti and George Marshall. The cast: *Peg Gurgle*, Jane Withers; *Robert E. Lee Gurgle*, Slim Summerville; *Virginia Peachtree*, Helen Wood; *Ulysses S. Sherman*, Thomas Beck; *Miss Beauregard Peachtree*, Sara Haden; *Colonel Robert E. Lee Peachtree*, Claude Gillingwater; *Longstreet Butler*, Donald Cook; *Sheriff N. B. F. Rider*, James Burke; *Ed Grant*, Jed Prouty; *Lizzie*, Hattie McDaniel; *Jeff Davis Branch*, Troy Brown.

"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by Billy Wilder and H. S. Kraft. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Elsa Strauss*, Gladys Swarthout; *Buzzy Bellew*, Fred MacMurray; *Happy Gallagher*, Jack Oakie; *Larry*, Veloz; *Yolanda*, Yolanda; *Countess*, Vivienne Osborne; *Karl Leibertich*, Frank Forest; *Max Snellinek*, Herman Bing; *Frank Strauss*, Fritz Leiber; *Flip*, Benny Baker; *Mr. Scribner*, James Burke; *Mrs. Scribner*, Maude Eburne; *Walter*, Ernest Cossart; *Ivanovitch*, Michael Visaroff; *Hugo*, Maurice Cass.

"COME AND GET IT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Edna Ferber. Screen play by Jules Furthman and Jane Murnin. Directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. The cast: *Barney Glasgow*, Edward Arnold; *Richard Glasgow*, Joel McCrea; *Lola Margan*, Frances Farmer; *Swan Bostrom*, Walter

Brennan; *Ernie Glasgow*, Andrea Leeds; *Tony Scherke*, Frank Shields; *Karie*, Mady Christians; *Emma Louise Glasgow*, Mary Nash; *Gunner Gallagher*, Clem Bevans; *Sid LeMaire*, Edwin Maxwell; *Josie*, Cecil Cunningham; *Gubbins*, Harry Bradley; *Stewart*, Rollo Lloyd; *Hewitt*, Charles Halton; *Chore Boy*, Phillip Cooper; *Goodnow*, Al K. Hall.

"COUNTRY GENTLEMEN"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Milton Raison, Jack Harvey and Jo Graham. Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Gertrude Orr. Directed by Ralph Staub. The cast: *Hamilton*, Ole Olsen; *Williams*, Chic Johnson; *Gertie*, Joyce Compton; *Mrs. Heath*, Lila Lee; *Grayson*, Pierre Watkin; *Martin*, Donald Kirke; *Briggs*, Ray Corrigan; *Billy Heath*, Sammy McKim; *First Deputy*, Wade Boteler; *Second Deputy*, Ivan Miller; *Lawyer*, Olin Howland; *Chief of Police*, Frank Sheridan; *Shorty*, Harry Harvey; *Chuck*, Joe Cunningham; *Dog*, Prince.

"EASY TO TAKE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original story by Wayne Kilbourne. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Glenn Tryon. The cast: *Donna Westlake*, Marsha Hunt; *Rodney*, John Howard; *Doc Kraft*, Eugene Pallette; *Gwen*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Judd*, Robert Kreig; *Wilbur Westlake*,

"GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE"—SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL.—From the book by Robert Hichens. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and Lynn Riggs. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: *Domini Enfielden*, Marlene Dietrich; *Boris Androwsky*, Charles Boyer; *Count Anteon*, Basil Rathbone; *Father Rou-bier*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Irena*, Tilly Losch; *Batouch*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Sand Diviner*, John Carradine; *De Trevignac*, Alan Marshal; *Mother Superior*, Lucille Watson; *Hadj*, Henry Brandon.

"GENERAL SPANKY"—HAL ROACH.—Original story and screen play by Richard Flourney, Hal Yates and John Guedel. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Spanky*, Spanky McFarland; *Marshall Valient*, Phillips Holmes; *Yankee General*, Ralph Morgan; *Simmons*, Irving Pichel; *Louella*, Rosina Lawrence; *Buckwheel*, Billie Thomas; *Alfalfa*, Carl Switzer; *Overseer*, Robert Middlemass; *Boat Captain*, James Burtis; *Cornelia*, Louise Beavers; *Henry*, William Best.

"GO WEST YOUNG MAN"—MAJOR-PARAMOUNT.—Based on the play by Lawrence Riley. Screen play by Mae West. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Mavis Arden*, Mae West; *Morgan*, Warren William; *Bud*, Randolph Scott; *Francis X. O'Hennessey*, Lyle Talbot; *Ma Struthers*, Alice Brady; *Gladys*, Isabel Jewell; *Aunt Kate*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Joyce*, Margaret Perry; *Professor Rigby*, Etienne Girardot; *Clyde*, Maynard Holmes; *French Maid*, Alice Ardell; *Nicodemus*, Nicodemus.

"HIDEAWAY GIRL"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by David Garth. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March and Eddie Welch. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Mike*, Robert Cummings; *Toni*, Shirley Ross; *Helen*, Martha Raye; *Muriel*, Wilma Francis; *Tom*, Louis DaPron; *Colette*, Elizabeth Russell; *Count de Montaigne*, Monroe Owsley; *Freddie*, Ray Walker; *Bugs*, Ed Brophy.

"JUNGLE PRINCESS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Cyril Hume, Gerald Geraghty and Gouverneur Morris. Directed by William Thiele. The cast: *Ulah*, Dorothy Lamour; *Christopher Powell*, Ray Milland; *Van Kraken*, Akim Tamiroff; *Norton*, Hugh Buckler; *Ava*, Molly Lamont; *Frank*, Lynne Overman; *Nelon*, Mala; *Ulah's Grandfather*, Bernard Seigle; *Ulah (As a child)*, Sally Martin; *Malay Hunter*, Richard Terry; *Head Man of Tribe*, Nick Shaid; *Head Tribesman*, Dan Crimmins.

"LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story by Rufus King. Screen play by Lewis R. Foster, Milton Carruth and James Mulhauser. Directed by Lewis R. Foster and Milton Carruth. The cast: *John Aldrich*, Henry Hunter; *Lydia Todd*, Polly Rowles; *Lieutenant Valcour*, C. Henry Gordon; *Charley Warren*, Walter Coy; *Chester Blodgett*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Jenny Aldrich*, Mary Alice Rice; *Meredith Landers*, Ralph Forbes; *Veronica Todd*, Alma Krueger; *Artemus Todd*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Sigurd Repellen*, Rollo Lloyd; *Chef*, Zeni Vatori; *Mabel Blodgett*, Virginia Brissac; *Officer Stevens*, Olin Howard; *Captain Hulton*, John Hamilton; *Captain Daves*, Reynolds Denniston; *Chuck*, Warren Hymer; *Hotchkiss*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Hobbs*, Pierre Watkin.

"MAD HOLIDAY"—M-G-M.—Suggested by a story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Philip Trent*, Edmund Lowe; *Peter Dean*, Elissa Landi; *Mrs. Kinney*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mert Morgan*, Ted Healy; *Williams*, Edmund Gwenn; *Donovan*, Edgar Kennedy; *Li Tai*, Soo Yong; *Ben Kelvin*, Walter Kingsford; *Captain Bromley*, Herbert Rawlinson; *"Coke" Joe*, Ferris, Raymond Hatton; *Ning*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Mr. Kinney*, Harlan Briggs; *Hendrick Van Mier*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

"PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Larry*, Bing Crosby; *Susan*, Madge Evans; *Patsy*, Edith Fellows; *Gramp*, Donald Meek; *Hart*, John Gallaudet; *Henry*, Louis Armstrong; *Crowbar*, Tom Dugan; *Miss Howard*, Nanu Bryant; *Warden*, Charles Wilson; *Concessionaire*, Harry Tyler; *Carmichael*, William Stack; *Mr. Briggs*, Tom Ricketts.

"PIGSKIN PARADE"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Arthur Sheekman, Nat Perry and Mark Kelly. Screen play by Harry Tugend, Yack Yellen and William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Amos Dodd*, Stuart Erwin; *Chip Carson*, Johnnie Downs; *Sally Saxon*, Arline Judge; *Laura Watson*, Betty Grable; *Bessie Winters*, Patsy Kelly; *Slug Winters*, Jack Haley; *Yacht Club Boys*, themselves; *Ginger Jones*, Dixie Dunbar; *Tommy Barker*, Tony Martin; *Sairy Dodd*, Judy Garland; *Biff Bentley*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Mortimer Matthews*, Grady Sutton; *Herbert Van Dyke*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Baggage Master*, Si Jenks.

"PLOT THICKENS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From a story by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Clarence Upson Young. Directed by Ben Holmes. The cast: *Oscar Piper*, James Gleason; *Hildegard Wilhens*, ZaSu Pitts; *Robert Wilkins*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Alice Stevens*, Louise Latimer; *Kendall*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Joe*, Paul Fix; *John Carter*, Richard Tucker; *Marie*, Barbara Barondess; *Jim*, James Donlan; *Dagmar*, Agnes Anderson; *Robbins*, Oscar Apfel.

"REUNION"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Bruce Gould. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Gladys Lehman and Sonya Levien. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *The Quintuplets*—Dr. John Luke, Jean Hersholt; *Mary MacKenzie*, Rochelle Hudson; *Gloria Sheridan*, Helen Vinson; *Constable Jim Ogden*, Slim Summerville; *Tony Luke*, Robert Kent; *Nurse Katherine Kennedy*, Dorothy Peterson; *Asa Wyatt*, John Qualen; *Governor Phillip Crandall*, Alan Dinehart; *Charles Renard*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Ellie*, Sara Haden; *Sir Basil Crawford*, Montagu Love; *Dr. Richard Sheridan*, Tom Moore; *Rusty*, George Ernest; *Mrs. Martha Crandall*, Katherine Alexander; *Janet Fair*, Esther Ralston; *Sam Fisher*, Julius Tannen; *Jake*, George Chandler; *Editor*, Edward McVade; *Mrs. Barton*, Maude Eburn; *Mrs. Williams*, Grace Hayle; *Baby Williams*, Joan Howard; *Mrs. Simms*, Claudia Coleman; *Sadie*, Hattie McDaniel.

"SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Muriel Sheck and H. S. Kraft. Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Dick Smith*, Gene Raymond; *Frances Cooke*, Ann Southern; *Gwen*, Helen Broderick; *Philbean*, Eric Blore; *Torine*, Erik Rhodes; *Terry*, Harry Jans; *Murphy*, Frank Jenks; *Escorts*, Alan Curtis and Edward Price; *Desk Clerk*, Rolfe Sedan.

"TARZAN ESCAPES"—M-G-M.—Based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Screen play by Cyril Hume. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Tarzan*, Johnny Weissmuller; *Jane*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Captain Fry*, John Buckler; *Rita*, Benita Hume; *Eric*, William Henry; *Rawlins*, Herbert Mundin; *Masters*, E. E. Clive; *Bomba*, Darby Jones; *Cheetah*, Herself.

"THE MANDARIN MYSTERY"—REPUBLIC.—Based on the story by Ellery Queen. Screen play by John Francis Larkin, Rex Taylor, Gertrude Orr and Cortland Fitzsimmons. Directed by Ralph Staub. The cast: *Ellery Queen*, Eddie Quillan; *Jo Temple*, Charlotte Henry; *Martha Kirk*, Rita La Roy; *Inspector*, Wade Boteler; *Mellish*, Franklin Pangborn; *Dr. Kirk*, George Irving; *Irene Kirk*, Kay Hughes; *Guffy*, William Newell; *Donald Trent*, George Walcott; *Bronson*, Edwin Stanley; *Reporter*, Edgar Allan; *Craig*, Anthony Merrill; *Reporter*, Richard Beach; *First Detective*, Monte Vandegrift; *Girls on Street*.

Corner, Grace Durkin and Mary Russell; *Girls at Cocktail Bar*, June Johnson and Mary Bovard.

"UNDER YOUR SPELL"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on stories by Bernice Mason and Sy Bartlett. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Saul Elkins. Directed by Otto Ludwig Preminger. The cast: *Anthony Allen*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Cynthia Drexel*, Wendy Barrie; *Petroff*, Gregory Ratoff; *Bolls*, Arthur Treacher; *Count Raul Du Rienne*, Gregory Gaye; *Judge*, Berton Churchill; *Mr. Twerp*, Jed Prouty; *Mrs. Twerp*, Claudia Coleman; *Uncle Bob*, Charles Richman.

"WANTED! JANE TURNER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edmund Hartman and Julius Klein. Screen play by John Twist. Directed by Edward Killy. The cast: *Doris*, Gloria Stuart; *Mallory*, Lee Tracy; *Jane*, Judith Blake; *Jerry*, John McGuire; *Banks*, Frank M. Thomas; *Lausig*, Thomas Jackson; *Mr. Norris*, Pierre Watkin; *Mrs. Norris*, Vivian Oakland; *Landlady*, Dot Farley; *Babe*, Patricia Wilder; *Marge*, Barbara Pepper; *Room Service Man*, Edward Price; *Bill*, Allan Curtis; *Ruby*, Irene Franklin; *Whitey*, Paul Fix; *Ferris*, Selmar Jackson; *Joe*, Pat O'Malley; *Magee*, Bryant Washburn; *Postal Inspectors*, Frank Burns and Pat Donovan; *Relief Girl*, Bess Flowers; *Clerk*, Ed Tuttle; *Secretary*, Margaret Morris; *Graves*, Thomas Curran.

"WILD BRIAN KENT"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Harold Bell Wright. Screen play by Earle Snell and Don Swift. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Brian Kent*, Ralph Bellamy; *Betty Prentice*, Mae Clarke; *Aunt Sue*, Helen Lowell; *Tony Baxter*, Stanley Andrews; *Bill Harris*, Lew Kelly; *Jed*, Eddie Chandler; *Phil Hanson*, Richard Alexander; *Old Timer*, Jack Duffy.

"WINTERSET"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Maxwell Anderson. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *Mio*, Burgess Meredith; *Mirianne*, Margo; *Trock*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Romagna*, John Carradine; *Judge Gaunt*, Edward Ellis; *Garth*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Esdras*, Maurice Moscovitch; *Shadow*, Stanley Ridges; *Policeman in the square*, Willard Robertson; *Radical*, Mischa Auer; *Carr*, Myron McCormick; *Mrs. Romagna*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Girl*, Barbara Pepper; *Hobo*, Alec Craig; *Pinky*, Fernanda Eliscu; *Lucia*, George Humbert; *Louie*, Murray Alper; *Joe*, Paul Fix.

"A WOMAN REBELS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Netta Syrett. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Ernest Vajda. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Pamela Thistlewaite*, Katharine Hepburn; *Thomas Lane*, Herbert Marshall; *Judge Thistlewaite*, Donald Crisp; *Flora Thistlewaite*, Elizabeth Allan; *Serena Thistlewaite*, Margaret Seddon; *Miss Piper*, Eily Malyon; *Betty Bumble*, Lucille Watson; *Flo* (grown up), Doris Dudley.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD—Paramount.—All the Hollywood spots you've yearned to glimpse. The Brown Derby, Sardi's, The Trocadero, are featured in this frail yarn of an old actor who writes his memoirs, meets tragedy. Many oldtimers add to the novelty. (Oct.)

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Paramount.—A strong story full of action and drama about a boy (Tom Brown) who kills his criminal father and braves the noose rather than reveal why he did it. Sir Guy Standing, Frances Drake and Janet Beecher head a good cast. (Oct.)

ISLE OF FURY—Warners.—The old story of two men and a girl in the South Sea pearl fisheries, confused by murders and rescues. Donald Woods lifeless; Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay deserve better. Dull. (Nov.)

LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—Universal.—Well-paced and humorous little romance involving the tribulations of an heiress who marries a penniless tennis player. Louis Hayward and Jane Wyatt extremely capable. Highly entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **MARY OF SCOTLAND**—RKO-Radio.—The love story of the tragic Queen magnificently produced under the direction of John Ford. Katharine Hepburn dramatic, and Fredric March exceptional as the burly *Earl of Bothwell*. Gripping, but solemn. (Oct.)

MURDER WITH PICTURES—Paramount.—Cameras and triggers snap constantly throughout this mildly entertaining mystery. Lew Ayres, the news-hawk gets involved trying to shield a suspect, Gail Patrick. Not for kiddies. (Nov.)

wandering around from floods to mail robberies Patricia Ellis complicates matters by revealing secrets, but reforms. Dull. (Oct.)

★ **RAMONA**—20th Century-Fox.—The latest all-color film, breathtaking in its beauty, is the picturization of Helen Hunt Jackson's touching classic of the Spanish girl and her Indian lover. Don Ameche is splendid as *Allesandro*. See it for its pastoral charm. (Nov.)

★ **RHYTHM ON THE RANGE**—Paramount.—See this for Bing Crosby's singing and the introduction of Martha Raye, a new comedienne, whose antics all but steal the show. It's about an heiress who gets into mixups with a cowboy. Swing music too. (Oct.)

★ **ROMEO AND JULET**—M-G-M.—Shakespeare's classic love story produced with accuracy and lavishness. Norma Shearer's *Julet* is lyrically beautiful. Leslie Howard superb as *Romeo*. Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Edna May Oliver all add to the excellence of the outstanding picture of the year. No version has ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Sept.)

ROSE BOWL—Paramount.—A nice little picture about grid heroes and their loves passing between a Midwest University and Pasadena's famous stadium. It gains romantic yardage in the love scenes between Eleanor Whitney and Tom Brown, goes for a touchdown with Benny Baker's comedy. (Dec.)

★ **SING, BABY, SING**—20th Century-Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, The Ritz Brothers, Alice Faye, Ted Healy, Gregory Ratoff and Patsy Kelly in as hilarious a farce as you will see. Adolphe is a famous actor on a spree. Lunacy and laughter. Don't miss this. (Oct.)

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Warners.—Pleasant fun with singer James Melton, heir to a bankrupt department store becoming a music clerk, falling in love with Pat Ellis. Tunes and songs. Hugh Herbert is grand. You'll probably like it. (Dec.)

SITTING ON THE MOON—Republic.—Roger Pryor and Grace Bradley are brought together with a song; separated by a marriage racket. Pert Kelton and Billy Newell brighten this up a bit. Grade B. (Nov.)

★ **STAGE STRUCK**—Warners.—Dick Powell is a young dance director struggling with the conceits of a temperamental star, Joan Blondell. Frank McHugh, Warren William, and Craig Reynolds all help make this good entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **STAR FOR A NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox.—A tenderly appealing and musical back stage comedy of errors. Jane Darwell grand as the sightless mother. Claire Trevor sings; Arline Judge sparkles as a chorus girl. Take the whole family. (Oct.)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Paramount.—Uninteresting and uninspired except for the children. It involves the heartaches and courage of a little boy, David Holt, who loses his father, Ralph Bellamy, first to a woman, then to thugs. (Oct.)

★ **SWING TIME**—RKO-Radio.—Delicious comedy, charming music and better-than-ever dance routines make this Rogers-Astaire musical the gayest, most entertaining yet. It's to do with a broke young man who falls for a dancing teacher. See it by all means. (Nov.)

THANK YOU, JEEVES!—20th Century-Fox.—P. G. Wodehouse's story of an English gentleman's gentleman who becomes mixed up in high adventure. Arthur Treacher wasted on ridiculous dialogue and bad direction. David Niven and others troupe valiantly. (Nov.)

THE ACCUSING FINGER—Paramount.—A stirring story with the abolishment of capital punishment as its theme. Paul Kelly is the prosecuting attorney who is accused, convicted and reprieved. The cast is splendid. (Nov.)

★ **THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937**—Paramount.—A smash hit offering the best radio talent of today, grand music and a convincing love story set in the background of a broadcasting station. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Stokowski's conducting, Frank Forrest singing, Benny Goodman swinging, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, and many more. You'll chuckle for days. (Dec.)

THE BIG GAME—RKO-Radio.—Filled with ex-coal mining football stars, a few All-Americans and a lot of intrigue between the team and gamblers, this should entertain the sports minded. Andy Devine, Phil Huston, Jimmie Gleason, Bruce Cabot and June Travis divide honors. (Dec.)

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Warners.—Unimportant and improbable little comedy about treasure in a summer resort. Sybil Jason holds the spot. May Robson is her cantankerous grandmother. Newcomer Fred Lawrence's voice is nice. (Nov.)



This is a surprise! Everyone thought that Leland Hayward would marry Katharine Hepburn, but instead Margaret Sullivan is the new Mrs. Hayward. They were married at Newport, R. I., on November 15th. It is amusing to note that Margaret, playing in "Stage Door" on Broadway marries a screen scout at the end of the play too!

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—Invincible.—Innocuous and rather amusing murder mystery. Reginald Denny is the unwilling author who is beleaguered into solving the murder of two producers. Jack LaRue helps out. (Nov.)

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—20th Century-Fox.—An honest-to-gosh Zane Greyer, with Alan Dinehart as the crook who wants Rosalind Keith's mine. Robert Kent is the Mountie who gets the man, the mine, and the girl. Junior will bite his nails. (Nov.)

★ **LADIES IN LOVE**—20th Century-Fox.—Slow-moving with Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon and Loretta Young each having a romance in Budapest. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas and Alan Mowbray are the men. Recommended for cast and production. (Dec.)

LADY BE CAREFUL—Paramount.—You'll enjoy this simple tale of a shy sailor who gets the reputation of being a Lothario and has to live up to it. Lew Ayres regains his place in the sun with an excellent performance. Nice photography, too. (Oct.)

★ **LIBELED LADY**—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow topping their own previous vivid performances in a highly original farce built around Bill's efforts to compromise Myrna who has sued Spencer's paper for libel. A wow. (Dec.)

★ **LOVE ON THE RUN**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in a deliciously amusing comedy. All about a bride who leaves her fiancé at the church, tears across half of Europe pursued by reporters. Swell. (Dec.)

MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount.—A breezy comedy about the Americanization of Francis Lederer, a European count who marries an Arizona heiress (Ann Southern). Fred Stone excellent as the old grandfather. Billie Burke and Ernest Cossart are good. (Oct.)

★ **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**—GB.—The tragic story of *Lady Jane Grey* in line for succession to the English throne after the death of Henry VIII. Cedric Hardwicke splendid as the *Earl of Warwick*. Nova Pilbeam lovely as *Lady Jane*. To Desmond Tester go top honors as the little King. Superb cast, adroit direction. See this by all means. (Sept.)

OLD HUTCH—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery is the town's lazy man who discovers a stolen fortune and thus unleashes a series of bewildering events. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are able support. Recommended for Beery fans only. (Nov.)

★ **PICCADILLY JIM**—M-G-M.—Good dialogue and amusing situations abound in this slick tale of a cartoonist, who falls in love with the daughter of a family he has caricatured to fame. Bob Montgomery at his best. Madge Evans, Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, Eric Blore are all excellent. Swell entertainment. (Oct.)

POLO JOE—Warners.—Another laugh riot for the Joe E. Brown fans. Joe becomes horse broken, gags his way through a tournament to win Carol Hughes. Fay Holden, Skeets Gallagher, Joseph King and David Newell satisfactory support. (Dec.)

POSTAL INSPECTOR—Universal.—A shallow story, with Ricardo Cortez as the Government man,

★ **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**—Warners.—Based on Tennyson's poem this has adventure, tenderness, pageantry and stirring action to make it the most exciting picture of the season. Errol Flynn is Captain of the 27th; Patric Knowles his brother; Olivia de Havilland the girl they both love. Superb production, direction and cast. Don't miss this for any reason. (Dec.)

★ **THE DEVIL IS A SISSY**—M-G-M.—Packed with human interest and lively humor is this story of a poor-little-rich boy who goes visiting his estranged father on New York's East Side and finds Americanization a painful process. Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper divide honors. For the whole family. (Nov.)

★ **THE GAY DESPERADO**—Pickford-Lasky-United Artists.—A satirical, gay and melodious farce with Nino Martini in the rôle of a Mexican bandit who sings his way out of a kidnapping and a firing squad. Leo Carrillo splendid as the head bad man, Ida Lupino, nice as Martini's lady love. Be sure to see it. (Dec.)

★ **THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN**—Paramount.—Oriental melodrama involving the efforts of Gary Cooper to smuggle arms into China. Madeleine Carroll a lovely heroine. Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Diggs and Bill Frawley are splendid. Slow but swell. (Nov.)

★ **THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE**—Universal.—Clever dialogue raises this picture to good entertainment. Edmund Lowe is satisfactory as the hard-boiled manager of a newspaper which Gloria Stuart owns. Spring Byington and Reginald Owen are good too. (Nov.)

★ **THE GORGEOUS HUSSY**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford in costume, gives an exciting and sincere performance as the tavern keeper's daughter who influenced the political destiny of America in Jackson's time. Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Melvyn Douglas, Jimmie Stewart, Franchot Tone all are superb. See this. (Oct.)

★ **THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE**—Universal.—A typical Victor McLaglen story of a swaggering mill hand with a heart of gold, set in the background of flowing steel, brutal rivalries and quick passions. Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon and William Hall provide capable aid. (Dec.)

★ **THE MAN I MARRY**—Universal.—Light, frothy and witty story of a girl who runs from marriage into the arms of a grouchy playwright. Newcomer Doris Nolan is very promising. Michael Whalen, Marjorie Gateson, Cliff Edwards and Skeets Gallagher help in the gaiety. (Dec.)

★ **THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND**—GB.—Boris Karloff up to his old tricks as a sinister scientist obsessed with the power of transferring human brains hither and yon. Frank Cellier is splendid, the rest of the cast unreal. Dull. (Dec.)

★ **THEODORA GOES WILD**—Columbia.—Irene Dunne in a knockout story of a small town girl, who writes a best seller, gets in wrong with the local gentry, falls in love with Melvyn Douglas, "goes wild" when his wife won't divorce him. Exceptional. (Dec.)

★ **THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY**—Republic.—Conceived by President Roosevelt, published by Liberty Magazine, this tells of a lawyer who fakes his own death to right the wrongs he did in the name of Big Business. Henry Wilcoxon and Betty Furness are fine. Recommended. (Dec.)

★ **THE TATTTLER**—Warners.—Brimming with action, plenty of laughs and good performances this displays the inside story of the radio gossip racket. Ross Alexander is the publicity man who takes to the air. Glenda Farrell and Anna Nagel are Okay. Go. (Nov.)

★ **THE TEXAS RANGER**—Paramount.—Sturdy, stirring, blood and thunder drama of the old West. Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie are two reformed bandits who go gunning for an old pal, Lloyd Nolan who is outstanding as the "badie." Will please young and old. (Nov.)

★ **THREE MARRIED MEN**—Paramount.—A befuddled farce involving the crazy antics of rival families in a small town. Pretty Mary Brian is wooed, married, separated and reconciled. Old stuff but you'll laugh. (Nov.)

★ **THREE MEN ON A HORSE**—Warners.—A racy, raucous comedy with Frank McHugh as the dim wit who picks winning horses out of the blue. Joan Blondell vamps, Guy Kibbee grouches throughout, McHugh piles up laughs. Lots of fun. (Dec.)

★ **TO MARY—WITH LOVE**—20th-Century-Fox.—Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Ian Hunter depicting the emotional shoals of married life highlighted through the years by prohibition, the Lindbergh Flight, the 1929 crash, et al. Hunter, as the family friend, steals the picture. (Oct.)

★ **TWO IN A CROWD**—Universal.—An amusing but weak horse story, not too well done. Joel McCrea is the stable owner who enters his last nag in the handicap; of course he wins the race, and marries Joan Bennett. No realism. (Oct.)

★ **WALKING ON AIR**—RKO-Radio.—A nice romantic comedy, short on plot but long on laughs. Headstrong Ann Sothern hires an unknown (Gene Raymond) to pose as a count and woo her to spite her father; gets caught in her own net. (Oct.)

★ **WEDDING PRESENT**—Paramount.—A faddy farce of two gag loving reporters, Cary Grant and Joan Bennett who clown their way out of love and joke their way into marriage with the aid of William Demarest. George Bancroft, Gene Lockhart, Conrad Nagel add to the goofiness. (Dec.)

★ **WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE**—RKO-Radio.—Based on David Lamson's book written in the death house, this is a powerful indictment against capital punishment. John Beal is the young man framed by bandits; Preston Foster, the prosecuting attorney; Ann Dvorak is Beal's sweetheart. Authentic and provocative. You should see it. (Dec.)

★ **WITHOUT ORDERS**—RKO-Radio.—Another well-told tale of commercial aviation with villain Vinton Haworth winning Sally Eilers from Robert Armstrong; later he proves his cowardice at her expense. Plenty of action. (Dec.)

★ **WIVES NEVER KNOW**—Paramount.—Rollicking laugh material with the Charley Ruggles-Mary Boland combination enhanced by Adolphe Menjou's sophistication. Charley is a botanist. Vivienne Osborne plays the temptress. (Nov.)

★ **YOURS FOR THE ASKING**—Paramount.—Dolores Costello Barrymore, George Raft and Ida Lupino in an amusing tale of a gambler whose "mug" friends try to fix his Romeo troubles. It's "Cheating Cheaters" in a novel form you'll like. (Oct.)

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Mary Pickford and Charles (Buddy) Rogers announce their engagement. This has been frequently rumored and denied in the past, but now it is made official by the announcement of Mary herself. Mary, who is 43, has been twice married and divorced, but this will be the first trip to the altar of the 34-year-old orchestra leader. Their friendship really dates from 1927 when Mary made "My Best Girl" and Buddy played opposite her. Mary was then the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, which marriage culminated in a divorce last year. Since Doug married the former Lady Ashley, Buddy and Mary have been seen together a great deal, though for a time Craig Reynolds was Mary's persistent escort.

Mary has the love and respect of the whole screen colony, and it is heart warming to know that her life, which has not been happy these last years, will be romance and laughter again.

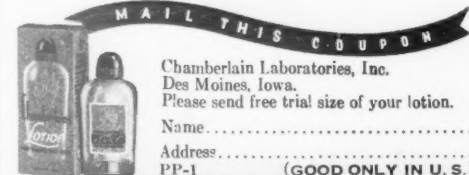
The wedding will take place next spring when Buddy returns from a screen engagement in England, and Mary intends to sell the famous "Pickfair," and live on a ranch with her new husband.

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Benny Baker
George Barbier
Bennie Bartlett
Jack Benny
Mary Boland
Lee Bowman
Olympie Bradna
Helen Burgess
Burns and Allen
Bob Burns
Mary Carlisle
Jack Chapin
Claudette Colbert
Ruth Coleman
Gary Cooper
Larry Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Irene Dale
Louis DaPron
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Lief Erickson
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Frank Forest
William Frawley
Ketti Gallian
Cary Grant
Kay Griffith
Porter Hall
Fay Holden
David Holt
Ra Hould
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Roscoe Karns

Marten Lamont
Dorothy Lamour
Priscilla Lawson
Billy Lee
Harold Lloyd
Carole Lombard
Nick Lukats
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
June Martel
Ray Milland
Jackie Moran
Adolphe Menjou
Anthony Nace
Lloyd Nolan
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
George Raft
Terry Ray
Martha Raye
Shirley Ross
Charlie Ruggles
Elizabeth Russell
Randolph Scott
Gail Sheridan
Gale Sondergaard
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Terry Walker
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
Grant Withers
Charlene Wyatt

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
George Bancroft
Ralph Bellamy
Mary Blake
Herman Bing
El Brendel
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Marguerite Churchill
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Beatrice Curtis
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Melvyn Douglas
Douglass Dumbrille
Edith Fellows
John Gallaudet
Donald Grayson
Thurston Hall

Rosalind Keith
Victor Kilian
Ken Maynard
Leona Maricle
George McKay
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Mollison
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Gene Morgan
Chester Morris
Patsy O'Connor
Joan Perry
Charles Quigley
Arthur Rankin
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Three Stooges
Martha Tippetts
Raymond Walburn
Crawford Weaver
Fay Wray

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
Smith Ballew
John Beal
Willie Best
Judith Blake
Eric Blore
Bobby Breen
Helen Broderick
Joe E. Brown
John Carroll
Eduardo Ciannelli
Anita Colby
William Corson
Alan Curtis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Doris Dudley
Preston Foster
James Gleason
Diana Gibson
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Paul Guilfoyle
Jane Hamilton
Vinton Haworth
Van Heflin
Katharine Hepburn
Harriet Hilliard
Harriet Hoctor
Philip Huston
Harry Jans

Maxine Jennings
Gordon Jones
Louise Latimer
Thelma Leeds
Margo
Kathryn Marlowe
Herbert Marshall
Ray Mayer
Philip McMahon
Burgess Meredith
Gertrude Michael
Victor Moore
Jack Oakie
Moroni Olsen
Helen Parrish
Parkyakarkus
Joe Penner
Barbara Pepper
Lily Pons
Edward Price
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Francis Sage
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Stone
Frank M. Thomas
Wheeler and Woolsey
Patricia Wilder

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Janet Gaynor
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Charles Laughton

Andrea Leeds
Fredric March
Joel McCrea
David Niven
Merle Oberon
Frank Shields
Douglas Walton

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave.

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll
Peggy Conklin
Henry Fonda
William Gargan

Roy Hargrave
Frances Langford
Pat Patterson
Tom Rutherford
Sylvia Sidney
Lili Zehner

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry
Smiley Burnette
Ray "Crash" Corrigan
Grace Durkin
Bob Livingston
William Newell

Olsen and Johnson
Irving Pichel
Roger Pryor
Phil Regan
Max Terhune
Evelyn Venable

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Jane Bryan
David Carlyle
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Alexander D'Arcy
Bette Davis
Lee Dixon
Olivia de Havilland
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Gordon Elliott
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Gordon Hart
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Carol Hughes
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Frieda Inescourt
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Patric Knowles
Mildred Law
Fred Lawrence

Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Rosalind Marquis
Billy Mauch
Bobby Mauch
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Lyle Moraine
Wayne Morris
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Dennis Moore
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Anne Nagel
Pat O'Brien
Gordon Oliver
Henry O'Neill
Linda Perry
Dick Powell
Claude Rains
Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
Beverly Roberts
Edward G. Robinson
Ann Sheridan
George E. Stone
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Marjorie Weaver
Doris Weston
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods
Jane Wyman

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

20th Century Fox Studio, Box 900

Astrid Allwyn
Don Ameche
Lynn Bari
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Lynne Berkeley
Esther Brodoleit
J. Edward Bromberg
Spring Byington
Delma Byron
Eddie Cantor
June Carlson
John Carradine
Julie Carter
Jane Darwell
Shirley Deane
Dorothy Dearing
Katherine DeMille
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Frances Drake
Dixie Dunbar
Helen Ericson
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Virginia Field
Douglas Fowley
June Gale
Inez Gorman
Sara Haden
Jack Haley
George Hassell
Sonja Henie
Phillipa Hilber
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge
Robert Kent
Allan Lane
Keye Luke

June Lang
Wilfred Lawson
William Mahan
Tony Martin
Frank McGrath
Victor McLaglen
Paul McVey
Sonya Mitchell
Gavin Muir
Warner Oland
Lillian Porter
Tyrone Power, Jr.
Jed Prouty
John Qualen
Gregory Ratoff
Leah Ray
Jane Regan
Three Ritz Brothers
Muriel Robert
Florence Roberts
"Bill" Robinson
Geneva Sawyer
Charles A. Sellen
Simone Simon
June Storey
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Charles Tannen
Julius Tannen
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Claire Trevor
Robertia Vale
Helen Westley
Michael Whalen
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Yacht Club Boys
Loretta Young

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Oliver Hardy
Jack Haley
Darla Hood
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Rosina Lawrence
Eugene (Porky) Lee
Patty Doris May

George McFarland (Spanky)
Lyda Roberti
Our Gang
Carl Switzer (Alfalfa)
William Thomas (Buckwheat)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Janet Beecher
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Ray Bolger
Louis Borell
Ariane Borg
Lorraine Bridges
Virginia Bruce
Billie Burke
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Mary Carlisle
Jean Chatburn
Mamo Clark
Melville Cooper
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Dudley Digges
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Edgar Edwards
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Grace Ford
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Reginald Gardiner
Judy Garland
Natalie Garson
Gladys George
Charles Gorin
Charley Grapewin
Virginia Gray
Robert Greig
Charles Greville
Julie Haydon
Jean Harlow
Ted Healy
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Allan Jones
June Knight
Elissa Landi
Donrue Leighton
Sam Levene
Della Lind

Ann Loring
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Marx Brothers
Jeanette MacDonald
Dorothy McNulty
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Stanley Morner
Chester Morris
George Murphy
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecelia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Mary Philips
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Jessie Ralph
Duncan Renaldo
Florence Rice
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Byron Russell
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink
Norma Shearer
Sid Silvers
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
James Stewart
William Tannen
Grace Tapps
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Brandon Tynon
Charles Trowbridge
Leonore Ulric
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Wildhack
Cora Witherspoon
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Mischa Auer
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Alice Brady
Judith Barrett
Tala Birell
Larry Blake
Billy Burrud
Ernest Cossart
Hobart Cavanaugh
Wister Clark
Walter Coy
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Phyllis Dobson
James Dunn
Jack Dunn
Irene Dunne
Deanna Durbin
Sally Eilers
Michael Fitzmaurice
Marjorie Gage
Lynn Gilbert
Nan Grey
Louis Hayward
William Hall
Samuel S. Hinds
Edward Everett Horton
Henry Hunter
Janice Jarratt

George Jessel
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Dorothea Kent
John King
Alma Kruger
Emily Lane
Michael Loring
Ella Logan
George Murphy
Gertrude Niesen
Doris Nolan
David Oliver
Walter Pidgeon
Barbara Reid
Betty Jane Rhodes
Mary Alice Rice
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Polly Rowles
Peggy Ryan
Jack Smart
Gerald Oliver Smith
Margaret Sullivan
Zeni Vatori
Russell Wade
John Wayne
Robert Whitney
Charles Winniger
Jane Wyatt

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.
Onslow Stevens, c/o Small Laudau Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

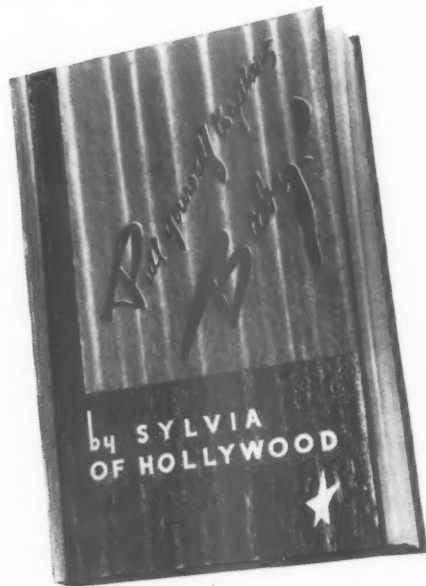
Now I'll Give You a Magnetic PERSONALITY



Says Sylvia
Of Hollywood
In Her New Book

MADAME SYLVIA, the beauty adviser to Hollywood's famous stars and New York's elite, now reveals to you the secrets of a magnetic personality. You can be a most captivating and intriguing person if you will but follow the simple secrets of charm and personality as described in Sylvia's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!*

This stimulating and inspiring book by the author of that national best-seller *No More Alibis* has already become the most talked about book of the year



... and it has been on sale only a short time. Critics, book reviewers and women in every section of the country acclaim *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* It's a book that you will want to read and re-read. A book that you will want to live with, day after day, year after year.

Get Out of the Rut

Personality, as Sylvia of Hollywood defines it, is that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming ... a pretty woman fascinating ... a beautiful girl simply irresistible. It is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet. It keeps husbands in love with you. And make no mistake about personality ... you can acquire it ... you can develop it. Not by "acting up" or by any foolish frills or mannerisms, but by carrying out a few simple secrets of charm.

Magnify Your Personality

So many of us are blundering, stammering self-conscious folks that we really never give ourselves a chance to express our true personalities. We shrivel up into knots when in company of strangers and act as awkward as elephants in rubbers just at a time when we wish to radiate with loveliness. This need not be. For it is but an easy matter to acquire self-assurance and poise if you will but heed Sylvia's advice.

You are familiar with those persons who are bursting with personality. It's fun to be in their company ... they have a host of friends and are always the center of attraction wherever they go. You've always admired them ... wished you could be like them. Well, you can! You can magnify your own personality. You can acquire and develop all those traits which you admire so much in others. Sylvia of Hollywood wrote *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* to tell you these very things. This book is packed solid with valuable hints ... secrets on charm and personality that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity. Don't hide at a time when you should radiate with beauty and personality. Read Madame Sylvia's new book ... apply her secrets and you will experience a marvelous change in yourself. You will enter upon a new world ... a world in which you are the master of your fate.

Only \$1.00

Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is written in Madame Sylvia's typical rapid-fire style. It fairly bristles with enthusiasm and is brimful of amusing incidents. The clever cartoons which help to illustrate this book will give you many a chuckle. The price is only \$1.00. If unobtainable at your department or book store, use the coupon below.

Table of Contents

The Personality Diet; The Personality Figure; Forget Thy Neighbor; Glamour is Glandular; From the Neck Up; The Personality Wardrobe; The Step-Children of Personality; How are Your Company Manners?; Poise Under Pressure; The Art of Being a Good Sport; This Thing Called Love; Cure-For-The-Blues Department; Take A Chance!

Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price \$1.00, postpaid.



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They Satisfy



